Only a nurse, in duty all unshrinking; Before such scenes man's stouter heart would quail; See there! Tout sweet, fair girl in screet trial

The fever we but terror-struck encounter.
Or fly before with selfish, coward dread;
While nurse and doctor hasten to the rescue
And stand unflinching by the stricken bed.

Hark! That weird bell-an accident at midnight, The nurse and doctor, wakeful, close at band.
Who minister to suffering or dying.
The hospital's beroic little band!

There you or I may in our need find refuge, With kindly belp and loving, tender care; Respect we give those brave, unselfish wo And night and day remember them in

IN IMMINENT PERIL.

The warm tropical moon threw its rays down upon the sleeping hacienda, or country-place of Senor Don Pablo Maria Gomez. The long line of white buildings, enclosing within them the patio or court-yard, where the air was heavy with the scent of the orangeblossoms and fragrant with the subtle odor of the limes, had in the moonlight a strange weird look, as though they were not real.

The house itself was of but one story, and covered a wide expanse of ground Built of stone, its windows, with their wooden bars, made it look something like a goal; and its severe outlines and sharp right angles gave little hint of the wealth and luxury within. For Don Pablo was rich beyond almost the dream of avarice.

He did not himself know the extent of his wealth. Lying there in the moonlight, about a thousand yards from the great house, were rows of palm-huts, heavily thatched, and in these were the sleeping slaves. His great-grandfather had received the grant from the king of Spain, and with it an allotment of Indians, which practically covered all that the Hidalgo could capture. His son, Don Pablo's grandfather, had been among the foremost to urge the importance of negroes, and had added largely to the labor force of the Esmeralda ranch.

Well fed and well treated, the slaves had increased until Don Pablo had now were parts of his enormous estate-fiftyone miles long by thirty wide-which he had never seen, so there were men owned by him that he had never spoken

But if Don Pablo did not know all, his daughter and only child, Donna Carmen, knew most of them. Mounted upon one of her horses, and attended by her peon, old Juan, she rode here and there over the place, and knew almost every corner of it.

To say she was almost worshipped by the "people" is not to overstate the thing in the least. Were any of them sick, Donna Car-

men would give them medicine; were any in trouble, to Donna Carmen they would go for comfort: it would be difficult indeed to say how many little Carmens had been named after her.

When then, Don Pablo invited Don Louis Medina, a third cousin of his, to come to the ranch for a visit when his daughter returned for the last time from the convent of Our Lady of Mercy, where she had been educated, all the women on the place rejoiced; for did they not know that their senorita had been betrothed to Don Louis ever since she was ten years old, and was not Don

Louis as handsome and gallant a young feliow as you could meet? Most assured

The older men, however, were not so well satisfied, holding, as they did, that Don Louis might be, and probably was, all very well; but he was not, in their opinion, worthy of Donna Carmen. The strongest believer in this view was old Juan, who had looked after his young mistress from the time she was a little baby, and who worshipped

However, as Juan would have felt the same, no matter who came to woo, this was, perhaps, to be expected. To tell the truth, Don Pablo himself felt somewhat the same way, and therefore, listened with great patience to old Juan's grumbling.

But it was summer-time for the young

people. Riding out in the cool morning, spending the hot noon on the wide piazza, lazily reclining in that universal hammock of the Spanish race, filling up the evening with music, with merry talk, and joyous laughter, the days went swiftly by.

Don Pablo would listen to the two. happy in his daughter's happiness, and recalling now and then, as he watched them, the days when he went to see his Mercedes—she who died after a brief two years of wedded life, and left a void in her husband's heart, which had never been filled. And now his Carmen was going to leave him; was thinking more of her future husband than of her father, as that father believed. Is it any wonder that Don Pablo was not offend-

ed with old Juan? The moon went down, and you could faintly see in the darkness some dusky figures stealing towards the house. A dozen of them, all small, looking more like boys than men. Gathering around one of the windows, they worked at

something in silence.

By-and-by the wooded bars were taken out, and some of them stole into

the room without a sound. A noise like a cry cut short broke on the ear, and then two figures passed through the window, taken by the watchers outside, and then the whole party disappeared as silently as they

had come. Don Pablo and his guest sat at early coffee next morning, wondering greatly why Donna Carmen did not come. Calling one of the women at last, Don Pablo sent her to ask the reason.

In a few moments she rushed into the "Senor, senor! the senorita-"

"Well, what?" "The senorita has-gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed the two men

breath, rising from their seats. "Gone where?" added Pablo. "Oh, senor, she's gone, and the win-

Don Pablo rushed out of the room. followed by Don Louis. The examination which followed disclosed but little, except that Donna Carmen and her servant Manuela, who always slept in her room, had disappeared-how, was easily seen from the open

window and cut bars. There was no trace to be found of tracks. Nothing else seemed to have been taken; simply, as the peon woman

had said, they were "gone."

Don Pablo sank under the blow. He seemed as though he were in a dream. He sat in a chair staring vacantly before him, and nothing they could do seemed to rouse him. With Don Louis it was different.

Calling Juan, who, by-the-bye, was nearly distracted, he saked him if they

with more than one scar on their half-naked bodies; their long, bisck hair twisted up into knots on top of the head, with heavy long kniggs have at the with heavy long knives hung at the waist, and in their hands the deadly blow-guns.

listening to his rapidly fold story. Then they began their search. Quartering the ground to and fro, they examined every inch carefully, but without any result. Had there ever been any trail, the peons trampling over it would have effaced it long before.

At last the older of the two said to Don Louis: "Senor, los peros" (the dogs). "What a fool I am! Here, Juan, bring the dogs here, and get that one of mine. All you people go in the house until we get the trail. Josefa, bring

me some dress that your mistress In a moment or two Juan came out leading five dogs. Large, with heavy dew-laps, rather short legs, but long bodies, of a deep liver and tan color, they were as beautiful specimens of

the Spanish bloodhound as one could

Don Louis took the dress Josefa gave him, and calling the dogs, gave it to them to smell. This they did for some time. Then, leading them to the window, he let them loose. Generations of man-hunting had taught these animals

what to do. Slowly, with their noses on the ground they circled round until at last one of them lifted up his head and gave a pro-

Instantly the others gathered round him, and after smelling for a moment, repeated the sound. Then they started towards the canes, the tiger-hunters following them, and behind Don Louis and a dozen peons. Reaching the caues, the hunters found the trail, and examined it keenly for a few moments. "Senor, they are Mucyeas," said the

"Are you sure, Pedro?"

"Si senor." "It's near the great feast, isn't it?" "Si senor-next month." Don Louis hurried back to the house to see Don Pablo, and to tell him the

The Mucveas were, in the old Span sh days, the most dreaded of all the tribes in New Grenada. Highly civilized, brave, and most desperate warriors, the old histories are full of accounts of their raids. Like the greater part of the South American Indians. they worshipped the sun, and once a year held a great feast in his honor. at which they always had human sacri-

No need now to tell the two miser able men on the hacienda why the light of their eyes had been stolen away in the night. Donna Carmen was destined | I heard the story. to have her heart torn from her body as no very distinct idea of how many he an offering to the Great Lord of the the Mighty One, the Ruler o the Four Pillars of the Earth-Huana-

There would be warriors and pilgrims present by the thousand; there would be offerings of gold and precious stones, there would be solemn dances and hymns sung in honor of their god, and then the girl would be laid on the altar. and the white-robed priest would offer her bleeding heart before the shapeless stone which was held in such rever-

fight for his own. In a country where men habitually travel in a somewhat rough and ready fashion it does not take long to get ready for an expedition, and in less than an hour horses were saddled, mules packed, and Don Pablo, with Don Louis and some twenty mounted peons, all fully armed, had started.

As before, the dogs, followed by the tiger-hunters, went first, and about ten yards behind these came the rest of the

Mucyeas in the valley beyond.

chance of losing them was too great. finally arranged that Don Louis, with the dogs, one guide and seven peons, should follow the Indians, while Don Pablo, with the rest of the party, should

try and cut them off. Tying bands of cotton around the dogs, so that they could see them in the dark before the moon rose, Don Louis between the pilasters and forming a minute that had been casually thrown my way by the locomotive. The poor dark before the moon rose, Don Louis between the pilasters and forming a wrung the hand of Don Pablo convulsively, as the latter said to him:

"If you cannot save her, my son, kill her, if you can. It is better that a Christian maiden should die by the hand of a Christian cavalier than that she should be offered up as a sacrifice to those hideous gods of the sav-

And Don Louis, as he bent over t receive the other's blessing, registered a fearful vow in his heart. Leaving the rest Don Louis and his little party struck rapidly up the mount-ain-side. The road became rougher and rougher as they toiled up, the mules being barely able, with much urging, to keep pace with the dogs. As for the tiger-hunter, he seemed insensible to fatigue, as he walked swiftly ahead of

About half-past one they camped and, taking some food, lay down to

At daylight the next morning they started again. At the height they now found themelves, the scenery was inexpressibly

and hands up the rocks, they toiled on, and towards nightfall reached the highest point. Here they camped again.

Once more at daylight they started,

ous. He is a capital companion, for he speaks English, French and German with equal facility, and has an immense store of odds and ends of knowledge,

reached trees. The guide, who had narrowly watch-The guide, who had narrowly watch-ed the dogs, came to Don Louis and be called a trueborn Russian, for on the warned him that they were close to the party now. A word from Don Louis, and all examined their weapons to see that they were ready. Then onward once more.

find their beads wrapped up in cloths and themselves bound, their terror was extreme. Utterly unable to see any-thing, they felt themselves lifted up, transferred from one to another, and finally tied in the chairs which the Indians carry on their backs.

Then they were taken rapidly over rizing a poem on our expedition, the ground, it being some eight hours got no further than the couplet: pings around their heads were taken As soon as they saw their eaptor

they knew what fate was in store for them. Manuela burst at once intotears, and loudly bewailed her fate, but Donna Carmen was perfectly still. had any tigreros, or tiger-hunters, on the estate.

Learning there were two, he sent for them, and before long they came to him. Tall, thin, almost gaint men. specimen in his pocket to the top of the mountain and down again. Of course I am only speaking of him as a casual

herself.

Beyond the fact that the men made long journeys, and the girls were very tired, they were treated well, and fed They stood before the young man with the best the Indians had. The second night they camped in little glade in the forest; the Indians slung a hammock for Donna Carmen, and spread a mat for Manuela, and then building a fire, began to cook.

Donna Carmen was lying in her ham-mock, the tears which she had kept back ail day streaming from her eyes, while below her, on the ground, Manuela had sunk into a troubled sleep. Suddenly they were startled by the sound of guns, and six of the Indians round the fire sprang into the air only

to fall prostrate. The next moment Donna Carmen heard the voice of Don Louis as he dashed into the open space sword in band.

"Louis, Louis!" she screamed, and in a second he stood between her and the The tiger-hunter bounded into

place, and with his machete, or long knife, cut off the arm of a man who had just raised his deadly blow-gun. The dogs followed, and seizing three of the Indians, fairly tore them in In the meantime, however, two

them had got their blow-guns raised, and the two little darts flew through the air, one striking Manuela on the arm, and the other Don Louis in the Itwas their last shot, however, for, with savage yells, the peons closed in on them and simply hacked them to

When Don Louis was struck, he did not know it, and would certainly have died had it not been for the tigerhunter. Coming up to him he cut the arrow out, and was then going to suck out the poison, when Donna Carmen. pushing him to one side, knelt down, and, applying her lips to the wound, saved her lover's life Not any too soon,

however. It was two days before Don Louis was well enough to be even carried in a litter, and before that time Don Pablo, with his party, guided by the other tiger-hunter, had joined them.

Poor Manuela was buried in woods. The slow journey back to the nacienda took nearly a week; but it was not more than six weeks before a brilliant wedding saw Don Louis and Donna Carmen made man and wife. It was then that Donna Carmen gave two of the hamdsomest Spanish guns that could be bought for money to the tigerhunters, one of which, preserved by the descendants of the younger, I saw when

A Gorgeous Drawing-Roo

Pushing the portieres aside which closes the connecting rooms between the drawing-room and atrium, one stands spell-bound at the dazzling beauty around him. If there has been a sense of solemn grandeur in viewing the high art halls, the drawing-room dispels it and forever settles the status and approves the wisdom of Louis XV. and his flippant style. The room is rococo in white and gilt 45x50 feet. The wood work, finished in ivory, enamel and gold, rises in richly carved pilasters heard the name of the Mucyeas, that he to the ceiling, dividing the walls into threw off his apathy and prepared to numerous panels, which are hung in ivory-white velvet. These panels are outlined by rich gilt moulding and are ornamented with Louis XV. scrolls embroidered with silver, and chenille outlined with heavy gilt cords. The upper part of the walls are cross-divided by richly carved brackets of gilt, each containing figure paintings representing the muses and the seasons. Ivory and gold are the colors of the ceiling, which contains a large center panel representing "Dawn," and two smaller side party. They passed through the cane panels with fanciful figures of "Day" patch, struck the wide savannah, or and "Night" painted by P. V. Gallaud, grazing part of the estate, and towards of Paris. These figures are surroundevening came to the foot of the moun- ed by a wide frame of papier-mache, Here they had a long consultation.

The trail led right up the rocks, and of to imitate the several shades of Don Pablo knew that about two leagues | Etruscan gold. A pretty conceit makes in that direction would bring them to the center of the white Axminster carpet ground where the animals could not an oval shape with the same designs in travel. Upon pointing this out to the colors as is seen in the gilt frame, lookguides, the older advised that the main ing as though the ceiling was reflected road across the mountains should be in the floor. The outer edge of the cartaken, and the party pushed forward as pet, which was in the hands of the fast as possible in order to intercept the | weavers a year, is the largest carpet Mucyeas in the valley beyond.

This plan Don Louis strenuously opa Louis XV. scroll to match the walls, posed, believing, as he did, that the is filled in with old rose color in har- and unaccustomed shricks that I startmony with the elegant plush portieres, ed up with a sense that something aw-After an animated discussion it was which are a rose color richly embroider ful was happening, and, just as I was ed with Louis XV. scrolls, and edged trying to realize what it all was, the top with a massive fringe showing all the of my tent-pole gave away with a swap, colors mentioned and is of a piece with and there came crashing down through that of the furniture. The mantel is of the roof of the tent the mangled body of part of the architecture of the room | done for, and I ordered the guard to itself. Two large crystal chandeliers, exact copies of those in the Louis XV. chamber at Fountainbleau, and eight

> tables and silver brocade tete-a-tetes california Mansion, described in Good

the spectacle, and those soft mellowed

hundred years old. Even the dainty

point duchess curtains, mother-of-pearl

Baron Nicolas Kaulbars. When I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Baron Nicolas Kaulbars he was only a simple colonel and chief of the staff of one of the army corps at St. Petersburg. That was in the lifetime of the late czar, and the baron's rise has been rapid since the present emperor came to the throne. Baron Kaulbars was then a tall man, At the scenery was inexpressibly selves, the scenery was inexpressibly with fairly broad shoulders, but with a slight stoop and very little flesh on his fairly broad shoulders, but with a slight stoop and very little flesh on his form to say?

Within a day or two after that a poor white 'planter' came around looking for something. He said be had lost abandon the animals, and then began the chase on foot, Climbing with feet and hands up the rocks, they toiled on, and to superior and the say and with fairly broad shoulders, but with a and by two in the afternoon again which he makes use of without any parade, and with a frank bovishness er French rhymes, an occupation which he describes as tres sympathique. As

we stopped for a short rest, and Baron Kaulbars amused himself by extempoafter their capture before the wrap- La pauvre Khadonskaevitch par sess chales A is fin ne pouvait plus marcher. On the same excursion we caught a curious beetle of considerable size in the long grass; and as the baron wished to preserve it alive, for he was an enthusiastic naturalist, we made a paper box out of some old letters, and the baron actually carried the unhappy

among them a young Russian lienten-

ant of the army of the Balkans, and

this lieutenant, finding the July sun too

much for him, was obliged to halt and

give up the ascent. About half way up

equaintance, never having any official ntercourse with him, but certainly as a friend he was very pleasant and enter-taining, though the Bulgarian govern-ment would in all probability give a very different account of him. Still. from his tone of voice in giving orders to his subordinates I should imagine that he could be sufficiently brutal and overbearing should occasion offer. -

FORTUNES IN THE MOON. fore Likely To be Found There Than in the Bank of England.

What are the facts of unclaimed fortunes in the Bank of England and in chancery? The bank has issued an official statement which says: 'There are no large amounts of unclaimed stock or dividends standing in our books. There are few amounts of £1,000, and probably none that exceed this sum by nore than £100 or £200." So much for the bank. Statements like this have been issued since the days when James Buchanan, then our minister in London made some inquiries about the mythical Evans estate. As to unclaimed funds n chancery, the secretary of our legation prepared last year a statement, un-der Minister Lowell's direction, in which he said that there was in the custody of the court only £1,000,000 in unclaimed or dormant funds. So much for the

ourt of chancery. Where, then, are the Jenneus estate \$500,000,000), the Mosher estate (\$32,-00,000), the Bradford estate (\$122,000,-000), the Lawrence-Townley, or Chase-Townley estate (\$800,000,000), and all the other enormous estates that so many persons in America are trying to obtain? Unquestionably they are in the

Those who think they are entitled to real estate or personal property in England should bear in mind the following declaration made by our legation and sent to congress last year:

"Any attempt to recover real estate from the crown or individuals after a lapse of twelve years, (which may be extended to thirty under certain circumstances), and personal property after a lapse of twenty years, however valid the claim of the person making the attempt may have been originally, is certain to end in failure." Persons who have been led to believe

hat they are entitled to estates or funds in Holland should read a report recently made by Mr. Bell, our minister at The Hague. He describes the law of 1852 which provided for the escheating of all unclaimed estates within a specified time, and adds: "The law has effectually and finally disposed of all unclaimed funds and estates in this country originating prior to March, 1852. There has, therefore, since 1852, been no such thing in Holtand as an unclaimed estate originating prior to that date." If thousands of deluded Americans who dream of enormous estates in for eign lands to which they are the right-ful heirs would only consult an honest and intelligent lawyer or diligently read some good newspaper they would save some money and a great deal of time. There are men who for many years have made good livings out of the delusions of these people, but the swin-dlers can be defeated and exposed it those whom they live upon will only ask at the right place for information and then use the facts for the enlighteu-

ment of others who have been duped. -

Accounting for the Mate. "When I was a young lieutenant in the -th Massachusetts battery." said the professor to a writer in the Boston battery on the railroad track between Lake Pontchartrain and New Orleans. It was necessary to guard the line at that point, and there was just enough solid ground on the embankment, which at that point ran through an almost impenetrable swamp infested by alligators, copperheads and bushwhackers, for us to hang on to. My tent was pitched so near the track that there was barely enough room for the trains to pass without tearing the tent to pieces and smashing its occupants. There was a freight train that passed through between 3 and 5 o'clock every morning, shricking as it did so. For five or six times I woke up each morning with the impression that the train was going straight over my body, and was on the point of leaping into the middle of the track or anywhere else, but after awhile

I began to grow accustomed to it. "One morning, however, the train came through with such a series of wild Mexican onyx, elaborately chiseled, sur- a mule that had been straying on the knock him in the head and drag him away. It was done.

"This might have ended the inc candelabra are provided. When light dent, but, as any soldier will know, it ed, and the room filled with "fair wo didn't. That day the corporal of the men and brave men" on a fete night guard who had killed the mule came to nothing short of fairyland could equal me and said: "Lieutenant, that muje has got to

tints give no hint that they are not a be accounted for. What shall we do?" "I suppose we can put him down as "lost in an engagement." 'said I, 'But I don't suppose that will work, after

"But must I pay for him?" asked the corporal. "I told him I would think about it, and did think about it a little, but the next day the corporal came to me and

"Lieutenant, we've got that mule all right.'

"What mule?' said I. " Oh, that mule that was hurt,' said he. 'He's all right now.' "I went with him in amazement, and he showed me a handsome male with a fresh 'U. S.' branded on his flank. I

that was dead against him. His mule didn't have 'U. S.' branded on his

flank." "Well, what did he do about it?" "He didn't do anything about it. He couldn't swear the 'U. S.' off the mule's flank, could be?"

Our Unmarried Daughters.

Thomas Hughes says there is a pecu liar charm about the words "one's own' which it takes a man or boy long t When the two girls, Donna Carmen an instance, we were once climbing a find out, but I doubt, says a writer in and Manuela, had waked up only to mountain with several companions, the Philadelphia Press, if there is a woman who from babyhood has not recog-nized that charm. Let us then think with more consideration than has been our wont of those women who have never taken upon themselves the pleasures and cares of wedded life, but whose lives have been given up to others far more than have those of the majority of their wedded sisters.

One such woman has charge of household whose inmates are an invalid mother, a feeble grandmother, and a chester rifle, and that he finally got the mother, a feeble grandmother, and a sim to such perfection that he could bachelor brother. She makes the home suuff a candle about eight times out of happy for them, and with what return for this sacrifice of her girlhood? What are her privileges? She can not order a dinner exactly to suit herself or have

It is possible that even mothers are a little too selfish and exacting toward their unmarried daughters. There is a widow with three unmarried daughters of "uncertain age." It would be a decided convenience to the musician of the family if the piano could be moved

to another part of the room. She speaks to her mother about it. The reply is: "I see no reason, Emy, why it should be moved; it has no trials and difficulties to overcome," and of them it is required that they shall be always cheerful and amiable. There is another family with one

married daughter still at home. She does much of the housekeeping and the family sewing, but her recreation, that she loves above ali else, is her palette and brush; and yet even her time is not her own. She has not one uninterrupted hour during the day. Patiently day after day she puts aside her canvas to fit on mother's dress or sew on father's buttons or see that the spare room is made ready for mother's friends, and day after day and week after week the work she longed to do has had to be put off till some future time, which never

This young woman is a type of a class whose burdens are heavy because made up of numberless trifles. Can we not by a little more thought for her who thinks so often for others add something to her pleasures?

A Hospitable Greeting.

An imposing brown stone wall cap-ped by a bronze railing, and pierced by three massive bronze folding gates surround a gentle sloping lawn, above which rises the mansion itself, which faces California street and is 106 x 190 feet. The walls are 64 feet high and 25 inches thick, placed on a massive podium with a portico in front 50 feet long and a port-cochere in the rear of similar dimensions. In keeping with Mr. Flood's well known aversion to ostentation, the outside gives no hint of its internal luxury. The style of archi-tecture is Roman classic, the windows of the first story being finished with pilasters of Doric design, and those of the second story with Ionic pilasters. This variety of ornament greatly relieves the effect of the flat walls, which are capped by a classic balustrade. The invisible roof is of wood covered with copper. The splendid portico, which stands out from the facade in perfect symmetry, is the principal external ornament, to which sixteen Doric pillars lend dignity. The brownstone monolithic steps are composed of a sin-

gle slab, and measure 23 feet. The doorway which is 9 feet wide and 14 feet high is closed with massive double doors of English oak which swing noiselessly open and reveal the and ribbons forming mottoes of welcome in Old English script, the one on the right reading:

C me in the evening or come in the morning, Come when looked for or come without warning.
To offset this hospitable greeting the

other side says: Farewell, a word that must and hath been: A sound which makes us linger; jet fare -J. C. Flood's California Mansion described in Good Housekeeping.

A Millionaire's Hobby. Senator Stanford's \$20,000 stable is rapidly approaching completion, and the contractors expect to have it ready for the senator's horses and carriages early next month. The stable is a model one. For months past the senator's representative here has been overrun by cranks and inventors with all sorts of new ideas for the comfort or discomfort of the horses. It has been the hardest thing to convince these people that Senator Stanford is not building a dime museum for the exhibition of freaks or crank inventions. Men who have an idea that horses would be better if they slept in beds have come to Senator Stanford to ask him to put folding beds in his horses' stalls. One man had an ides that the senator wanted to buy his patent fly-driving machine and erect it over each borse to keep the flies off

him. Another crank wrote a letter stating that it would be good idea to paper the ceiling with fly-paper, and then the horses would not be bothered. But such deas were not listened to. There are inventions and improvements in the stable which are great innovations. The edifice is an imposing one on L street. The walls are twenty-two inches thick, being built with a large air-chamber in the centre so as to prevent the least bit of moisture or dampness from penetrat-ing the walls and giving the horses cold. There will be ten stalls, all fitted up in hardwood, elaborately carved and embellished. At each trough is running water, so that the grooms will not have to carry water about the building and slop it over the floor. The arrangement for letting feed down from the bins above is a new invention, and a good one. One of the great objections to having a carriage-house near the stable proper is the odor absorbed. To obviate this, the carriages are run into the stable and on to a large elevator and carried up-stairs to a sealed room, where they will be free from odor or dirt.

and is finished in elegant style.—Washington Letter. "Joe" Brown and "Bob" Toombe Another story I lately heard of [Senator Joseph] Brown relates to his quar-rel with "Bob" Toombs, which liked to

The stable is decorated in hardwood

end in a duel, but which failed because Toombs did not send the challenge. Brown has a great reputation all over Georgia for being a very strict Christian. He has been noted as a temper-ance man, and he is always to the front religion which would prevent him from

accepting a challenge. Brown received the strutting colonel and listened to his question, looking him in the face with his cold gray eye and stroking his long gray beard as he did so. As the colonel concluded when I saw for myself the heroic firm ness of those women, traveling alone, Brown's big mouth opened like a trap. and he slowly and articulately said: "I have carefully considered my duty to man and to God. I have canvassed my religious belief and have come to the conclusion that you may tell Gen. Toombs that I can really find nothing either in it or myself that will prevent me receiving a challenge from him at any time or under any conditions. I shall indeed be most happy to oblige him in any way which he shall see fit

The colonel said good-day and left

Brown, and for some time the duel hung fire. During this time it is said that Brown was busy six hours out of the ten. Toombs, for this reason or some other, failed to respond, and the matter dropped, but the congressman who told it served according to her own ideas, and to change the hour of a meal or ask a friend in without first holding a family consultation would be considerhe carves one of his enemies on the

to ask."

A Discouraged Shab.

The Mery correspondent of the Jour-nal des Debais writes: "Everybody in Persia admits that the shah is animated by the best intentions, and that he would restore to his country its ancient splendors; but at the same time every-body sees that his good intentions are never carried out, and that no sovereign ever met with less support. Such is the discouragement of the shah that he has completely given up control of the state, just as he allows the fortified walls surrounding his residence to crumble and fall into the ditches. During our sojourn in Teheran we witnessed the curious spectacle of the minister of fine arts taking possession of one of the out-buildings of the palace, and declaring that he would not leave until the salary due him was paid. The shah, who loves a good joke has the obstinate vizier well taken care of, and asks him every time he meets him on his walks whether he is satisfied with the cuisine. The vizier declares that it is excellent, and swears that he will end his days near the person of his majesty. His majesty laughs, thanks him, and proceeds on his walk. Would to heaven that this comedy may not end in tragedy! This is a fair example of the condition of things in general. The wages of the soldier are a source of income to the colonels who send three-fourths of the men on furlough and pocket their wages. The lower officers allow the soldiers to practice a profession on condition that they divide the proceeds with them. Many a soldier who guards in the evening the door of the palace in the morning sold lettuce-in-the streets, or patched slippers

in the shadow of a mosque.'

The Hand of a Thief. The present rage for palmistry recalls an incident which occurred half a dozen years since at Bar Harbor. There were staying at one of the hotels a pretty young widow from Baltimore who was versed in the secrets of chiromancy and young Kentuckian who was par exellence the lion of the season. The widow for some reason or other had taken a whimsical dislike to the popular southerner and hardly acknowledged an acquaintance with him; yet he one day ventured to ask her to read his mind, as she had already deciphered the palms of half the people in the house. They lady first demurred, but at length thinking, as she afterward explained, that it was simpler to do as she was asked than to contest the point, she requested the gentleman to show her his hand.

He did so, and, with an involuntary start of surprise and a frankness which was evidently genuine, she exclaimed: "Why, it is the hand of a thief!" As the interview took place upon the piazza vestibule, the floor and ceiling of which in the presence of a group of boarders, are Pompeiian mosaics marble, of ex- the position of the young man was a quisite design of foliage and grapes in sufficiently awkward one, but he did ing is of Numidian marble, surmounted in evident confusion he responded with by a richly carved marble frieze in full the most perfect tact and self.control: relief, which completes the tunnel-shaped ceiling, again of mosaic lighter a means of making my way in the world in tone, with graceful designs of wreaths | that had never occurred to me; and since the war we southerners have to be on the lookout for opportunities."
His ready wit saved the situation, and

he was more popular than ever; but the interest of the tale is that two or three days after he was discovered stealing the diamonds of a wealthy dowager, and although the matter was hushed up as much as possible for the sake of the hotel and of the people who had introduced the Kentuckian, it somehow leaked out that the rouge was an old offender and a thief long known to the police of New York and Philadelphia.-

Boston Post. A Lively Corpse. In a neighboring town death entered an estimable household at midnight, and an undertaker from this city was summoned by telegraph, writes a Bridgeport correspondent of the New York Sun. On arriving at the house the vndertaker sent his lady assistant to an upper chamber to prepare the corpse. Taking her box of bandages, sponges, etc., the assistant went, as she thought, to the room indicated, but instead she entered the room of a young lady, a member of the bereaved family, who had fallen sound asleep from exhaustion caused by her constant attendance at the sick bed. The attendant had an old-fashioned tallow dip, which she sat on the stand, and depositing her box on the bed by the side of the sleeping beauty, she began operations. Taking a soft sponge, she carefully washed the face, observing, what was not unusual, that the flesh was still warm. The young lady slept on, but when a fine-toothed comb was drawn through some tangled crimps of her hair she awoke with a suddenness that upset both the attendant and the box of imple-ments. Both ladies gave a shrick that could have been heard blocks away, and as soon as a match could be struck. for the candle had been overturned, explanations followed. The attendant believed the corpse had come to life, and the awakened damsel thought she had been disturbed by a burglar. The household below was aroused, and they followed the undertaker in quick succession to the scene of the disturbance. Although the death had cast a gloom over the household, there was a quiet laugh when the situation was explained.

The Stronger Sex.

Why am I a woman suffragist? Because I am. Because a woman has more good, hard, common sense than a man. Because she makes less bluster about her rights, and quietly maintains them better than a man. Because she won't give \$1.50 for an article that she knows very well she can get for 75 cents. Because she does not stalk loftily away from the counter without her change if the robber behind it is a little reluctant about counting it out. Because she is too independent to pay the landlord \$2 for her dinner and then pay the head waiter \$1 to send her a waiter aboard. Don't never get nothin' out every evening. That all who want work of a woman 'ceptin' just her regular fare." I had just paid him 25 cents ness of those women, traveling alone, paying their fare, and refusing to pay the salaries of the employes of a wealthy corporation, I said: "These women have a right to vote. To vote? By all that is brave and relf-reliant and sensible. they have a right to run the Government."-Burdelle.

"James, what are you doing? After all our hopes, and all your promises?"
"Well, what be 1?—takin' driuk, ain't 1?" "Didn't you sign a pledge, Jimmy, and promise never to drink another drop as long as you lived?" "No; n—o; n—oo, I didn't jes' promise that, I'm doin' jes' wot I swore I'd do; I'm (hie!) putt'n' 'way the 'ntoxicatin' cup!"— Washington Post.

Mrs. Cohn-"Solomon, ma tear, got to get me a new dress, ain't it?
Dot galico dress is terrible vorn out."
Mr. Cohn—"Times is hard, Rebecca.
Vait for a veek, ma tear." Mrs. Cohn
—"For vot for vould I vait a veek,
Solomon?" Mr. Cohn—"I expegt to
fail negst veek, and den times viil be
tester,
Bieles da?"—Resulter.

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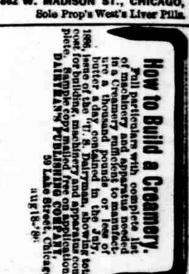
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