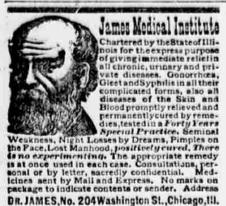
THE OMAHA DAILY BEE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1886.



1



DR. JAMES, No. 204Washington St., Chicago, Ill.



Tam a native of England, and while I was in that country 1 contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treatment as an out-door patient at Nottinghum Hospital, most agomzing pains in up bones, and was cov-ered with sorres all over my body and imba-toring and souled for Amarica, and was treated at possevelt in this city, as well as by a prominent my determined for Amarica, and was treated at possible on New York having no connection with the hospitals. That determined to give if a trial 1 block six bottles and I can say with great joy that they bottles and I can say with great joy that they out as I ever was in my life. In March of hast core that I contracted blood

In March of last year (1884), I contracted blood poison, and being in Savannah, Gi., at the time, I went into the hospital there for treatment. I suffered very much from rhoumatism at the same time. I did not get weil under the treatsame time. ment there, nor was I cured by any of the usual means. I have now taken seven bottles of Swift's Specific and an sound and well. It dove the poison out through boils on the skin. Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 7, 1885. DAN LEARY.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed

free, THE SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, N. Y., 157 W, 23d St.

Manhood Harris infinantili manit



It can be given in a cup of coffee or ten without It can be given in a cup of coffee or ten without the knowledge of the person taking it, is absolutely mannless, and will offect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thou-sands of cases, and in every instance a perfect curo has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the speeche, it becomes an atter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. FOR SALE BY FOLLOWING DRUGGISTS:

THE PARNELL FAMILY. The Various Uncles and Aunts of the Irish Leader. An Interesting Story of Two Round

Towers.

and the second Manchester Duerdla

The Anglo Irish family of Parnell had given birth to a good many remarkable men and women before the present dic-tator of Ireland saw the light. Originally settled at Congleton, in Cheshire, whence the title hold by the head of the house was derived, they passed over to Ireland and bought lands there in the reign of Charles II. The eldest son of the first emigrant was the once famous poet, Thomas Parnell, archdeacon of Clogher. It would appear that this (officially) venerable coclesiastic followed conscientiously his own advice to his hero.

Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale !

since, having been an ardent whig when whiggery was in the ascendant, he cast in his lot at a later period with the tories, when toryism appeared to be the more promising road to promotion. In the latter part of his career he became intilatter part of his career he became inti-mate with Pope, who eventually edited his poems, and with Swift, who obtained for him the rich living of Finglas in County Dublin. John Parnell, the younger brother of the poet, succeeded to the family estate, and became the patriarch of all succeeding Parnells-whose name, by the way, is never pro-nonneed in Ireland as is usual in Engrnounced in Ireland as is usual in Eng-land, Parnell, with the accent on the last syllable. It is there called *Parnell*, like "charnel," "darnel," "shrapnell," etc.; and the most distinguished bearer of the patronymic, being of somewhat pe-nurious habits, bore in that land of witty nurious habits, bore in that land of withy sobriquets the nickname of "Sir Henry Pare-nail" accordingly. John Parnell died a judge of the queen's bench, and to him succeeded his son, another John, created a baronet in 1766; and he again was followed by his son, the second baronet of the name, who was chancellor of the Irish exchequer. With this last gentieman the oddities of the family seem to have commenced. There were five sons and a daughter born to him and his wife, who belonged to the eminently respectable, well-ordered house of Brooke of Cobrooke. Their eldest son, Sir Augustus, was a poor dumb cripple, and by an act of parliament the estates passed in his lifetime to his brother, Sir Henry. The last made up for his Sir Henry. The last made up for his brothers defects by talking incessantly in public and running up and down per-petually between London and Dublin, being the principal originator of the great highroad from Shrewsbury to Holyhead, which opened up Wales for the Menai bridge, which constituted up whice for the first time to ordinary travellers. The Menai bridge, which constituted the crowning glory of the achievement, was looked upon in its day as one of the wonders of the world. In recogni-tion of this and other public services, Sin House Description of the services. Sir Henry Parnell was created Baron Congleton in 1811. THE THIRD BROTHER. after Sir Augustus and Sir Henry was William Hayes Parnell, who acquired the

estate of Avondale, County Wicklow, The handsome "demesne," in Irish phase, is situated, as may be gathered from its name, on the Irish Avon-(Avon or Afron means river in all Celtic tongues) the stream which Moore celebrated.

O there's not in this wide world a valley so sweet As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters

meet. There are certainly a good many lovelier

valleys up and down the world, but all Irish geese evolve into swans, and Wick-low is undoubtedly a pretty country. If peaceful scenery only produced peaceful winds in its inhabitants, the heir of Avoninds in its inhabitants, the hei of Avon-

quite an opposite way. Sophia Parnell (sister also of the first Lord Congleton) was a woman of great ability and learn-ing a mairress femme, with a strong and resolute character and a face singu-larly like that of a lioness. She was a deist of the old school, and her greatest delight in old age was in her reading her magnificent editions of Hume Gibbon and Voltaire and the encyclopedists. Before her marriage she lived alone with her house in London on her fortune of £609 a year, which in those happy times sufficed to enable the possessor to keep a good establishment and a carriage. She went establishment and a carriage. She went to France also, and became very infimate with Condorcet and his family, for whom she had great admiration; and likewise knew Mine, de Stael, Arthur Young and most of the other notabilities of the time. Rather late in life she married her countryman, Mr. George Hampden Evans, the owner of Portrane, a beauti-fully situated estate on the Irish coast about ten miles north of Dublin. There her energy and ability soon worked won-ders. She induced and aided her husband to contest and win the representa-tion of the counties from the Tories, and

for many years Mr. Evans sat in parliament, affording on all occasions loval help to the Whigs, and now and then a modified support to O'Connell. Mrs. Evans was as a Mme, Roland to her hus-band in all his political work. When he died the children and sorrowful widow cast about for means

TO PERPETUATE HIS MEMORY, and hit upon the singular idea of build-ing a new Irish round tower, precisely like the old. The edifice has now been standing for forty years on the summit of in her deer dark, a useful landmark to sailors along that dangerous coast. Left with a large sum of money (£96,000 it was reported) besides her good estate of Por-trane, and her house in Eaton square, Mrs. Evans devoted herself to the improvement of her property and neighbor-hood. She built two handsome schools, and gave the children who attended them each a little garden. She planted extensively, made time walks, and built great greenhouses. One of her pursuits was conchology. She succeeded in making a unique collection of Irishshells, in specimens of which her beautiful shore was singularly rich. On this shore, up-der the lofty black cliffs, are several very imposing caves. In the largest, which is lighted from above by a shaft, through which smugglers formerly drew up their booty, Mrs. Evans on one occasion gave a great luncheon party. The company were all in high spirits and thoroughly enjoying the pigeon pies and champagne, when some one observed that the tide might soon be rising. Mrs. Evans replied that it was all right, there was pleuty of time, and the festival proceeded for another half hour, when somebody rose and strolled to the month of the cavern and soon uttered a cry of alarm. The tide had risen and was already beating at a formidable depth sigainst both sides of the rocks which shut in the cave. Conster-tion of course reigned among the party. A night spent in the further recesses of that damp hole, even supposing the tide did not reach the end (which was very doubtful), afforded anything but a cheer-ful prospect. Could anybody get up through the upper cliff? Certainly, if they had a long ladder. But there were no ladders lying about the cave; and finally everybody stood mournfully watching the rising waters at the mouth of their prison. Mrs. Eyans all this time appeared singularly calm, and adminis-tered a little encouragement to some of the almost fainting ladies. When the panic was at its climax Mrs. Evans' own large boat was seen quietly rounding the projecting rocks, and was soon comforta-bly pushed up to the feet of the imprisoned party, who had nothing to do but to embark in two or three detachments and be safely landed in the bay outside be-yond reach of the sea. The whole little incident had, it is to be feared, been prearranged by the hostess to infuse A LITTLE WHOLESOME EXCITEMENT

among her country guests. Naturally Mrs. Evans, holding the opinions we have described (though keep

Mrs. Jones was feeding her chickens in front of the door. "It's like Joe's impudence!" said she. "Does he think we keep a free hotel?"

Kitty, a blue-eyed, slender girl, with calico dress of the very cheapest pattern, asked:

"What is it, mother? Were you speaking of my Uncle Joe" after all.

"He's only your father's half brother, after all," said Mrs. Jones. "And he's never paid 'up' that forty-six dollars yet that he borrowed the fall before your father died. And now he's wrote to tell me that he's just getting over the searlet cember 31, 1885 fever, and wants to come here for fresh and change of scene.

"Poor fellow!" said Kitty, softly. Mrs. Jones flung the last handful of corn so energetically into the midst of the feathered flock that even the brahma rooster fled affrighted. Allen E Allison T F Adecek J Allison W Albrecht G W Baril J B Boyle K J Bartlett D

"He don't come here" said she. "I can tell him that." can tell him that." Kitty Jones had taken up the letter, and was perusing it wistfully. "But what are we to do?" said she. "He says he will be here on Tuesday. That is to day, mother." "Then, said Mrs. Jones, "he may go may are in a construction of the said of the said she will be here of the said of the said she will be here of the said of the said she will be here of the said of the said she will be here of the said of the said she will be here of the said of the said she will be here of the said of the said she will be here of the

Bormer J T Bowner Z Blum A Blundell A F

away again. There's board to be had at the village hotel, three miles down the mountain, at four dollars and fifty cents a week. All I know is that I won't have Birch G Brindy E.W. Chapman G W Crawford W S Cohn S Crum H.C

him here." "Mother, it won't be much trouble to have him about the house. I'll take all Compton the care, if-" Cuming HP "Nonsense!" said Mrs Jones, sharply, Case A Catern F Cramer G A "I've said he shan't come, and I'll stick to my word." Ceristensen P C

It came on to rain steadily that night, Calkin C and Mrs. Jones went early to bed. Collins P Davis W E

"It saves candle light," said she. But Kitty, in the little end room, sat up Dana F I to read. Reading, in the eyes of Mrs. Jones, was too great a waste of time to be countenanced in the day-time, so that Dutton T P Dillenbech M Day G W Eekhart J J Eidson W S when Mrs. Briggs, down the road, lent Kitty the Ledger, now and then, she could only enjoy it by the light of a sulk-ing dip-candle when the dish-washing was done, and the mendang finished to chiers W reduan H Freiden W ancey oracl M the last stocking too! And the clock had Fyderan L Freese C struck eleven, when there come a knock at the Gordon T

t the door. "It's Uncle Joe," said Kitty, jumping p. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! what am 1 to Gladden W D up. do? Grimer M Gehr M

She toek the candle and hurried to the Grunewald A door. A stout, elderly man stood there. "I know," said Kitty, piteously, "you are Uncle Joe! But-but-I can't let you Gideon E D Hoar J Hall R W Harrington J W

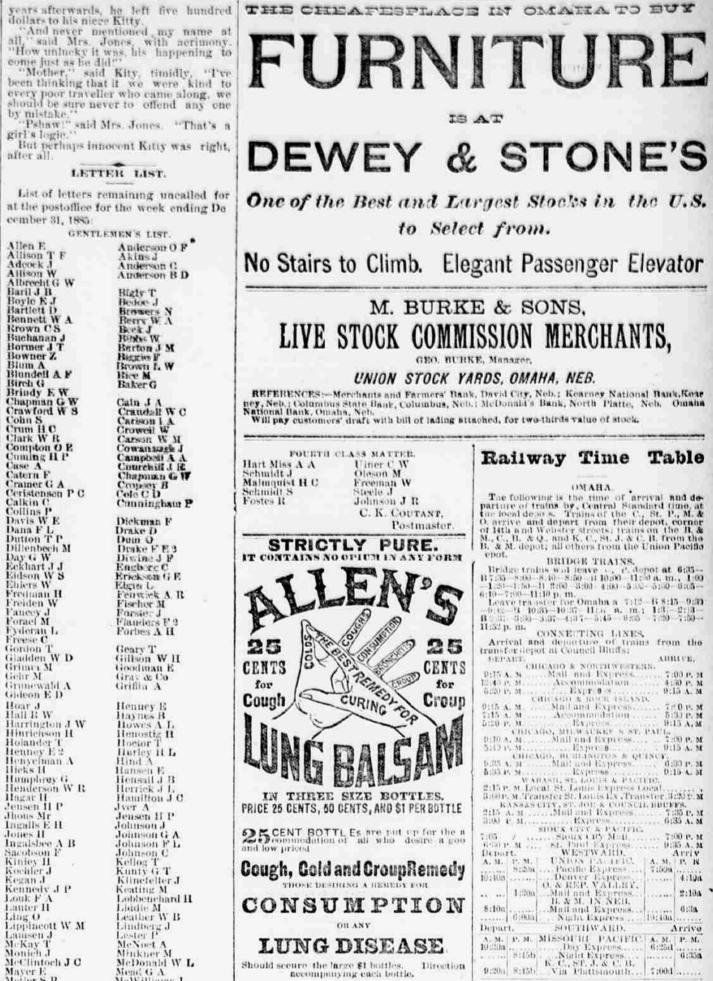
in! "The dickens you can't!" said the stout Hinrichson H Holander man. "Where's Abigail? I've walked five miles in this rain, and I will come enney E 2 envelman A licks H

Humphrey G Henderson W R Hagar H The window sash above was slid noisily up at this juncture, and Mrs. Jones's night-capped head appeared, dimly out-Jensen II P Jhous Mr Ingalls E H lined through the rain, like a study in dissolving colors. "Go away!" said she. "I'll harbor no oor relations!" Where' that forty-six ollars you borrowed of Jones? Eh?" Jones 11

Ingalsbee A B Sacobson F Kiniey II Kochler J "Would you then a dog from the door, such a night as this?" should Uncle Joe. "Clear out, I say!" reiterated Mrs. Jones. "Do you hear me? I won't have Kegan J Kennedy J P Jones. Louk F A you in the house!" auter II Kitty's heart wehed for the drenched Ling O

ilgrim outside. "Hush" she whispered, as he was appincott W M sen J Kay about to respond in no very measured ac-cents to the defiance from above. "I'll ··1/11 Monich . McClintoch J C let you into the fittle room at the end of the woodshed. There's a very comforta-Mayer E Metler S B ble bed there, and I'll dry your clothes before the kitchen fire while you sleep. There's life in the coals yet." "I'm half staryed," said the man. "Can Mudison N A

Marsh K Nelson W Neilson Z you give me a bite of something to eat, my girl?" a bite of something to eat, "Bread and milk," said Kitty. "Noth-ing else. Come in softly, Uncle Joe, or wothear will hear." Olsen B O. Oberg L Oleson O M Palin J 1 Payne D W mother will hear." Peters P "Humph!" said Uncle Joe. "You're a good girl! But the old lady,—isn't she a Phelps D crab-stick, though" Roche J Kitty blushed scarlet. Mother is peculiar," said she. Ropke II Mother has always had to struggle with the world." Reid P "And the world with her, I should think," observed the unwelcome guest, Romine A Reed N with a shrug of his shoulders. He ate his bread and milk like a famished Uhlan, and then retired to the husk bed in the little shed-room, while Kitty sat up nearly all night to dry his wet Smith Mr clothes by the uncertain blaze of the few Schunry H corn-cobs which she ventured to light. At daybreak she tapped at the door. "Here are your clothes, Uncle Joe," she whispered through the crack, "And another bowl of bread and milk. The sun is rising heartifully." Simons D sun is rising beautifully." Fifteen minutes later Uncle Joe came Shroff J H Sim C D into the kitchen. Kittygrew very red, for at the same moment the door at the foot of the winding staircase opened, and in walked Mrs. Jones, with a particular checked handkerehief tied around her Iner C W Volland C head, which she never wore except when Vainer G she was in an especially ill-humor. "What?" she cried, shrilly, "Hasn't this old tramp gone yet?" "Excuse me, Abigail Jones," said the stranger. "I am no tramp." Mrs. Jones gave a convulsive start. Wilson ("Why," she exclaimed, "it aint Joe Jones at all?" 'No, ma'am," said the stout man. "It's Joe Fennell, your grand-uncle, from Michigan." Mrs. Jones gasped. Mr. Fennell!. The one rich member of the family! The man who, it was currently reported, could buy them all out and never feel the expense! Brone J The well to do relation whose acquaint-ance she had always yearned to make. And it was thus-thus-that she had wel comed him! "I am sure-" she began, in a half, suffocated voice, "O, make no apologies, make no apologies," said Uncle Joe Fennell, with a chuckle. "You aint one of the sort, 1 see, that believes in entertaining angels unawares, ha! ha! ha!" "If I had only known-" began Mrs. Jones. "But this little girl," said Uncle Joe Fennell, patting Kitty's curly head, "is quite different. She is made of different metal, she is. Don't look so frightened, metal, she is. metal " my bonny maid." "I thought it was Uncle Joe Jones, just retting over the scarlet fever," faltered Kitty. A "You thought it was some poor, wear-ied soul, and you were right," said Mr. Fennell. "And you took me in, and sheltered and fed me and sat up holf the sheltered and fed me, and sat up half the night to dry my clothes. Ah, little Kitty, you were a true Samaritan. There's not much of the mother's blood in your veins, I'm thinking-and perhaps it is just as Well. He kissed Kitty when he want away; to Mrs. Jones's infinite chagrin he would not stay to a formal breakfast of coffee, rolls, ham **LiB**eggs; and the girl could scarcely believe that she had, in reality, sheltered Upril Joe Fennel from the storm, instead in that other relation, who was below par in her mother's estima-



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KITTY'S UNCLE. [BY AMY RANDOLPH.]

"And never mentioned, my name at all, 'said Mrs. Jones, with actimony. "How unlucky it was, his happening to come just as he did" "Mother," said Kity, timidly, "Tve

Bennett W / Rrown C S Buchanan J

been thinking that it we were kind to every poor traveller who came along, we should be sure never to offend any one by mistake."

Pshaw!" said Mrs. Jones. "That's a girl's logic. But perhaps innocent Kitty was right,

Drake D

Sagbore

Kellog 'I

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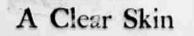
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is only a part of beauty but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.

dale should have been as mild as his great uncle's Hermit himself. Mr. C. S. Parnell's mother was an American lady, Miss Delia Stewart, daughter of Com-modore Charles Stewart of the United State's navy. It has been commonly said (truly or falsely, we have no means of knowing) that Mrs. Parnell was perfectly rabid in her hatred of England, and that he taught her young son, like another Hannibal, to swear enmity to the modern Rome even in his petticoats.

Rome even in his petiticoals. To return to the son of Sir John Parnell second baronet. Besides Sir Augustus, the fool, and Sir Henry the clever, and William of Avondale, there were two sons, Thomas and Arthur, and one daughter, Sophia. Thomas Parnell, "Old Tom Parnell" as all Dublin knew him for forty years, had a huge, ungainly figure like Dr. Johnson's, and one of the sweetest, softest faces worn by mortal man. He had at some remote and long forgotten period been seized with a fervent and self-denying religious enthusiasm of the ultra-Protestant type, and this had somehow given birth to a scheme for arranging texts of the Bible in a mysterious order which when completed should have afforded infallible answers to every question of the human mind. To construct the interminable tables required for this wonderful plan, poor Tom Parnell devoted his life and fortune. For years, which must have amounted to many decades, he labored at the work in a bare, gloomy dusty room n a Protestant office in Sackville street. Money went to clerks and printers; and no doubt the good man, who himself lived, as he used to say laughingly, on "a second-hand bone," gave money freely in alms. One way or another Mr. Parnell grew poorer and more poor, his coat looked shabbler, and his beautiful long white hair more obviously in need of a barber. Once or twice every sum-mer he was prevailed on by his sister to tear himself from his work grief. and pay her a few days' visit in the coun-try ten miles off, and to her and all her visitors he preached incessantly his monotonous appeal, "repent; and cease to cat good dinners, and devote yourselves to compiling texts!" When his sisterwho had treated him as a mother would treat a silly boy-died, she left him a small annuity, to be paid to him weekly in driblets by trustees, lest he should spend it at once and starve if he received

it half-yearly.

AFTER THIS EPOCH he worked on with fewer interruptions than ever at his dreary text-book in that empty grimy office. Summer's sun and winter's snow were alike to the lonely old man. He ploughed on at his hopeless task. There was no probability that he should live to fill up the interminable columns, and no apparent reason to suppose that any human being would use the books if he ever did so and if they were printed. But still he labored on. Old friends who had known him in their childhood looked in now and then to shake hands with him, and noticing how pale and worn and aged he seemed, tried to induce him to come to their homes. But he only exherted their homes. But he only exherted them as usual to repeat and give up good dinners and help him with his texts, and denounced wildly all rich people who lived in handsome parks with mud vil-lages at their gates—as he said, "like a velvet dress with a draggled skirt." Then when his visitors had departed, Mr. Par-nell returned patiently to his intermina-ble texts. At last one day, late in the autumn twilight, the man whose duty it was to shut up the office entered the room and found the old man sitting quietly in the chair where he had labored so long— fallen into the lastlong sheep.

fallen into the last long sleep. This Thomas Parnell was Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell's great uncle, his grand-father's brother. His sister (of whom we have already spoken), Mr Charles Stewart Parnell's great-aunt, was a a more re-markable person than Tom Parnell in

ing them much to herself), was not a regular attendant at the village church Carriage loads of her guests, however, were frequently set down at the gates on Sunday, and sometimes she accompanied them herself to her large, old fashioned pew. One day a big dog belonging to one of her friends followed his owner into church, and lay extended on the wooden floor of the pew, which at intervals the beast proceeded to thump sonorously with his tail, after the manner of big dogs in durance. This disturbance was too much for the poor parson, who did not love Mrs. Evans. As he proceeded with the service and the rappings were repeated again and again his patience gave way, and he read out his extraordinary lesson to his astonished congrega-tion: "The Pharisee stood and prayed tion: "The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself. Turn out that dog, if you please. Its extremely wrong to bring a dog into church." During the winter Mrs. Evans was wont to live much alone in her country house, surrounded only by her old ser-vants. When at last in old age she found herself attacked by mortal disease she went to Paris to modif by the skill of she went to Paris to profit by the skill of some French physician in whom she had confidence, and there, with unshaken courage and calmness and in full hope of a better life she passed away. Her re-mains, enclosed tha a leaden coffin, we're brought back to Portrane, and her poor who adored her, somehow recogdog. nized the dreadful chest and exhibited a frenzy of grief, leaping upon it and tearing at the pall with pitcous cries. Next morning the poor brute was in such a state as to be supposed to be rabid, and it was thought necessary to shoot her Mrs. Evans was buried beside her beloved husband in the little roofless and ruined church of Portrane, close by the shore. On another grave in the same

a dog had some years previously died of A merciful man is merciful to his beats When he finds it stiff and lame he at once

applies St. Jacobs Oil.

SINGULARITIES.

William Henry Walker, of Evansville, Ind., 32 years old, has a head thirty-three Inches in circumference and thirty-five inches from chin to crown. He has fair intelligence and a good memory and a good memory. The cow of Mr. Norton, of Hudson, Mich., gorged herself with oats and was dying, when Norton cut a hole in her side, took out two bushels of oats, and saved her life.

A. J. Holland, of Mason Valley, Nev., has raised three kittens that he obtained from the nest of a wild cat that he had killed. They have become thoroughly domesticated, and, though now four months old, are good ratters.

ratters. An infant prodigy has been discovered in the shape of a live-year old boy, the son of a mechanic of Chemnitz. He has never been taught music, but he can, it is alleged, play from meanory the most difficult piecos which he has only once heard. Her Saxon malesty has undertaken to provide for the education of the prodigy. of the prodigy,

A jack rabbit was the means of reuniting a pair that had been separated for thirty-two years. Rev. Colon Anderson, of California: caught a rabbit one night that was frightened into submission by a lantern the dominic carried. The story got into the papers, was seen by his mother in Scotland, whom he supposed long since dead, and she wrote to him. The two recently had an affectionate meeting in Scotland. meeting in Scotland.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, ahe cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave tham Castoria, tion. "It's all Joe Jones's fault," Mrs. Jones declared, with asperity. "If I hadn't been so upset with that bold, begging been so upset with that bold, begging letter of his, this would never have happened.

But the poor relation did not come to the mountain farm-house, after all. He succeeded in getting a place as oyster. opener at a seaside resort, where he could breathe the salt air and carn his own liv-Skow A P Schutt Mrs M Suliman Mrs H Troy Mrs S Treaves Miss L Vangrassferland Mrs R Woodell D Woodell D

ing Abigail's tongue, would have beaten Abgail's tongue would have beaten out what little life there was left in me." said Mr. Joseph Jones, shaking his head and screwing up his eyes. "Nobody but them as has heard it knows what Abigail's tongue is." Uncle Joe Fennell never came to the mountain scription but when he did too mountain again. But when he died, ten

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