WHILE HE WAITED.

The clock upon the mantel stands; It ticks, and so I know it's going, But as to speed its gilded hands Don't make a very rapid showing.

My lady's maid an age ago Said she would be down in a second; I'd give a trifle just to know Exactly how her time is reckoned! &?

The thing is pretty of its kind: Two chubby loves support its dial. One love, a strong one, though, I find, Supports me in this present trial.

Perhaps by her fair hand 'tis wound; My lady can that, too, I've found-

She knows it, too; I'll bet a dime Her purpose is to keep me guessing. R seems I'm only marking time, Whereas I thought I was progressing.

Time! That is why this clock is set-To mind us of the moments deeting, But time completely I forget From the sweet moment of our meeting.

Tick, tick, the tiny pendulum; Click, click, her boot heels, oak and leather; thump, my heart! I knew she'd come All three now keeping time together. -Chicago Record.

A Cure For Loneliness

BY W. R. ROSE

The air was mild and clear. The children frolicked merrily among the trees in the park. The white capped nurses sat on the rustic seats here and Delia, 'My grandfather's sittin over there and watched their charges or there in the park, an he's the lonesomplayed with the smaller children who

colored canopies. On one of the benches not far from the entrance sat an elderly man. He was straight and square shouldered, with a white mustache and grizzled hair and a strong suggestion of early you in, an that's just what I did." military training. He sat there because he liked to see the children at about my being here?" the old man play. They were better company than asked. his thoughts. Anyway, he had little

else to do. On this particular day he had watched the playful elves as they darted in dear, it may not be your grandfather. and out among the trees until he had But anyway you mustn't speak to him grown tired. The warm sun made him unless he speaks to you first.' An I sleepy. His gray head slowly dropped | made you speak to me first, didn't 1?" back, his shoulders found a restful corner of the high backed seat, and at the child. presently he was soundly sleeping.

A slight concussion awakened him. hands were pinioned fast. He looked happy." down. A rope was encircling his body and holding his arms fast to his sides. child asked. He made an effort to release himself. but without success. He fancied he had caught and bound him. He was mamma." sure it was one of the playful fairies whom he had watched so many times among the trees. He was right. A child's laughter broke on his ears. His captor was close behind him.

'Aha," he said in what was intended for a very gruff voice, "are you there? Unhand me at once or tremble for the consequences!"

rope-was rapidly drawn from about | that?" his waist, and a moment later its owner danced in front of him.

She was a little girl of possibly 7. though at times her varying expressions made her seem much older. Her hair floated about her head in careless | tle down an say, 'Please come up.' waves and tendrils, her eyes were gray Then you go up, an I'm there, an I say, and deep, her mouth was small and saucy upward tilt to her short nose.

"And why not?" the old man asked. She was a charming fairy, a natural are you not afraid of such a gray old she pirouetted before him.

"Because you are my grandfather," she carelessly answered. The old man's face darkened.

"What do you mean by that nonsense?" be harshly asked.

"'Tain't nonsense," said the little maiden, "unless grandfathers is nonsense. Anyway, you're my grandfather." And she started to leave him. "Wait," be cried. "Come here. What

did you mean by saying I am your grandfather? Do you call every old man you see grandfather?"

"No," said the child. "Only you." He studied her face sharply. "Come a little closer," he said in coaxing tones. She marched boldly up to him. Her little hand flew up and

touched the front of her cap. "That's the way to salute a soldier." she said, with a merry laugh. "Mamma

said you was one." He caught his breath.

"Perhaps," he slowly said, "you can even tell me my name?" "Yes, I can," replied the child. "It's

easy. Your name is Philip. An now guess what mine is." "Is-is it Mary?" he gently asked.

"No," laughed the child. "That's mamma's. Mine is most like yours. It's Philippa."

The old man was silent for a mo

"Is your mother here, child?" he suddenly asked. "Is she lurking about

among the trees?" "Who? Do you mean mamma?" cried the child. "She isn't here. She it you find it so hard to behave in hasn't no time for trees. She's always too busy. Didn't you know she paints? Yes: she paints lovely little pictures. Minichoors she calls them. They're pictures of people, don't you know,

only much prettier. But sometimes

people don't pay very quick, an some-

times they think mamma charges too much, an sometimes she doesn't have any pictures to do. Then, you know, it's pretty hard to have the landlord call. I guess you know how that is."

old man's voice suddenly grew hard. "He's deaded in Callyforny," said the child. "He was an actor, you know: a stage actor. I don't 'member him very well. I was too little when he went away. I've tried to act, too, but Della, that's the janitor's wife, she says I can't act for shucks."

"Good thing," muttered the old man. "Well, I don't know," said the child. "You see, I wanted to do somethin to help mamma, an if I can't act I don't know what I can do. But I s'pose it's no use. Delia said that as a child wonder I was the wust she ever seen, an Della goes out a good deal."

A faint smile crossed the old man's stern features.

"And what made you think that I am your grandfather?" be asked.

"Oh, Marie Kramer told me!" replied the child. "She knows everybody. She's lived out more places. She's Bessle Leighton's nurse now, an just as soon as she saw you sittin here one day she said, 'There's old Colonel Robson.' She knew you 'cause you used to go to the Bronsons, where she was livin then. An pretty soon she looked at me an said, 'Why, he's your grandfather, ain't he? An I said I didn't know, an she thought it out an said. 'Yes, he is, 'cause your mamma is his daughter, an she ran away with a play actor, an the old hunks shut his door on her forever.' That's what Marle said. An when I went home I said to est lookin thing.' An Delia says: 'If nestled in wicker carriages with gay he's settin in the park, he's either a tramp or a millunaire. If he's a tramp, you must keep away from him, but if he's a millunaire you want to rope him saw you didn't look like a tramp, an so I thought I'd take my chances an rope

"And your mother knows nothing

"Yes, she does," replied the child. "I told her, an she looked so queer, an her face got red, an she said: 'Philippa, The old man leaned back and looked

"Philippa," he said slowly, "how would you like to come and live with He opened his eyes with a little start. me? You would have your own beau-The sun was peeping through the tiful room, and all the playthings you foliage, and the rays dazzled him. He could want, and somebody to wait on tried to raise a hand to draw his soft you, and a pony to drive, and everyhat over his eyes and could not. Both thing that could make a little girl

"An would mamma come, too?" the

The old man shook his head. "I'd like the room," said the child, could sympathize with the feelings of "an the pony an all the rest, but I Gulliver when he found the pygmies guess I'd be too lonesome without

> "But you'd have me," urged the old "We'd be just two lonesome ones to-

gether," said the child. Then she added, "If you knew mamma, you'd see how it is." "Perhaps I am beginning to see,"

said the old man softly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," cried the The cord-it was a child's skipping | child. "You can borrow me. How's

"It sounds well," said the old man.

How must I set about it?" "Oh, it's easy," replied the child. You just come to our flat an send up your card, an then mamma will whis-'Mr. Grandpapa, this is mamma.' Then beautifully shaped, and there was a you bow an say, 'Pleased to know you,' an mamma says, 'Where have I seen "Pooh, pooh," she said, with a mock- you before? an then you say, "Can I ing courtesy, "I ain't a bit afraid of borrow your charmin daughter for the rest of the day?' for you've come very early in the mornin, you know, an mamma says, 'Have you any s'curity little coquette, and her every move for the rent-I mean for the child?' an was full of a subtle grace. "And why you say, 'Oh, yes; indeed I have,' an then you put up a silver quarter for mustache as I am?" he asked again as s'curity an take me, an we go away somewhere an have a splendid time together an get home when it's real dark, an mamma is gettin fidgety. I'd like to see that house of yours an that room an those ponies. We ought to get bet-

ter acquainted—we ought to, really." The old man smiled at her enthusiasm. Evidently this was a delightfully original child.

"Do you think your mamma would paint my portrait?" he asked.

"She'd be real pleased to," said the child. "An I'd get the commission, too, wouldn't 1? She told me if I got any orders I'd get the commission. You're my order, ain't you?"

"Yes," said the old man as he slowly arose, "Come, we will go and seek your mother. I must get that picture before grow any older-and before your mamma's memory quite outgrows the reminiscences of her childhood. Come,

Philippa." And hand in hand they passed down the graveled walk and through the big gates and presently found themselves in front of the huge apartment house that the lonesome Philippa called home.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Too Hungry to Study. A certain teacher who had studied particular bad boy from every concelvable standpoint finally found the cause of his apparent wickedness. He had been especially annoying all day, and at the close of the school the teacher sat down by him and said: "John, what is the trouble, anyway? Why is

school?" Poor John, in a burst of confidence, blurted out, "It's cos I'm so derned

bungry!" Then the teacher knew that John's reformation must begin in his stomach. -Exchange.

He Was Very Accommodating.

Apropos of the ready comprehension and pative wit attributed to the sons of Erin, Patrick's compliance with the customer's wish stands out in bold apposition. Patrick was a clerk in a sub-"And where is your father?" and the urban grocery store. It was a busy season and the grocer was waiting upon two or three customers at the same time. He was in a hurry, and everything had to be where he could get it without much trouble or he would be delayed and probably lose money, so when he found that the pound weight was gone he was bothered.

"Patrick." be called out, "where's the pound weight?"

"The pound weight, is it?" said Patrick complacently. "Sure, an it's Misther Jones has the pound weight."

"Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean by saying that Mr. Jones has the pound weight? I thought the pound weight said in the store. How did Mr. Jones get It?"

"An shure, didn't yez tell me to be perlite to the rigular customers?"

"Of course." "Well, thin, Misther Jones comes into the store for a pound of tay. An, says he, whin I asked him what quality of tay he would have, 'Whativer yez give me,' says he, 'give me the weight.' So I put the pound weight in the package with the tay, perlite like, an it's himself that's gone with it."-Chicago

Admiralty Wenk on Geography. During the Boer war of 1880 the admiralty was hopelessly ignorant of the geography of South Africa.

The admiral in charge of the fleet at Cape Town received strict orders that he was not on any account to bombard the town of Potchefstroom. Now, as Potchefstroom is a good many hundred miles from the seaconst and lies on the Mool river, which is barely 200 yards across and dry for three parts in.' An when I looked at you again I of the year, this order was superflu-

> During the same period the fleet was at Port Elizabeth, and the admiral headed dispatches to the admiralty from that seaport. By the next mail he again sent dispatches, but happened to head them Algon bay.

The admiralty cabled out asking him what business he had to change the location of the fleet without instructions, sublimely ignorant of the fact that Port Elizabeth and Algoa bay are one and the same place.

By the way, the names Algon bay and Delagoa bay are derived from the outward and homeward voyages of the old East Indiamen who, on their voyages to Goa, in India, were wont to call at Port Elizabeth on the outward voyage and at Lourenco Marques on the homeward voyage. Hence the names Algoa (to Goa) and Delagoa (from Goa).-Stray Stories.

The Sultan's Barbarous Capital.

European ladies constantly run away with the idea that Constantinople is a civilized town and act accordingly. Then they are astonished when something disagreeable happens, and continually one hears of ladies being hustled, pinched or kissed by Turkish soldiers. It must be remembered that the soldiers are recruited from the wildest tribes in Asia Minor, where woman is considered an inferior creature, who must give way to man, besides being trained to avoid him on all possible occarions.

One can easily imagine that such a soldier is astonished to see a European lady unveiled, boldly expecting him to give way to her or at any rate not avoiding him, and he naturally takes it to be an advance on her part. Ladles have often told me they have been pushed by soldiers into the gutter, and I have nearly always found that it is simply as I have explained, that neither makes way for the other, with the result that the lady, being the weaker, after that. One of the regular boardcomes to grief .- London Telegraph.

Tokyo Fire Walkers.

A Y kohama correspondent of the Indiarapolis Press, who witnessed the religious ceremony of fire walking in Tokyo, says: "There were present diplomats and professors from the Imperial college and an Episcopal bishop, and we think there is sufficient evidence to prove that several Japanese wemen did walk through the fire. A doubting Thomas gathered up some of the salt in which they rubbed their feet, both before and after their hot walk, to take away and analyze. Another suggested that the bamboo pole that was used to make the path was hollow and may have contained a substance that sifted out as it was drawn backward and forward that destroyed the heat. The little 'amak' of my friend, when asked why the feet were not burned, replied, 'Much pray, much pray.' We have stated facts. The interpretation must come from those versed in the occult sciences."

A Great Truth.

"I wouldn't do your kind of work even if I could," said Rubberfoot Bill, the sandbagger. "This here thing of gettin a man's confidence an then throwin him down is too low for me."

"It ain't me they have the confidence n," explained Greengoods George. "It is theirselves they are so sure of. See?" -Indianapolis Journal.

In Sise.

Willie Good-Pa, our teacher says that "collect" and "congregate" mean the same thing.

Rev. Good-Well, you tell your teacher that you have information that there is considerable difference between a congregation and a collection. -Baltimore American.

Parke-I told my wife she could sell if she desired the furniture that had become too bad for use. Lane-She was prompt to take the

hint, was she? Parke (sadly)-Was she? There isn't a thing left.—Harper's Basar.

BURR'S FIGHT AGAINST FATE

Just as Success Returned the Crush-

ing Sorrows of His Life Came, "Aaron Burr was 60 years old when be resolved once more to battle with fortune," writes William Perrine in Jersey City to see some western friends The Ladies' Home Journal. "Going off, and as the boat swung up the Hudquietly into New York, he opened an fortnight had carned \$2,000 in fees. But hardly had he written to his came from South Carolina the news that her beautiful boy, who had been persons in that part of the boat. My the idel of the ambitious statesman, was dead.

"But there was in reserve for Burr a again the man was gone. still heavier blow. Toward the close of the year 1815 Theodosia Allston made preparations to visit her father in New York. Passage was engaged on the schooner the Patrlot for Theodosia, her physician and her maid, and the lovely woman was radiant with the | hand shut them tight. Thoroughly and expectation of meeting her father within the next five or six days. The Patriot sailed from Charleston out into there among the passengers, and as I the ocean in Christmas week, and not a vestige of her was ever again seen, and it is surmised - but nothing is ing stream, with its continuous process known as to her fate-that she foundered off the coast of Hatteras.

"Day after day and long after all be seen on the Battery at New York | the desperate finale of a life's tragedy the lonely and unhappy father, peering had been quickly and silently enacted." far down the bay as if he were scanning the sea for a sail. Of his agony Aaron Burr gave the world but little view. He had schooled himself in the habit of never exhibiting his emotions, but in one of his letters he declared that he felt as if he had been severed from the human race."

VIOLIN MUSIC.

Its Peculiar and Varied Effect on Wild Animals.

The violin was used recently with interesting results in experiments with all sorts of living creatures. First it excited and wiggled frantically.

A cobra showed remarkable suscepwhen the experimenters approached Mrs. Procter did not go further than her, but the first tone awakened her, and she raised her head. As the music swelled she continued to rise till she was standing straight as a pillar, supported only by her tail. Every change in tempo and pitch had effect. The pizzicato made her puff her entire | maining lines. body, swift waltz music caused her to erect her ugly hood to its fullest size, wind and twist her body as if she were in real agony.

The polar bear tried to dance to the swayed his body rhythmically and Companion. made a rumbling sound which portrayed deep measure. The grizzlies and the lions moved their paws and the form before the cage of a hyens. That up, drew its tail between its legs and crouched, trembling, in the farthest from loud and sharp notes.-New York

A Decided Opposition. On one occasion, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, when Booker T. Washington was in Chicago, he stopped for a day in one of the hotels. He was pointed out to William, an old waiter, who had been in the hotel for a long time. William was delighted to get a glimpse of the great man of his race and was never tired of telling about it ers is a stanch friend of William and a

liberal "tipper." "William," said the boarder next morning, putting on a serious face. "I met Mr. Washington yesterday, and I asked him what he thought of 'tipping.' He is opposed to it."

The boarder stood with his hand inllam's face fell and settled into despairing gloom.

"Well, boss," the walter said, shakde posishun of Mistah Washington I'se unalt'ably opposed to it."

Took No Chances.

Samuel Clough, who edited The New , his wagon to carry to the new home. England Almanac at the very begingood example of a prophet who intends to make no mistakes. "Perhaps," says he, predicting the

weather from Jan. 15 to the 22d, 1702, "it will be very cold weather if it frese by the fireside or on the sunny side of a fence at noon." In April he hazards: "Perhaps wet

weather if it rains. Now fair weather if the sun shines. Windy or calm." And in July he ventures a small advertisement for the town of his resi-

If now the weather do prove fair, People to Cambridge do repair. The Voice in High Altitudes.

Generally speaking, races living at high altitudes have weaker and more highly pitched voices than those living in regions where the supply of oxygen is more plentiful. Thus, in this country, among the Indians living on the plateaus between the ranges of the Andes, at an elevation of from 10,000 to 14,000 feet, the men have voices like the women and the women like the

children, and their singing is a shrill

The Effect.

monotone.

Poppinjay - What did your father say when he saw me kissing you in the hall last night? Was he very angry? Melissa Ann-Oh, no; pa wasn't mad a bit. It only made him sick, so be told ma .- Boston Transcript.

One More Unfortunate.

"I think the most ghastly thing in certain ways that it has ever been my ill luck to run up against occurred one night last winter," said a well known news, aper man. "I had been over to son I was leaning over the rail on the office for the practice of law and in a lower rear deck watching the ice filled river, which presented a beautiful spectacle. Across the boat, with his daughter about his luck when there shoulder against a pillar, stood a man in a light coat, he and I being the only attention was held by the river for a few moments, and when I looked up

"At first I supposed he had stepped inside, but happening to glance back I saw that the protective gate stood open, and as I had been the last man on board I knew that those gates had been closed, for I had seen the deck comprehensively did I search the boat but not a man in a light overcoat was finally returned to the lower deck and looked again down at the dark, swirl sion of glittering ice cakes, it was with the conviction that somewhere in those depths a weary soul was at rest and hope had been abandoned there might that while my back had been turned -New York Tribune.

Tennyson and Lowell.

Mrs. Procter, the wife of Barry Cornwall, was a great figure in London literary society when Mr. Lowell was United States minister at the court of St. James. Mrs. Procter was most anxious to bring Tennyson and Mr. Lowell together. Tennyson, who was whimsical in his prejudices, made various excuses and affected to believe that Mr. Lowell was a poet of little importance and an after dinner orator whose graces of style were overrated. One day Mrs. Procter told Mr. Tenwas played before a tarantula. She nyson that Mr. Lowell had written paid no attention whatever to it. But some lines on her birthday and that a nest of scorpions became intensely she must insist upon reading them to

him. The English poet looked at her as tibility. She was sleeping soundly kance and submitted with bad grace. the opening line, "I know a girl-they say she's eighty."

Tennyson scowled and sprang to his feet with a gesture of impatience. "Too familiar!" he growled out in high disdain and refused to listen to the re

Mrs. Procter persevered in her efforts to bring the two poets together, and and a sudden dissonance made her they finally mot and became intimate friends. Mr. Tennyson was a man of many caprices and had a touch of shyness and cold reserve which made him sounds of the instrument. At least he unwilling to meet a stranger .- Youth's

A Bad Combination.

An English family doctor tells this lions their tails also in time with the story: "I was hastily summoned one music. It happened that a string snap- morning to the offices of a well known ped, with its peculiar, sharp smack, city merchant. He had been quietly Just as the player had begun to per- writing at his desk, when to his amaze ment and alarm he found his waistcoat poor animal at once hunched its back blazing furiously. Although he dashed it off in an instant he had been burned severely, and when I arrived and had corner of the cage. The elephant and treated his injuries we were both of us the ostrich were delighted by soft tones much puzzled to find a cause for the and appeared to suffer true distress sudden outburst. But investigation via the showed that he was in the habit of carrying loosely in his watch pocket two or three of the tiny potash lozenges which so many people find useful for a sore throat. Among these he thoughtlessly had thrust a box of safety matches, the covering of which forms with potash a chemical combination which the slightest friction will set into a blaze.

Unfortunately, too, his gold watch was protected by one of the common cases of transparent celluloid, which is nothing but a form of highly explosive gun cotton, so that in fact he had innocently formed in his waistcoat pocket one of the most dangerous and powerful powder magazines known to sci-

ence."

The Piggy Came Back. A New Jersey farmer tells this resinuatingly in his change pocket. Wil- markable story to The Evangelist and vouches for its truth: "I had more pigs than I wanted to keep, so I sold one to a man living in the neighboring village. ing his head emphatically, "if dat is The little pig had been living in the pen with his brothers and sisters and had never been outside of it until the man who bought him put him in a basket, tied down the cover and put it in

"Late in the afternoon the farmer ning of the eighteenth century, was a who sold it saw something coming across the swampy meadow below his home. He watched it struggling through the wet places, climbing the knolls, until he could see that it was his little pig, all covered with mud and very tired. He went straight toward the barn, against which was the only home he recognized. The money was returned to the man who had bought it, and the little pig staid at home."

> Had to Eat Him. A creditor calls upon a debtor, whom he finds at dinner, busy carving a tur-

"Now, sir," said the visitor, "are you going to pay me soon?" "I should be only too glad, my dear

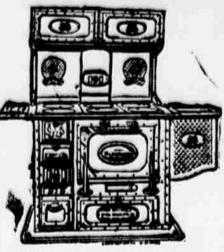
sir, but it is impossible. I am cleared out-ruined. I haven't a stiver." "Why, sir, when a man cannot pay his debts he has no business to be eat-

ing a turkey like that." "Alas, my dear sir," said the debtor, lifting the serviette to his eyes as though deeply affected, "I couldn't afford its keep."-London Answers.

Superior Importance. "Madge said she would marry me if Mand went to Paris."

"What's the idea?" "Well, she said she would then be prepared to cope with Maud when she came home bragging about her trip."-Chicago Record.

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