When Lovely Woman.

When lovely woman's on a horse car.
And finds she's come unto her street
Think she he heeds the hapless toilers,
Who stand behind on tired feet.
Not so—he'll stand there until doomsday,
But she'll get off upon her side,
The only way to escape her anger,
And save harsh language is—to slide.

When lovely woman's on the sidewalk,
This is her ruling singular,
Turn to the left, or right turn ever,
Turn where the gay shop windows are,
The only chance to give her lee rway,
To give room to her restless feet,
Is to walk over on the curb stone,
Or—in extremes, on the street.

When lovely woman's on a crossing,
Wait till you see which way she goes,
And go the other, as you love me,
Or else she'll cock a scornful nose.
If to the right, then take the left;
If to the left, then take the right;
If in the centre, then fall prostrate,
Let her walk o'er your hapless weight.

When lovely woman turns a corner
And finds to late the men turn right,
What art can sooth the lovely scorner?
There's none—'tis best to take to flight.
The only way your shame to cover
As from her glare you fly in fright,
Is this—go wrong at the next corner,
If tis a woman you'll go right.

JOE BASSETT'S WIFE.

Ramsay Morris in New York Sunday Mercury.

In March, 1876, the rude, jolting stage coach which carried passengers between Clairville, a Colorado mining town, and the nearest railway, station, set down at the former place a woman and a little girl. The woman had a face of quiet beauty and refinement. Already it was marked by lines of care, although its owner could not have been more than twenty-two or twenty-five years of age. She was dressed completely in black, no the material which constitutes heavy mourning, but some clinging stuff which might indicate a grief of three or years' standing. It gave her an air of interest, and the pretty child, holding confidingly to her hand, aided materially in attracting sympathetic glances from the crowd of idlers who gathered around the stage door as its passengers stepped to the ground. The woman (she looked hardly more than a girl in spite of the careworn face) glanced about in a hesitating, helpless way, and pulled her shawl closer, to shut out, if possible, a penetrating March wind. Evidently she was at a loss how to find the place which she sought. A man stepped forward from the group of idlers. He wore, like the others, a rough jacket, slouch hat and heavy trousers tucked into a pair of serviceable boots. His face, bright and intelligent, was darkened from contact with wind and sun. Approaching the woman he said:

"Perhaps I can direct you to some point which you wish to find."

"I am not looking for any place in particular," she replied, embarrassed. I want a boarding-house—a quiet place for myself and little girl—and not expensive."

The man evidently knew just the spot for her, and mapped out the direction she was to go. At her destination she was to mention his name, Joe Bassett, and that would insure her a warm welcome. The woman murmured her thanks, and the miner strolled back to his companions, to be overwhelmed with questions. He could tell his friends no more, however, than the conversation related above. This occasioned much disappointment, and the sole querry was, who could the stranger be? One thing certain, she did not belong to the class which usually found its way into mining districts. Joe Bassett was equally as curious as his mates, but he held his curiosity in abeyance, for he had a little plan which he felt sure would obtain for him all that he desired to know. The landlady to whom he had directed the stranger was a friend of his. He would call there in the evening and perpetrate a cautious cross-examination. Evening came, and he put his plan into execution, but it availed nothing. The landlady, willing as she was to be obliging, could tell him only that her guest's name was Constance Mellville, that the little girl was her child, and that she was a widow. The first two statements the stranger had really made, but the last was only a surmise of her hostess, who, never stopping to think whether her suspicion was correct or not, proclaimed the widowhood an accomplished fact. As a consequence it was not long until the whole town knew that Mrs. Melville was a widow. What they wished to know was, why had she come to Clairville? No blame could be attached to them for not discovering this fact sooner than they did. We can safely give them the credit of having done their utmost to delve into the new comer's private affairs. It was some time though, before their curiosity was gratified. Then it was gratified through Joe Bassett. Somehow Joe had managed to ingratiate himself with the stranger, from a simple beginning, too. She had wanted some information. Her landlady could not furnish it, and called on Joe as being likely to explain what was required. Joe came. It was their first meeting, and he never forgot it, for from that time foward his heart had gone into another's keeping. After the meeting, the village learned that Mrs. Melville was in Clairville seeking a brother who had disappeared some years previously.

Now, the truth of the matter was, Joe had not gained the headway which his companions supposed. Constance Melville was a strange woman whose life had been shadowed—a woman who had suffered, and who still continued to suffer. Trouble was clearly written on her face. It needed no keen observer to decipher that fact. This man who had thrown himself at her feet saw it, but he did not suspect, when he asked the reason of it, that the woman had evaded the truth when she said that she worried about the missing brother. The brother's loss was not the weight which had sorrowed and darkened her life. There was something lying behind—something which never came to the surface. About the man whose name she was supposed to bear, she never spoke, but she fairly worshiped her little girl—Nina. Joe Bassett had proposed marriage to her a dozen times, but, though she loved him, she held back in a freightened sort of way. Then he began to grow moody and disheartened. When she saw this she relented, and promised to be his wife.

Clairville heard the news, and Clairville talked. Clairville suspected that there was a mystery about Mrs. Melville which she had not explained, and Clairville suggested to the young miner that he had best probe deeper into matters before he accepted the stranger as a partner for life. But Joe Bassett was an individual who allowed no person to meddle in his private concerns. He neither sought advice, nor accepted such as was offered masked. One thing he did. A few days before he was married, he said to Constance:

"How long has your husband been dead?"

She hesitated a moment, and replied nervously:

"Nina's papa died three years ago."

Joe did not notice the evasive answer, and was satisfied. After he had gone, the woman's face became white with a wild alarm, and she clasped her hands together passionately, saying:

"I cannot, I cannot wreck this man's happiness by deceiving him. I will tell him the truth if it kills me. I must—I must."

But her resolution died, her courage failed her at the last moment, and "the truth," whatever it might be, was kept buried in her own breast. And so she married Joe Bassett without divulging her secret.

Clairville talked again. This time about the wedding, which was simplicity itself. Then tongues ceased to wag, for whatever Constance Melville might have been, she was the wife of a man who was considered the most popular, as well as the handsomest man in the town. Gradually, as she became known, and her timidity wore off she shared his popularity. The frightened look left her face, the lines of care faded and roses crept into her cheeks. Only occasionally did the past seem to come back, and then the old fear overwhelmed her, and she would resolve once more to lay everything open to her husband. But days went by and she was silent still.

September came. Strangers flocked into the village. Some few remained, while others left again. Among the former was an individual calling himself George Stanton. He was a dark, handsome man, somewhat coarse and cynical, who did not lack money and who spent it freely. He made his headquarters at the most noted place of resort in town, a tavern familiarly known as "Koper's." Unlimited speculation was indulged in as to whence he came and what his business was. These facts he carefully kept to himself. It had been safer for him had he volunteered some kind of explanation (even were it untrue) for now people rated him as a gambler and mystery and watched him accordingly. They gained little by so doing. He was good natured paid his bills and never by any chance got into trouble. But he failed to become pupular. People distrusted him and any person who had closely studied human character, needed only to glance at George Stanton's eyes to feel satisfied that he was a devil if ever one assumed human form.

Joe Bassett was going into the mountains, to be gone two days. He stood in his doorway, holding Nina in his arms and kissing her good-bye. The little one had grown as dear to him as she was to her mother. Constance's arm lay across his shoulder, and she was saying in an almost childish tone:

"Two whole days, Joe!"

"Is that so very long?" he asked.

"Yes. It is the first time we have been seperated and this little house will be lonesome with you away."

"Try to make the time fly until I return, and don't get blue. Good bye."

There was a dozen kisses and then he placed the child on the ground and was gone. Constance leaned against the door-sill and watched him out of sight. Even after he had disappeared she leaned there still, heavy hearted, wishing that she had confided to him long ago that secret which to-day seemed to prey on her mind more horribly than ever. She sighed wearily and turned to her household duties. But there was always a shadow before her, behind her and stalking on each side of her. Was it a presentment of coming evil? Late in the afternoon Nina grew tired and fell asleep. The place was doubly lonesome when her prattle had ceased. Twilight drew on apace. The shadows were coming, and with them a chill night air. Constance was closing a window when a heavy voice said:

"Hello."

She turned like lightning, her face blanched to death's own color, then staggered to a chair, staring fixedly at a man ing the open door and gasped out:

"Merciful Heaven! George Stanton!"

"Well, yes," responded the new comer coolly, "I still lay claim to that title."

"My God, man!" she whispered breathlessly, "I thought you were dead."

"I suppose you got that from the newspapers," he replied. "There was a report of the kind, but it was a false alarm. I'm worth any number of dead men yet."

He had entered the room and had seated himself in a chair. The woman sat staring out of a window—white, weak, bewildered, wondering what would come next. The visitor said presently, with a sneer:

"Married, aren't you?"

"Yes," she muttered, while the hot blood rushed swiftly over her face, disappearing as quickly, and leaving it paler, if anything, than before. There was a dangerous light creeping into her eyes.

"Does your husband know your history?"

"How dare you," she cried, springing up like a shot tigress, her visage transfixed by hate. "How dare you ask me such a question? You are an infamous coward. Four years ago when I was but a girl, you wronged me as foully as a woman can be wronged. Then, like the scoundrel that you are, you deserted me. Now you come here, where people are ignorant of my past, to try and blight my life again. But you shall not do it."

"Why not?" he asked, with an effort at indifference. Constance Melville had shown him a shade of his character which he had not suspected before.

"Why not?" she echoed. "Do you know the people amongst whom you live? Beware of them. I have but to publish you to this town to see you lynched from the nearest tree. Remember that, and don't force one too far."

"Save yourself the trouble of publishing me," he replied maliciously. "Your husband, I believe is away for two days. When he returns I will tell him an interesting story. Good day."

Then he sauntered carelessly out of the house—the little house which a few hours before had been lit with happiness, and which now held an aching, breaking heart.

Constance fell back into her chair, trembling, moaning. The scene with George Stanton, brief as it had been, and bravely as she had defied him, had taken nearly every vestige of strength from her. She had supposed the man dead; had believed confidently that she alone was guardian of her miserable history. And here was the dead returned to life—returned to confront her with her old wretchedness, now, when she had just begun to experience peace and happiness. What should she do? Confide in her husband—tell him all? He would forgive her, she felt certain, but that could not silence George Stanton's tongue—that could not prevent the whole town from knowing her shame, and from sneering at the honest man who had married her. She must go away, anywhere from Clairville. She could not face her husband after he had heard her secret. He would not be back until late the following night. She would start at once, would take Nina and find her way across the mountains to the railway station.

. . . . . .

It was eleven o'clock at night. A sudden storm had arisen and the rain came down like a deluge. The thunder rolled threateningly and the lightning blazed fiercely as the door to Joe Bassett's cottage opened, and a woman, heavily shawled, emerged therefrom. She carried a child, closely wrapped, and took the road to the mountains. The water poured along it in gutters, and only during the fitful flashes of lightning could she see her way. She reached the outskirts of the village when a heavy step arrested her. She had well-nigh walked against a man in the darkness. There was a vivid flash of lightning and Joe Bassett and his wife found themselves face to face. In the darkness he laid his hand heavily on her shoulder and muttered:

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know," she answered piteously.

He leased forward and took the child from her arms, saying only:

"Come home."

They walked back silently in the driving storm. Once inside the cottage Joe said:

"I didn't go to the mountains; the boys postponed the trip. On my way home I dropped into Roper's. A fellow there took me one side and told me—a story about you. Is it true?"

"That he was Nina's father and not your husband."

"Oh, Joe, Joe! listen to me," she cried affrightedly.

He did listen. She told him everything, kneeling at his feet. Then he lifted her in his strong arms, kissed her forgivingly, as if she had been a child, and said:

"Go to bed. I'll be back soon."

He went down to Roper's. There were half a dozen men there. Stanton had gone to his room. Joe unbosomed his wife's story. (They are not so particular about those things in some parts of the west as they are east.) The boys listened intently, and the speaker wound up by saying:

"I've told you this because I know you'd hear it from that scoundrel upstairs. I tell you more, and that is, that I'll shoot him on sight, so help me heaven."

He walked out into the storm again. Half an hour later there was a scene of wild excitement at Rogers. A man, white and terrified, yelling for mercy, was strugg'ing with a furious mob.

The next day's sun shone on a ghastly picture. Hanging to a tree on the outskirts of the town was a man's body. His face, livid and distorted, was almost unrecognizable, and his clothing, drenched with rain, was covered with mud from being dragged over the roads. Neither the feet nor hands had been pinioned, and the corpse swung at the mercy of the winds. It was all that remained of George Stanton.

STOP THAT COUGH

By using Dr. Frazier's Throat and Lung Balsam—the only sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Sore Throat, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Do not neglect a cough. It may prove fatal. Scores and hundreds of grateful people owe their lives to Dr. Frazier't Throat and Lung Balsam, and no family will ever be without it after once using it, and discovering its marvelous power. It is put up in large family bottles and sold for the small price of 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Kuhn & Co. and C. F. Goodman.

Defining His Position.

FULLERTON, Neb., Sept. 25, 1884.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

I noticed in your daily issue of September 23rd a comment upon supposed utteranges of mine made before the senatorial convention in the acceptance of my nomiuation for senator from the twenty-seventh district whith you copied from the Cedar Rapids Era, wherein you charge me as being a "straddler" on railroad legislation.

This doubtless is accounted for through the inaccuracy of the quotation made by the Era.

This is what I said: "I am not a monopolist neither am I an anti-monopolist in the sense which these terms are used to represent political factions, but a republican, and if elected will protect the interests of the people of the 27th senatorial district to the best of my ability.

On railroad legislation my convictions are in accordance with those principles avowed in the national republican platform. The principles of public regulation of railway corporations is a wide and salutary one for the protection of all classes of the people, and we favor legislation that shall prevent unjust discriminations and excessive charges for transportation, and that shall secure to the people and to the railways alike the fair and equal protection of the laws.

I do not wish to be misrepresented before the people of my district. I am a republican, and as such stand for election; and if elected I shall endeavor to carry out the principles enunciatad above. Yours, very respectfully,

GEO. D. MEIKLEJOHN.

"100 Doses One Dollar" is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy.

DIED.

CASEY—At St. Joseph's hospital Thursday night, Thomas casey, aged 30 years.

The remains were taken to Drexel & Maul's undertaking rooms, from where the funera will take place this to Holy Sepulcher.

COTTER—In this city September 25, at 4:30 o'clock p. m., Johona, wife of Garrett Cotter, aged 47 years.

Funeral will take place this September 27th, at 8 o'clock a. m., from the late residence, 2319 Chicago street, to St. Philomena's cathedral. Interrment at Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

RAAPKE.—September 25th, Herman, son of L. Raapke.

Funeral Saturday September 27th at 9:30 a. m. from residence.

Badly Run Down,

He was going along so slowly that his shadow seemed to be pasted fast to the sidewalk. Somebody said he was lazy; but he sadly said he was doing the best he could, and his trouble was debility caused by long dyspepsia. "Then why don't you take Brown's Iron Bitters," said a spry neighbour who was passing. "I was run down badly, but this Bitters did wonders for me," Mr. Thos. Jones, Newark, Ohio, says, "I was so debilitated I could not walk. Brown's Iron Bitter's cured me."

STETSON'S Soft Hats in great variety at Saxe's. mwftf

ICE AND COAL *at Benson & Bro.* -1m

When you want a fashionable Hat go to Saxe's, opera house. Sole agent for "Knox," the world-renowned Hatter.

M W & F-tf

FALL Style Hats at Saxe's, Opera House Block. mwftf

TRANSIENT SPLENDORS.

The Grand Occasion of Barnum's Visit to Omaha.

A Day of Gathering Multitudes and General Festivites—The Night's Disturbing Elements

The lowering clouds of the early morning which, continuing until noon, threatened at intervals to precipitate a shower, doubtless withheld from the city many whom the presence of the immortal Barnum would have drawn here yesterday. Nevertheless the streets were thronged with a full turnout of local residents and a generous supply of sight-seers from the provinces.

The first grand feature of the day's festivities was the street parade. The procession formed at the grounds and ascending Sixteenth street to Douglas, east on that thoroughfare to Tenth, thence to Farnam, and countermarching out Farnam and Sixteenth street. The line of march was short and the column itself scarcely more than brief. The brevity of the parade was more than equalized by the superb character of its displays. Scarcely a feature of the whole pageant but that was interesting; the allegorical tableau wagons, floats and chariots were resplendent in their glittering coats of gold, while the usual tedium of blank and box-like vans was relieved by the generous opening of all the cages, filled with rare and strange wild beasts. The fresh and clean properties, the neat persons of the "knights and ladies" and the well conditioned appearance of the animals stood out in pleasing contrast to the jaded and dingy air of the customary circus exhibits. At noon, the menagerie and museum tent was thrown open to the public, and throngs began to file into the mammoth pavillion. The appointments of this department of the show are beyond criticism. All the various and marvellous products of nature, in her most diversified forms, were here presented with that lavish and profligate disregard of cost which characterizes alone the enterprizes of the great Barnum. Jumbo, the modern mammoth, the Goliath of the lower animal kingdom, prodigious in bulk yet tender and gentle as a lamb, whose purchase from the Zoo management, wrung countless tears from British youth and plunged Mr. Barnum into the mazes of English chancery, was the center of attraction. The "white" elephant whose ashen skin consecrates him to Burmese adoration, shared in the interest of the spectators. Chang, the Chinese giant, whose exalted stature marks him as an extraordinary man, the two midgets, dwarfed from birth, the Zulus, Afghans and Nubian Bedouin, rendered prominent in late years for their heroic struggle against British encroachments on their tropic domains, the Nautch girls, with pliant and voluptuous, though dusky, limbs, the kilted Highlanders, with their wierd, marshal pipes; this wonderful aggregation of races and nationalities constitutes the advertised "Congress of Nations." The previous remarks upon the animals in the street parade is applicable to them the same under canvass, heightened by the addition of numerous other beasts and birds.

The capacity of the main tent, as claimed by the management, is for 15,000 persons. Upon this estimate, at least 8,000 witnessed the afternoon performance. The programme of specialties, athletic, equestrian, comic and fantastic, is to be compared with nothing that has heretofore appeared in Omaha. The bewildering magnitude of its perfect excellence absolutely detracts from its effect. The spectator is dazzled at the simulaaneous exhibitions of strength and skill, and is lost in the attempt to direct his attention. A detailed review of the features of the circus and hippodrome is impracticable, and a passage of favorable judgment on the whole will serve the purpose.

At the night performance a crowd even larger than that of the afternoon gathered under the tent, but the elements which had threatened during the morning now proceeded to action. The drenching rain poured through the canvass and the high gale toyed with the large tent as though premeditating its destruction. The programme was but half finished when the situation grew decidedly alarming. All money paid for concert tickets was refunded and the audience quickly evacuated. Fifteen minutes later every portion of the great fabric was struck, put away in the wagons and the whole caravan in motion for the depot. Although no accidents are reported many of the visitors must have encountered great hardships in reaching home through the ugly night, as the conveyances were not fractionally adequate to the pressing demands of the multitude when the stampede began.

Under the courteous guidance of Mr. D. L, Thomas, the press agent, a BEE man was given an intelligent and comprehensive tour of the whole exhibition. The question that most forcibly strikes the observer in thus being shown the operating intricacies of the colossal establishment is how can the discipline be maintained, which is so necessary to its management? That this is only done after rigorous training and heavy expenditure is apparent. Six hundred men are employed throughout, and a code of temperance, promptness and silence is established, which rivals the strictures of a prison.

With the departure of Barnum the local circus season of 1884 is done, and the community turns for public diversion to the more refining, if less resplendant, pleasure of the theater. In closing the chapter on this great feature of popular amusement, it can be said for Barnum, that this year, of all others in the history of his well known public life, he presented a show unrivaled in the excellence, purity and interest of its many sided attractions.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISTS.

Interesting Exercises at the Camp Throughout the Day.

At the camp meeting now in progress at the fair grounds a very interesting program was gone through with yesterday. A large accessasen of visitors arriving last night swelled the number of people on the ground to nearly six hundred. The tents, snowy and trim, presented an attractive appearance and the large pavilions in which the services were held, especially when lit up at night made a striking and picturesque view against the sombre back ground of the dark and storm-threatened sky. Above the din of the elements the solemn notes of the preacher's voice rose and fell in weird cadence. Representatives from every part of the state were present, and on each countenance was the mark of refined feeling and the deep fervor of a religious devotion.

The Seventh Day Adventists have a forcible, plain and honest creed. To use the words of an elder at the grounds, "We believe the seventh day is the Sabbath day, and that the Lord will soon come again; when, we do not pretend to know; but we fix our faith on the clearcut truths of the bible."

THE EXERCISES.

The exercises were begun in the morning by a discourse by Elder Wilson. He began by saying that the true way to feel a religious faith is to so feel it that it will shine in every thought and action. In these extraordinary times, the ability and activity which would have sufficed ten years ago for any achievement would not avail, With adaancing time came increased knowledge of men and material and a greater power was new requsite to enable man to deal with his surroundings, as each day's developments made these more numerous and complicated. We are approaching now nearer and nearer to probation, and the signs which were to mark the coming of the Lord, as laid down in Daniel II and VII, and Matthew XXIV have been fulfilled. It is not our privilege to know the day or the hour of the Lord's return. Everything goes to show that the affairs of to-day are precisely those prophesied in the message of the three angels (Mathew XXIV-XXXIII). For forty years this stirring message has gone abroad. The scriptuie teaches that such a message would go out to the world.

OTHER FEATURES.

After the discourse an interesting bible reading was held. The leader would ask a religious question and then refer by chapter and verse to the words of the holy bible which answered it. Instantly the leaves of five hundred bibles would rustle, and the first to find the answer would rise and read it aloud. Out of the entire congregation there were but a few who did not manifest the most extraordinary familiarity with the sacred work—a familiarity plainly resulting from constant and devout study, which would put to the blush the machine religion of more case persuing sects.

THE EVENING SERVICES.

But the most interesting part of the proceedings were reserved for the evening. As THE BEE reporter entered the large pavilion his eye encountered a vast congregation listening to the strains of the organ and the deep notes of Brother Hallenbeck's voice as he sung a hymn. Brother Haltenbeck is blind but he plays the organ with perfect facility; and sings the church music with a deep fervor. When the music had ceased, Brother Farnsworth arose and addressed the assembly.

BROTHER FARNSWORTHS DISCOURSE.

Brother Farnsworth spoke of the sabbath. The seventh day, he said, was ordained by the Lord to be the sabbath day. He wrought the creation in six days, and he rested on the seventh. The commandment was that the seventh day should be observed as the sabbath. It was contended that it mattered not which day was observed so long as one out of the seven was set aside as a Sabbath. This, the speaker said, was no more logical than it would be to observe the fourth of July on Christmas day. These days each occurred once a year, but there was something monumental about the fourth of July which would not be satisfied by its pretended observance on some other day. So it was with the Sabbath. There was something monumental abuot it. It commemorated the the Lord's rest after his labors in creating the universe.

Nor was the Sabbath day merely a day of physical rest. It should be a day of prayerful reflection, a day on which the true christian would renew the events of the week from a prayerful standpoint and seek wherein he could make himself a truer, nobler and better man.

A hymn was then sung by the standing congregation and all then knelt in prayer. Separate services were begun in the

SCANDINAVIAN TENT

where services in Danish were held. The singing was then resumed and after it was concluded

ELDER HALLENBECK

formerly of Iowa, whose darkened eyes and palid visage looked particularly solemn, arose and addressed the congregation. He read his text from a raised letter bible and spoke in deep and solemn tones. The audience listened devoutly to his words as he exhorted on the practical religion they professed. Mr. Hollenbeck was still speaking when the reporter left.

The programme for to-day will be substantially the same as that of yesterday. The meeting will continue, it is expected, until October 6.

COMPLETED TO-DAY.

The Grading on Farnam Street to be Finished To-Day.

Making the Greatest Thoroughfare in the Gate City.

To-day if rain does prevent will witness the closing of the grading on West Farnam street. This great undertaking which was begun against considerable opposition will make this street more than the most sanguine expected. Taking it all in all it is probably the greatest contract of its kind ever let by the city council.

Ever since the middle of July, the time the work began, nearly 100 teams and 200 shovlers have been employed upon it, being all that would labor to advantage upon the contract. The change of grade proper extends from Sixteenth to Twenty Sixth street. The work of changing it has been simply to cut down the elevations upon each of the contract and move the earth into the center, where there is deep fill, the deepest point of wich is in front of Dr. C. S. Hart's residence near Twenty Second street. The deepest cut on the east-end of the work is nearly in front of the court house, being 13.5 feet, and on the west near Twenty Fifth 10 feet and 2 inches.

It was estimated when the work was begun that the earth taken taken from cuts would bring the fill to its proper elevation, but the calculations were omewhat erroneous, considerable being aken from other points designated by the council. The fill extends from Sixtenth to Twenty-second streets, and required nerly 93,000 cubic yards as shown by a rough estimate of the city engineer to bring it to the proposed grade.

The completion of this contract makes Farnam of gradual descent from Twenty Sixth to the river, but it will vary however at different points. The people living near Twentieth street are somewhat disappointed in the result of the grade. It was thought by them when the project was proposed that they would be able to see the whole of east Farnam street to the river but owing to the steep ascent between Sixteenth and Eighteenth they are unable to do so.

This has been a great and costly undertaking for the city. Already it has paid out for damages agreed upon resulting from the change, $14,400; and $4,500 is still pending in the district court. In addition to this, the removal of 90,000 cubic yards taken to make the fill will cost the city $17,000 more, making a total of nearly $35,000.

Besides this, Mr. Kyner, the contractor on the Farnam street grade, has brought Twentieth from Farnam to Davenport to the established grade. The work of making the fill on Twentieth between Harney and Farnam will begin at once. The earth will be taken from Eighteenth just south of Farnam, making the former street at the point just named of the uniform width.

A Wretched Lie Refuted.

There can be no truth, says the Chicago News, in the story that as the Rev. George C. Miln was playing Hamlet in a Texas theatre the other evening, a dog rushed on the stage and tore the clerical actors tights so that the sawdust ran out of his false calves. All who have seen the Rev. Miln know this is a silly lie. The Rev. Miln does not have to resort to the employment of spurious calves—it would be an egregious superfluity for him to do so. He has wonderously developed legs and his calves are so plump and chubby as a matured cupid's. Those who have beheld the Rev. Miln in the Turkish bath or disporting in the big tank at the West side natatorium are our authority for the statement that the Rev. Miln's nether extremities closely resemble piano legs, and we remember to have heard it rumored during that gentleman's first rendition of Hamlet in this city that he was afflicted with varicose veins. It is said that the Rev. Miln's biceps are so abnormally developed that he has to be surveyed with a quadrant, theodolite, etc., whenever he is measured for pants, tights or breeches. We have often thought that if the Rev. Miln were to wear his bangs a trifle longer, do up his back hair in a braid, and attire himself in a low bodice and abridged skirt he would present a spectacle worthy of the most ravishing corypbee bald-headed humanity ever gazed upon. Sawdust, indeed! Why, his arc limbs that would weigh down the beam though all the biceps of the Boston Ideal chorus were placed in the opposite scale, and as for his calves, such are their magnitude and symmetry that a mere glance at them is sufficient to make the average opera-bouffiat turn a deep bilious green witn envy.

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