

BALLADE OF A STUBBORN LOVER.

Never a kiss she gave him when Swift she vanished from his sight, Lost as fader in a marsh fen...

The Instructive Case of Jenkins

Jenkins is a bright young lawyer, who has sat before a big empty desk for nearly two years without earning enough to buy a whole suit of clothes.

All this may not prove that Jenkins is willing to work, but he is, and he proved it last week. He "offices" with an eminent lawyer. This means, in his case, that he gets deskroom in exchange for his services as office boy, court messenger and a few more important vicarious duties.

Two weeks ago, however, somebody bought him a good dinner, and then such an unwonted courage rose up within him that he decided to approach the eminent lawyer with whom he "offices" and ask advice. To the lawyer Jenkins said:

"Now, see here, Jenkins," said Mr. Lord. "I'll tell you what I'd do in your place. I'd start a collection agency. You can do it right here in my office. Take in the other boys; get up a little stock company. It doesn't require any capital, and if it's run right it ought to pay. I'll give Stack all my old accounts, and you can get as many more as you want by advertising."

Jenkins eyes bulged with joy. Here at last was his chance. He thanked his superior repeatedly, and that very day the Calumet Quick Collection company was formed. Jenkins wrote a long letter to his father, explaining that postage stamps were an "extreme necessity," and then drew for \$5. Stack and Harkins each contributed as much, and the new concern began life with a stock of enthusiasm and hope that was not expressed in the amount of paid up capital.

The young lawyer was determined to do or die in his new venture, and to this end he came down to the office about daybreak on the morning of his first effort. He had a package of statements an inch thick and a long book in which the names and amounts were listed. He began work at 8 o'clock with 65 cents for car fare in his pocket and the anticipation of swift and certain success shining in his eyes.

Some of the men he sought were dead. Others talked as if they would like to be. Many had left the city for good—for their own good, Jenkins thought. Some were so poor that he knew they would never pay. A few laughed at him. Nobody paid him. He got back to the office about noon broken in finances, but not in spirit.

down from the steam radiator and asked: "How much did you get?" He even fancied that he could hear Harkins laugh when he answered: "I didn't collect a cent. Hard luck, isn't it? I ran into a gang of tough ones and then ran out of car fare. Any answers to our dunning letters?"

"Not a glimmer," mourned Harkins. Stack looked glad of it. He loaned Jenkins a half dollar for car fare, charged it up on the company's book and resumed his warm place in the corner.

When the young lawyer was gone out, the clerk sidled up to the stenographer and said: "Say, Hark, I think we're on a dead one, don't you?" "I hope not, for Jenk's sake. He's so in earnest," said the stenographer.

"Well, it's Jenk's dolings. He engaged it, and I guess he needs the money worse than we do." "But if it fails?" "Well, if it fails I think Jenkins ought to stand the losses. I'm out fifty already, and it's his fault."

"But he's doing all the work," suggested Harkins. "Well, so he ought." And Mr. Stack went back to his novel. The young lawyer worked like a fiend. When car fare was gone, he walked, even ran, after his supposed victims. He quit going back to the office and worked far into the night. He pestered the life out of every debtor who showed the least sign of paying up, and if they offered him a dollar he took it and asked for two. In the meantime, a few answers to advertisements came into the office, but Mr. Lord seized upon them as "too deep for the boys." Nobody called. Stack began and finished three paper covered novels. Harkins plodded away in Jenkins' nerve would stand the hardships of chasing his prey through ice and snow.

At noon on Saturday Jenkins appeared at the office. He looked thinner than ever. His shoes were worn out. He had a piece of red flannel round his neck and his voice was a husky whisper. Harkins didn't have the heart to ask him how he fared, but Stack yelled:

"Hello, old man! We thought you had absconded with the firm's money!" Jenkins was very silent. He sat down at his desk and began to make out his statement. Stack watched him with curious interest as he piled up the few checks and greenbacks which represented the first week's business of the Calumet Quick Collection company.

He had collected \$240, and the net earnings of the company at 10 per cent amounted to \$21—just \$8 for each of the three stockholders. "Good boy!" said Stack, picking up his share. "You're a wonder. I didn't think you'd make it go."

Harkins, being what Stack calls a "clump," clumped when Jenkins handed him his share of the profits. "I'll tell you, Mr. Jenkins," he said. "I don't feel as if I was entitled to any of this money. You and Stack here did all the work, and you ought to keep my share for stamps and car fare, eh?" But Jenkins insisted, and the stenographer yielded.

"All right," he laughed; "I'll take it on condition that you take dinner with me this evening. We'll celebrate the week's success—kind of christen the business. What do you say?"

Jenkins and Stack promised, and at 7 o'clock that evening the three partners were sitting together at a restaurant table christening the collection company.

When they got to the coffee, Jenkins let his bomb fall upon the festal board in this wise:

"Now, Hark and Stack, as to this collection company, I don't know whether it is 'the quick' or 'the dead,' but I want to announce that, so far as I am concerned, it is dissolved, evaporated, vanished. Here are our accounts." He pulled out the package. "They are supposed to represent \$8,000 of good accounts. You can have them. I wouldn't give \$4 for the bunch."

His partners looked at him in astonishment. "You're joking!" they chorused. "Why, we have just got to work!" "You mean I've just got to work," said Jenkins. "Well, I'm done too. I'm out \$5 for stamps, I've worn out a pair of shoes, I've done \$100 worth of the meanest work on earth, and I haven't got anything but \$8 and the grip. This is the first square meal I've had for two weeks, and I tell you the quick collection business is all off."

The next day Stack said to Harkins that Jenkins wasn't such a mark after all. As for the young lawyer, he is in doubt whether to go back to the farm or look for a more congenial place to "office," for now Mr. Lord, the eminent attorney, says that Jenkins has "no sand" and will never get along unless he learns to "love work."—Chicago Record.

The Toper's Dinner.

Instead of going to their work one Monday a number of workmen entered a public house determined to spend the day there.

About noon a woman looked in and said, addressing one of the party: "I supposed you are not coming home to dinner today, so I have brought you your share."

So saying, she placed a dish and plate, carefully tied up, in front of the toper and went away.

"Looks well after you, your wife does," said a mate. "Suppose we taste and see what it's like?"

"Aye, let us have a taste," said the husband as he untied the bundle. But the plates were empty, and there was a note with them which ran as follows:

"I hope you will enjoy your dinner. It is the same as myself and the children are having at home."—London Answers.

BARNUM'S FIRST CIRCUS.

It Was Located in Washington During the War.

"It is a fact, though not generally known, that Barnum's first venture as a circus man was made in Washington," volunteered an old circus rider who is now a clerk in an up town department to a Star reporter. "As it is also a fact that his engaging in the circus business came about from a suggestion of a Washington boy, Hugh Coyle. In the fall of 1861 Coyle, who had been employed during the previous summer as a drummer in the band connected with Gardner, Hemming & Co.'s circus, returned to Washington, having finished his engagement, the circus going into winter quarters."

"W. E. Sinn was then running Canterbury hall, on Louisiana avenue, as a variety theater, and he gave Coyle a job selling tickets. He never sold any, however, for in talking over circus matters with Sinn he said he thought it would be a good thing and make barrels of money—circus people always talk of money by the barrel—if a winter circus was opened up in Washington. The war filled the city with soldiers, and they spent their money freely. Coyle further suggested that, as a circus he had been with was doing nothing, he thought it could be brought here, but that to make it as attractive as possible there should be some animals secured."

"Up to that time Barnum had been before the public only as the proprietor of ball shows and museums. It was known that he had about a dozen bears in New York which the people there had tired of, and he thought they might be secured. Correspondence was entered into with the owners of the circus, Adam Forepaugh, James E. Cooper and John O'Brien, all of whom have gone to their reward since."

"The upshot of the matter was that Barnum agreed to contribute his bears, handled by 'Grizzly' Adams, famous since as a clown; Forepaugh, Cooper and O'Brien to furnish their circus, and Sinn to furnish the lot, pay for advertising, billposting and the city license. The proceeds were to be divided up, Barnum to get one-third, the circus one-third and Sinn the remainder. Colonel Sinn got permission of B. R. French, then commissioner of public buildings and grounds, to establish the circus on Louisiana avenue, between Ninth and Tenth streets."

"As Barnum was favorably known as a museum owner the establishment was styled 'P. T. Barnum's circus, museum and wild animal exhibition.' The museum part consisted of a lot of stuff which had been saved from the fire when Barnum's museum in New York was burned. The bears were rather old and out of form, but they went just the same. Barnum's principal contribution was his name, but the concern paid handsomely. Two performances were given most every day, and the audiences were made up almost wholly of soldiers and others brought here by the war. I was a leading attraction, riding a bareback horse, which was then a sensation on account of its novelty."

"We played there for the fall and part of the winter. Barnum was pleased very much with the amount of money that was weekly sent as his share of the receipts. The new business caught his fancy, and two years afterward he started out in the circus business on his own account. The museum business in New York had been about played out, and the tent show offered more certain proceeds."—Washington Post.

He Arbitrated.

Scene: The stone quay of a small fishing village in Cornwall. Two urchins are wrangling at the sea end in somewhat dangerous proximity to the deep water. An old retired sailor, "the father of the hamlet," watches these antics for a few minutes from his sunning place against the signal staff, then makes stealthily for the offending pair and administers a sound cuff each, afterward returning complacently to his pipe as the youngsters march tearfully shoreward.

A visitor, having noticed the episode, came up and tackled the old fellow on his seemingly unreasonable molestation.

"They were not harming you in any way," he protested, "so why spoil their games?"

"Well, it be jest this yer way," retorted the veteran after a thoughtful expectation. "Tisn't as I cares a darn whether they tumbles in an gets drowned or whether they do stop aboard, 'cos they beann't no kin o' mine. 'Twere the bloomin' uncertainty which were agoin' ter happen as was too much fer me ter 'ran it no longer, so I arbitrates the matter as you zeed."—Scraps.

False Economy.

"Went home Thursday night and found my wife ill. Symptoms alarming. Dosed her best I could. Friday morning she was no better. Felt worried. Wife dull and stupid. No life in her. Started for doctor. Struck by happy thought. Turned back. Cure complete."

"What was it?" "Simple as pie. Just said, 'Too bad you have to be sick on bargain day, my dear.' She bounced up. 'What?' she cried. 'How stupid of one to forget!' In five minutes she was up and dressed and frizzing her hair."

"Wouldn't it have been cheaper to have fetched the doctor?" "By Jove, I guess it would!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unappreciated.

"I did my best to be entertaining," said the young man in a voice of sorrow.

"Did you succeed?" "I'm afraid not. I recited Hamlet's soliloquy. She looked at me reproachfully for several seconds, and then exclaimed, 'I don't think that's very funny.'"—Washington Star.

He Couldn't Solve It.

As a train was approaching a town on the Great Northern railway in Ireland an intelligent looking young Irishman observed a lady standing up searching her pocket. She commenced to weep. "Have you been robbed?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she replied; "I've lost my ticket, and they will accuse me of fraud."

"Seeing her distressed state of mind, he said: "Oh, don't mind. Here, take my ticket, and I will give the guard a problem," while his fellow passengers awaited the scene at the station with interest.

"When the train stopped, the guard collected all the tickets but one. "Where is your ticket?" he asked the young man. "You have got my ticket," he replied. "No, I have not got it. I'll call the station master and see about it."

"Where is your ticket?" asked the station master when he appeared. "He has my ticket. See if he has a ticket in his hand with a small piece off the corner."

"Yes, you have, Dave. There it is." "Well, see will that fit it?" said Pat, handing him the small piece, and it did. A look of surprise crept over the guard's face as he left the carriage, while Pat caused much amusement by exclaiming: "Yeorra, I knew he could not solve it!"—London Tit-Bits.

Two of Nast's Faces.

William M. Tweed was a portly man of medium size, with a long, pendulous nose, little porcine eyes, fat drooping cheeks and a straight, firm mouth that was decidedly his best feature. The outlines of his face were those of a Bartlett pear, little end upward, and I never saw craft so palpably written upon a human countenance. Nast used to be fond of drawing Tweed's face, by the way, as a sack of money. The general contour of his head lent itself to the outlines of the sack, and he used \$ marks for the nose and eyes. Strange to say, it was a capital portrait.

Another of Nast's trick pictures was one of Roscoe Conkling. He would draw a large letter V, with a smaller V inside it and surmount the pair with an interrogation mark upside down. The big V represented Conkling's pointed beard, the smaller one his sharp nose and the interrogation point the Hyperion curl which he always allowed to fall negligently upon his forehead. That caricature made the haughty senator wild and exasperated him more than any bit of fun that was ever poked in his direction.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Story of Amos Cummings.

One summer a number of years ago Amos Cummings passed two weeks on a pilot boat and took Ernest Jarrold, the author of "Mickey Finn Idylls," with him for company. One day a great storm arose, and the pilot boat was tossed about on the waves like a chip. Every minute a wave would dash over the deck and threaten to carry everything away and swamp the boat. Cummings and Jarrold were in the little cabin, the former lying in a bunk intently reading a book on the French revolution. Jarrold poked his head out to look at the storm, when a mountain of sea water fell with a boom on the deck and filled his eyes with spray. The boat gave a fearful lurch and careened until it seemed that she must turn completely over.

"This is awful, Amos," said Jarrold. "I'm going to put on a life preserver, for I don't think the boat can stand it many minutes longer."

"Oh, keep quiet, and let me read, Mickey," said Cummings, never lifting his eyes from the page. "The men on this boat draw a regular salary to keep her afloat."—Saturday Evening Post.

Appropriate.

At Chalfont, St. Giles, England, stands a remarkable monument, erected by Sir Hugh Palliser to his friend, Captain Cook, the celebrated navigator. One of the most singular visits to this monument occurred in 1845 when Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands went in company with Bishop Wilberforce. People in the district still recall, with amusement, how the village band, wishing to greet her majesty with an appropriate tune and not knowing the Sandwich Islands national anthem, toolled forth "The King of the Cannibal Islands."

The First Umbrella.

To prove at what date the first umbrella was made is a seemingly hopeless task, but we find records of their use among the Greeks and Romans not alone as a protection from sun or rain, but as a distinguishing mark of royalty. By the time of Queen Anne's reign they had become quite common simply as a protection, but they were all imported until about 1802, when the manufacture of them was begun in England.

Knew His Pop.

"A little fellow," says the Kennebec Journal, "the oldest in a family of little ones, whose father worked away from home winters, had occasion to visit his grandparents for a few days. On his return he found another little member. His remarks will show that he was both surprised and indignant: 'Well, if you haven't gone and got another gosh darned kid! Won't my father be mad when he hears of it!'"

Comprehensive.

On a tombstone in an old New England churchyard there is an epitaph which never fails to bring a smile to the face of the reader: "To the memory of Ann Sophia and Julia Hattie, his two wives, this stone is erected by their grateful widower, James B. Rollins. They made home pleasant."—Woman's Journal.

COULDN'T HELP IT.

An Old Yankee's Yearn of Better Days Was Pure Fiction.

An old man was sawing wood in a Maine village the other day. He had taken a job and was putting in his best ticks. A man who was going past stopped and looked over the palings of the fence.

"Kind of tough work, isn't it, uncle?" asked the passer.

The old man straightened up and stroked the sweat off his forehead. "Waal, middlin' fact," said he. "Sort of takes holt of my lumbago once in awhile. I don't suppose I should mind it so much if it hadn't been for the fact that I had money once and didn't have to do such things as this."

"Is that so? Had money?" "Yes, that's right. You remember the time they built the branch railroad through here?"

"Sure?" "Waal, I was doin' pretty well that time, and I subscribed to the stock. Kinder thought there might be a chance to make a little something out of the deal. But the first thing I knowed they called for an assessment of the stock. They come round to me and wanted my assessment."

"How much be it?" says I. "Sixty four thousand five hundred dollars," says they.

"Waal," says I, "that's rather a stiff haul on a man, but I'll pay it. But I give ye notice now that ye better not call on the agin, for that will just about take the last cent I got." And for a fact when I went home and went into the old chest and counted out my money that was just what I had to a cent. But the road never amounted to anything. Never got a cent back for all that money I put in. And here I am sawin' wood for a livin'."

When the stranger got down to the store and stood warming his hands at the barrel stove, he remarked upon the sad case of the old man sawing wood up the road.

"That man never had a cent ahead in all his life," remarked the storekeeper. "He's allus sawed wood for a livin'."

"Well, what did he want to tell such a thunder story as that for?" asked the stranger.

"Waal," replied the storekeeper, "Yankees have to sorter keep in practice for what may come up. Jest hav' to do it."

"When you drive along, you'll probably see an old fellow up here workin' round in the barnyard. He wears Horace Greely's for whiskers and a straw hat winter or summer. You'll know him when you see him. Stop and talk with him a little while. He's keepin' in practice too."

The stranger did so. They fell into talk of the corruption of modern institutions and of the difficulty of believing those who are engaged in business operations.

"Two weeks ago," said the old man, "I was shblingin' the Methodist parsonage down the road here a ways, and the elder come out and says he, 'Thee's a big buck in Boston falled.'"

"National bank?" says I. "National bank," says he, and he gave me the name.

"Waal, sir, for a while I never was so scared in my life. I jest jumped right down off the roof of that parsonage—'bout 30 feet. Was so excited I never felt it."

"I run all the way home. I rushed into the bedroom. Wife come a runnin' after me."

"For the land sakes," says she, 'be you crazy?'"

"Putty near it," says I. "The So-and-so national bank of Boston has falled up, and it's jest like my luck to have a lot of bills of that bank in the chest here." And I threw the chest open and reached down for our box. I opened it. Waal, it didn't have a single bill on that bank—nor any other kind of a bill either. Never felt so relieved in my life."—Lewiston Journal.

Wire Tapping.

The tapping of a telegraph wire is a modern form of highway robbery. In the old days the method was to waylay the courier on the road and to rob him of his purse or of his message. The formula of the modern highwayman is not "Stand and deliver," but simply "Deliver!" And he may get a message from the lightning courier which may be worth more to him than a well filled purse.

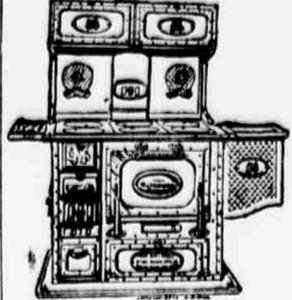
But there is nothing to be gained by indiscriminate tapping. It is some special message or information that the thief is looking for, possibly for its effect on the stock market or on other business ventures. But the use of cipher codes renders the tapping of telegraph wires of little avail even in time of war unless the code as well as the message has been stolen.

For the tapping of power or light lines the modern highwayman comes in out of the rain. He can do his business better indoors by attacking the electric meter, confusing its calculations and thus getting more current than he pays for. Such at least seems to be the implication of recent statutes.—Forum.

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