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**COUNCIL BLUFFS.**  
 ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.  
**BREAKING GROUND.**

**A Start Made Toward the New Epis-  
 copal Church.**  
 The Ceremonies Yesterday.  
 Yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock  
 the ceremony of breaking ground for the  
 new Episcopal church took place. The  
 site selected is on Sixth street, on the  
 lot adjoining that on which the rectory  
 stands and in the rear of the present  
 church.  
 The architect, S. E. Maxon, spread  
 the plans of the new structure before  
 those present, and after consultation  
 with some of the leading members of the  
 parish the lines were laid out, so as to  
 fix approximately the center of the tower  
 to be built on the southwest corner.  
 It was at this spot that the ground was  
 first broken.

There were a goodly number present,  
 and a brief service was conducted by the  
 rector, Rev. Mr. Mackay, who read selections  
 from the scriptures concerning the  
 building of the tabernacle, the passages  
 selected being appropriate to this occa-  
 sion. Prayer was then offered, and the  
 rector then made a short address, setting  
 forth the requisites for the successful  
 completion of the structure, and earnestly  
 urging his parishioners to show patience,  
 endurance, zeal, and liberality.

D. C. Bloomer, the senior member was  
 then called upon. He said that, as he  
 had been going about with Mr. Maxon  
 laying off the lines, the thought that  
 came to him was, "What a big church.  
 Can we build so large a one?" Then  
 came to him the thought of what had  
 been done in the past. About eight  
 years ago some of the ladies conceived  
 the idea that a lot should be purchased  
 and a rectory built. They decided to do  
 so. They had no money and  
 little faith, but soon  
 by earnestness and liberality the means  
 were provided and the rectory paid for.  
 Then \$1,000 was raised for the purchase  
 of this lot, on which the new church  
 was to stand, and already the ladies had  
 raised \$1,000 for the new building. All  
 that was needed was more faith, and an  
 accompanying liberality. The success of  
 the enterprise depended on each doing  
 his or her share, as God had blessed them.

"Praise God from whom all blessings  
 flow," was then sung while Mr. Bloomer  
 took out the first shovelful of dirt, the  
 ceremonies concluding with Rev. Mr.  
 Mackay and others, each taking out a  
 shovelful, even to the rector's little child-  
 ren who innocently grappled with what  
 was then almost a great task as it will be  
 for the parish to raise the means for com-  
 pleting the church in all its proposed  
 beauty.

Mr. S. E. Maxon has prepared the  
 plans for the new church. It is to have  
 a frontage of 60 feet and an extreme  
 width of 75 feet, while the extreme  
 depth will be 110 feet. The front is an  
 ornamented one, and the exterior is to  
 be finished in stone ashley work. The  
 intention is to put in the stone founda-  
 tion at a cost of \$4,000 before November  
 1st, and then if means can be secured to  
 go right ahead with the superstructure,  
 which it is to be hoped will also be of  
 stone, but may be of brick, some in the  
 parish favoring brick. The contract for  
 the stone work of the foundation has  
 been let to Mr. Drexel, of Omaha; that  
 for the brick work to George Fauble,  
 and the wood work to Mr. Murphy.  
 If the plans are followed out, the su-  
 perstructure put up of stone also, St. Paul's  
 Episcopal church, of Council Bluffs, will  
 be one of the most handsome churches in  
 the west.

**DR. A. B. SPINNEY,** proprietor of the  
 Northwestern Dispensary at Minneapolis,  
 Minnesota, is stopping at room 39,  
 Pacific house, until Saturday evening,  
 the 14th inst., where he gives consulta-  
 tion free. He treats all chronic, nervous  
 and special diseases. The afflicted in-  
 vited to call.

**Partner Wanted.**  
 An enterprising partner with \$10,000  
 to establish a patent medicine business.  
 An independent fortune to be made in  
 one year. Men who mean business only  
 need apply. A capitalist preferred.  
 Business will be located in Omaha. Ad-  
 dress, F. G. O. S., Box office, Council  
 Bluffs.

**Refrigerators and ice chests at bottom  
 prices. W. S. Homer & Co., 23 Main  
 street.**

**TRANSFER TALK.**  
**The Cause of the Falling Off in Busi-  
 ness—The Clerks Fearful that  
 Resignations Will soon  
 be Welcome.**  
 Business at the freight transfer, of  
 which Wm. H. Burns is the agent for the  
 tripartite roads, is decreasing every week,  
 and from rumors that are afloat it is very  
 certain that the small amount of business  
 now being transacted at this station will  
 very shortly diminish considerably. Five  
 gangs of men have been all that has been  
 required to transfer the freight from the  
 cars of the eastern roads to those of the  
 U. P. since the tripartite compact was  
 put in operation, while it took eighteen  
 or twenty gangs before this compact went  
 into effect. The principal cause of this  
 is that the cars are now billed through,  
 where before they were billed only to  
 Council Bluffs, and therefore all freight  
 destined for points west of here, if only  
 to Omaha, it was necessary to  
 rebill at Council Bluffs, and  
 also to transfer to U. P. cars,  
 as in those days it was an unusual occu-  
 rence for a car other than one belonging  
 to the Union Pacific to cross the bridge.  
 Cars of the eastern roads having their ter-  
 minus here were occasionally reloaded  
 with Omaha freight and run over the  
 river, especially when it would benefit the  
 Union Pacific by so doing, but as above  
 stated a very large portion and in fact it  
 may with safety be stated that 85 per  
 cent of the cars that go through this sta-  
 tion now are billed through to points  
 west of the Missouri and consequently

**JOSH BILLINGS ON HUMORISTS.**  
 The Work of the American Wits and  
 Newspaper Funny Men.

New York Mail and Express.  
 Among the men who pose here and  
 there in the broad corridors of the  
 Windsor Hotel, in New York, every  
 evening, is Henry M. Shaw, or, as he is  
 known the world over, Josh Billings.  
 He is a peculiar man. The broadcloth  
 Prince Albert, the long gray hair flowing  
 over the ears down the shoulders, the  
 broad-trimmed slouch hat, the features,  
 rough hewn withal and refined, give the  
 impressions of a clergyman. The closely-  
 trimmed iron-gray beard, the aquiline  
 nose, and the firm look of the deep-set  
 eyes deny this impression, however, and  
 indicate rather the military man. Mr.  
 Billings was seated on one of the soft  
 sofas the other evening when a Mail and  
 Express reporter approached him. The  
 conversation turned upon American wit  
 or humorists.

"America is full of humor," said Mr.  
 Billings, "and yet a great deal of it is  
 false humor. It has no purpose. The  
 Danbury News man is played out be-  
 cause he had no purpose at the bottom of  
 his articles. All humor must have truth  
 at the bottom. Humor is, in fact, a mix-  
 ture of truth and pathos. True humor  
 will never die. Humor in the best sense  
 is short-lived. The funny articles in  
 American newspapers are not droolery.  
 I never write a paragraph without a pur-  
 pose. I desire to benefit mankind. This  
 is why my sayings are addressed to men  
 and about men. I can not bear a man  
 who seeks to tear down. Infidels are my  
 greatest aversion. I am intensely re-  
 ligious, though I have no creed. I can  
 talk to any man except one who believes  
 nothing. I always take every occasion  
 to attack infidels. They destroy without  
 building up. The devil himself did not  
 deny God, but only rebelled. I have  
 often said I would rather be an idiot than  
 an infidel, because if an idiot I'd know  
 that God made me so; if an infidel that  
 I made myself so."

"You have met most of the American  
 humorists?"  
 "Eighteen years ago I sat at the dinner  
 table with a remarkable set of wits and  
 humorists. Henry Clay, George Ar-  
 nold, O'Brien, Mortimer Thompson, (Doc-  
 ticks), Dawson, Shandley, Robert New-  
 ell, Orpheus C. Kerr, and Charles P.  
 Browne, (Artemus Ward). All died de-  
 stitute, with the exception of Kerr, who  
 is living. Another set that I dined with  
 once is Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Lewis,  
 of the Detroit Free Press, and Burdette  
 of the Hawkeye. They are all living  
 and doing well."

"What is your opinion of those living  
 humorists?"  
 "It is a species, though a poor species,  
 of humor. You read one article and you  
 know the bad boy. It is an exaggeration  
 and lacks a principal constituent of humor  
 —sense. Nonsense that is not based on  
 sense soon falls."

"Do you think that the American  
 newspaper humor possesses the quality of  
 sense?"  
 "Not generally. The reason why so  
 many 'funny men' spring up and disap-  
 pear is because of this very lack. A per-  
 son will laugh at a ridiculous thing and  
 then be ashamed of himself because he  
 has laughed, if he finds no truth in the  
 story. True wit and humor never make  
 you laugh, at least at first. You see the  
 truth in it, and then the ridiculous side  
 strikes you afterward."

"Then you think the outlook for  
 American humor is not bright?"  
 "It is hard to judge humor, and I  
 have paid so little attention to their  
 writings. Still, as far as my limited  
 knowledge goes I will answer. Bret  
 Harte's humor! Bret made a good  
 point in his 'Heathen Chinese,' although  
 the scheme of the two sharpers being  
 taken in by a third apparently innocent  
 one is old. I have never read much of  
 Bret Harte's works, but do not think  
 him of the highest order of humorists.  
 Nothing ever equalled the  
 humor of Mark Twain's descriptions. He  
 is, in fact, the greatest descriptive  
 humorist America has produced. Lewis,  
 of the Detroit Free Press, does not com-  
 mand my highest admiration. He shows  
 great tact, and often produces a bit of  
 praiseworthy humor. Burdette, of the  
 Burlington Hawkeye, I enjoy very much.  
 He has purpose in his humor, and is very  
 pathetic. True humor is always allied to  
 pathos. He might be called the pathetic  
 humorist of America. Naaby is the great-  
 est political satirist since the days of Jack  
 Downing."

"The High Collar Craze."  
 Boston Globe.  
 "Yes, sir, this high collar craze is as-  
 suming rather high proportions," remark-  
 ed a dealer in gents furnishing goods to a  
 reporter yesterday. "You see the pre-  
 vailing style of 1884 is higher than it has  
 ever been before, and the young men  
 seem all collar."  
 "Where will it end?"  
 "Well, I declare, I do not know. I  
 am looking for an addition by 1890 that  
 will entirely envelop the chin and give a  
 barber no end of trouble when he wants  
 to shave a customer. Then, as one ex-  
 treme will lead to another there may be  
 an uprising by 1895 when young men  
 no longer raise a mustache will be glad  
 to add another inch and take in an upper  
 lip and a pug nose."  
 "This is a great country, sir, and pro-  
 gress is our motto. I look for still  
 another bill movement in collars when  
 we reach the new century, 1900 and we  
 may expect a collar which will take in  
 the entire head and face, with air holes  
 for nose, mouth and eyes. It will be  
 warm and nice in winter and will be  
 particularly popular with homely young  
 men."  
 "If I were John C. Eno or Ferdinand  
 Ward I think I should order such a col-  
 lar and wear it in public."

**Reform in Cows.**  
 New York Journal.  
 Virginia has long since ceased to dis-  
 tinguish herself as the mother of presi-  
 dents. It was necessary, therefore, for  
 the grand old state to do something in  
 order to recover her lost prestige. The  
 mother of presidents has therefore con-  
 cluded to improve upon the old brand of  
 cow and to produce something novel and  
 striking. Her latest efforts in this direc-  
 tion have been a cow with three horns,  
 mane, tail and legs like a horse; also a  
 calf with eyes or tail. If this cow had  
 been introduced in the proper moment in  
 Chicago there is no saying what effect it  
 might have had upon the Blaine boom.  
 But it is now too late. It is to be feared  
 that for practical milking purposes the  
 new cow will not supercede the old.  
 Three horns are too much for any cow,  
 even a dark horse democratic cow, and  
 she is certain to be a kicker. A calf  
 with eyes or tail is too much of a dude  
 to suit the average milkmaid.

**PREPARING THEIR PLUMES.**  
 The Young Men Organize a Blaine  
 and Logan Club.

The new Blaine and Logan club has  
 secured the following names on its en-  
 rollment, and many others are to follow:  
 T. B. Baldwin, John W. Baird, J. H.  
 Marshall, George Metcalf, W. F. Sapp, Jr.,  
 E. A. Spooner, W. A. Gronow, D. E.  
 Gleason, J. J. Steadman, J. S. Blanchard,  
 George A. Keeling, Walter H. Smith,  
 W. Rickman, E. H. Odell, N. C. Phillips,  
 Mark Duryee, Jacob Sims, Frank C. Geor,  
 C. B. Judd, M. B. Brown, Ernest E. Hart,  
 T. W. McCargar, E. Blanchard, J. N.  
 Baldwin, H. Baird, H. H. Metcalf,  
 Chas. H. Fesson, A. J. Crittenden, J. F.  
 Kimball, J. M. Kimball, Charles D. Arnold,  
 Phil Armour, E. H. Scott, H. H. Bur-  
 bury, J. M. Phillips, Jr., and E. H. Stead-  
 man.

Thomas Baldwin has been elected  
 president; Major Marshall, vice-president;  
 and W. F. Sapp, Jr., second vice-presi-  
 dent; E. H. Odell, secretary and Mark  
 Duryee, treasurer.

The club proposes to secure an appro-  
 priate uniform, and that matter has been  
 referred to a committee consisting of  
 Messrs. Sapp, Metcalf and Kimball.  
 Messrs. Arnold, McCargar, Spooner  
 and Metcalf have been elected as a tem-  
 porary committee on uniforms.  
 The membership has been fixed at \$5  
 each, and the next meeting of the club is  
 to be held next Tuesday evening at the  
 Ogden house.

**An Idyl of Hate.**  
 Detroit Free Press.  
 "That horrid Mrs. Sawyer!" said Mrs.  
 Jones the other day. "I wish she would  
 move on: of the neighborhood."  
 "Well, what do you run there all the  
 time for? I told you how it would be,"  
 retorted Mrs. Jones.  
 This was not the kind of sympathy  
 Mrs. Jones expected, and she became  
 ominously silent.

"What has she said about you now?"  
 inquired Jones.  
 "Oh, it's nothing about me," said Mrs.  
 Jones indifferently.  
 "What is it about?" asked Jones with  
 evident anxiety.  
 "It is about you," resumed Mrs. J. "She  
 says you're no more fit to run for office  
 than a brindle cat, and that if Sawyer  
 votes for you she'd never speak to him  
 again; she says—"

"Never mind," said Jones loftily. "I'm  
 not the least interested in anything a  
 feeble minded, gossiping woman says."  
 But the flattery had struck home, and  
 Jones left the table with a look on his  
 face that boded no good.  
 It was baking day at Sawyers.  
 If there was anything Mrs. Sawyer  
 prided herself upon, it was the tender,  
 flaky quality of her paste. Jones knew  
 this.

Mrs. Sawyer was just rolling that ten-  
 der pie-paste into great sheets of trans-  
 parent dough, when there came a knock  
 at the door. Mrs. Sawyer answered it,  
 rolling-pin in hand. It was Willie Jones  
 who had knocked.  
 "Please, Mrs. Sawyer," said the in-  
 nocent child, "pa would like a piece of  
 your pie-crust."  
 "Certainly, Willie," said Mrs. Sawyer,  
 much flattered, "but it isn't baked yet."  
 "He doesn't want it baked."  
 "But he can't eat raw pie-crust."  
 "He isn't going to eat it."  
 "Then what is he going to do with it?"  
 "He said he wanted to mend the har-  
 ness and make hinges for the barn door  
 with it, and—"

The rolling-pin hung fire and the boy  
 escaped, but the barrier between the  
 houses of Jones and Sawyer can never be  
 broken. It is tougher than the pie-  
 crust.

**The Laws of Humanity.**  
 Cleveland Plaindealer.  
 Rev. R. E. Macduff, pastor of St.  
 Mary's church, was arrested yesterday by  
 Patrolman Seibel for riding a bicycle on  
 Wilson avenue. This morning Mr. Mac-  
 duff appeared in the police court and  
 pleaded guilty.  
 "I desire to make an explanation," he  
 said. "I reside at No. 1,352 Slater ave-  
 nue, and my parish is a very large one. I  
 am often called to the bedside of a sick  
 or dying person, and must get there as  
 fast as I can. I hope I am a law-abiding  
 citizen, but when I receive a call of this  
 kind, I am going to respond at all hazards.  
 I consider that in following my calling as  
 a minister I am obeying the law of hu-  
 manity, a higher law, even though I vi-  
 olate the law made by man."  
 "Where is your church?" asked the  
 court.  
 "At the corner of Woodland avenue  
 and Wallingford court."

**THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN OMAHA TO BUY**  
**FURRNITURE**  
**IS AT**  
**DEWEY & STONE'S.**

One of the Best and largest Stocks in the United States  
 to select from.  
 NO STAIRS TO CLIMB.  
 ELEGANT PASSENGER ELEVATOR.  
**JOHN H. ERCK,**  
 HAS THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST  
**Stove and Hardware Depot in Nebraska.**  
 KEROSENE AND GASOLINE STOVES ALWAYS ON HAND.  
 Headquarters for the Celebrated Wrought-Iron  
**Lily Range**  
 615 and 617 North 16th St., bet. California and Webster.  
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**Double and Single Acting Power and Hand**  
**PUMPS, STEAM PUMPS**  
 Engine Trimmings, Mining Machinery, Bolting, Hose, Brass and Iron Fitting,  
 Steam Packing at wholesale and retail. HALLADAY WIND-MILLS, CHURCH  
 AND SCHOOL BELLS.  
**Corner 10th Farnam St., Omaha Neb.**

**HALLET DAVIS AND CO'S PIANOS**  
 [ENDORSED BY FRANZ LISZT.]  
**EMERSON PIANOS.**  
 BOSTON, March 1st, 1881.  
 EMERSON PIANO CO.—GENTLEMEN—Your instruments, Grand, Square and Upright, are really noble  
 instruments and unrivalled for beauty of tone and finish. Allow me to congratulate you on your sterling  
 progress. GUSTAVE SATTER,  
**KIMBALL ORGAN**  
 RECOMMENDS ITSELF.  
**A. HOSPE,** SOLE AGENT,  
 1619 Dodge Street, Omaha, Neb

**SOUTH OMAHA.**  
**Fine Healthy Homes,**  
**FOR THE RICH AND POOR**  
**RETIRED AND THE INVALID**  
**Pure Spring Water**  
**Railroads, Street Cars and Cable Lines**

Will bring them from their homes to the Opera House, Postoffice  
 Hotels and Depots in  
**TEN MINUTES,**  
 Giving them the advantage of living on the suburban heights, with pure  
 air, beautiful shade trees and Parks, pure Spring Water and Lakes,  
 Groves and Scenery magnificent which cannot be equalled. This is a  
**SUMMER RESORT**  
 AND A PARADISE FOR ALL, RIGHT AT HOME.  
 The Syndicate have arranged with the railroad companies for a  
 fine, attractive depot, where trains of the following roads will connect  
 and stop: The Omaha Belt Line Railroad Line, The Union Pacific Rail-  
 way, The Missouri Pacific Railway, The Omaha and Republican Valley  
 Railroad, The Burlington and Missouri River Railroad in Nebraska and  
 the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. All these trains will stop  
 at the depot at the town site. Also at the Stock Yards.  
 Beautiful trees have been set out on the property and streets laid  
 out.

**LOTS ARE NOW ON SALE**  
**AT LOW PRICES & EASY TERMS.**  
 Apply at the Company's office, cor. of 13th and Douglas street  
 over the Omaha Savings Bank.  
**M. A. UPTON,**  
 Assistant Secretary,  
**C. F. GOODMAN,**  
**Wholesale Druggist!**  
 AND DEALER IN  
**Paints Oils Varnishes and Window Glass**  
 OMAHA NEBRASKA.

There is no place like Boston, Says  
 Prof. John L. Sullivan.  
 Speaking to a Boston Star reporter, af-  
 ter his return from his tour, Prof. John  
 Lawrence Sullivan, the celebrated expo-  
 nent of the fastic art, was heard by the  
 Somerville Journal man to say: "One  
 thing I have found out—there is no place  
 like Boston."  
 "I've traveled from Maine to the far 'Golden  
 Gate'—  
 "A tour of adventures proflite—  
 "I've watched the sun rise in the Dirago state  
 and set in the night over the Pacific, and  
 Niagara's cataract grand I have seen,  
 The waves of Lake Erie been tossed on,  
 But this I am sure of—where ever I've been  
 I've found there is no place like Boston."  
 "I've traveled more miles than Ulysses I know,  
 Or the heroic son of Achilles,  
 And vict'ry has everywhere followed my show  
 As it followed the Persian Cambyzes,  
 I have seen the palmeto and pine where they  
 grow;  
 "A Pullman the 'Rockies' I've crossed on;  
 "I've seen many places, and this much I know:  
 There is certainly no place like Boston."  
 Her culture and learning are everywhere  
 known;  
 She holds an exalted position;  
 The beans that make brain, brown bread that  
 makes brains,  
 Are here in their purest condition.  
 To me every street is indeed hallowed ground,  
 And proudly I give you the least on  
 This happy occasion—The 'Hub'—for I've  
 found  
 There is certainly no place like Boston.

Put Cheese for Milk-Men.  
 A Chicago milkman is named Schalk.  
 It doesn't look so bad spelled that way,  
 but the milk has the usual taste,—[Low-  
 all citizen.  
 "Milkman, why does your milk always  
 look so blue?" "My cows came from  
 Boston, mum," proudly replied the  
 milkman, "and they are blue-bloods!"—  
 [Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.  
 "Chicago has a milkman named  
 Schalk," whines a contemporary. If  
 that's the worst you can say about Chi-  
 cago you may call yourself off. Lots of  
 other towns have chalk and water named  
 milk.—[Oil City Derrick.  
 Milkman—There is another queer  
 looking animal. What is it?  
 Keeper—That's not on exhibition.  
 It's my private property.  
 Milkman—Belongs to you, eh? What  
 a strange looking thing it is! What do  
 you call it?  
 Keeper—It's my family cow.—[Phila-  
 delphia Record.  
 The flow of milk from the butter fac-  
 tory on Logan street into the Beargrass  
 makes the creek white for twenty feet.—  
 [East End Reporter. This is indeed an  
 important piece of news. It has hereto-  
 fore been customary in Louisville not to  
 let the milk flow into the water, but the  
 water into the milk.—[Louisville Courier-  
 Journal.