THE AUDITOR'S LATE HALT

His Reckless Figuring On the Levy of 1886 and Its Result.

BOSS STOUT'S MANDAMUS CASE.

Legal Lights Looking For Legislative Honors—Undertakers Elect Officers and Preserve the Silence of the Grave.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.]

The BEE's exposé of the way the state auditor has drawn warrants upon the levy of 1886, has already borne fruit, as the auditor has ceased the practice, and a mandamus case in the district court is the result. It may be a question whether the auditor quitted the censurable practice early enough or not, for the auditor, in his open letter that fails to explain, admits that out of an estimated total of $133,418, only some $14,818 remains, and the year 1886 is just well commenced. It is also very questionable if the levy will be paid up in taxes this year, or for two or three years to come, within fourteen thousand dollars of the total amount levied. It is reckless figuring to use up the face of a levy and only leave one-tenth of it to meet the shortage in taxes coming in, which never are all paid up, not even in years. Consequently the auditor has halted none too soon under the prodding that official has received from the BEE. Having stopped issuing warrants on a fund that is not a fund, the auditor is now confronted with a writ of mandamus at the hands of Boss Stout, whose warrants were refused, and the district court will sit upon the question to-day. It is a sublime spectacle to see Boss Stout seeking for money from the state on a writ of mandamus. The state in the past has never been so cruel and unfeeling, and the pregnant hinges of the treasury vaults must be astonished at this unwonted delay.

A PAY LOBBY.

Incidentally speaking local politics may be considered as warming up with the weather, and the outside lobby that seems to keep a fatherly watch care over visiting statesmen has what in older states would be called a pay lobby in force in the city, and the stranger within the gates does not fail to be interviewed, whether he is aware of it or not. But local politics all run one way, however, and that is in the direction of the legislature. It is passing strange the attractions that a legislative career holds forth, especially to the legal fraternity, and every ward in the city blossoms with candidates from the ranks of this class.

DEAD ISSUES.

The state undertakers' convention, in session in this city, effected a permanent organization yesterday by electing officers, adopting by-laws and taking up a collection. The officers of the association for the ensuing year are: H. K. Burket, Omaha, president; Huston of Tekamah, Boeck of Plattsmouth, Reed of Hastings, vice presidents, and Sutherland of Schuyler, secretary. The executive committee is Roberts of Lincoln, Munger of Columbus and Meith of Grand Island, while Dayton of Exeter, Burket of Omaha and Sessions of Norfolk are the delegates to the National Undertakers' association. The following are the registered delegates in attendance at the convention: Henry Boeck, Plattsmouth; J. E. Freeman, Hebron; C. E. Trayer, Dorchester; E. Wertz, Auburn; E. C. Pierce, Blair; T. J. Rodemaker, Crete; W. A. Reed, Hastings; C. Wachtel, Wymore; J. E. Munger, Columbus; D. D. Dayton, Exeter; A. B. Rays, David City; James Heaton, Lincoln; John M. Doyle, Crete; E. B. Grey; Ulysses; L. D. Coe, David City; F. V. Taylor, Red Cloud; Howe and Bower, Ulysses; Fuller and Segrist, Humboldt; H. K. Burket, Omaha; H. E. Becker, Madison; E. S. Roberts, Lincoln; D. B. Huston, Tekamah; L. S. Ellsworth, Tecumseh; W. J. Sutherland, Schuyler; L. Sessions, Norfolk; M. O. Maul, Omaha.

The sessions yesterday were held with closed doors, and the ominous silence that pervaded the vicinity was proof that they had under discussion some grave affair.

NEW CORPORATIONS.

Articles of incorporation have been filed with the secretary of state of the Farmers and Merchants bank of Donephan, with a capital stock of $10,000, and which has as the incorporators J. B. Hartwell, E. C. Webster, John J. Wemple, H. Bostwick and Walter G. Clark.

Articles have also been filed incorporating the Edison Illuminating company of Omaha, with H. E. Jacobs, J. J. Dickey, William Wallace, L. H. Kortz, L. M. Rheen, F. M. Nash and Flemon Drake as incorporators. The capital stock of this company is $200,000.

MINOR MENTION.

Grand Chancellor John M. Irwin, of Tecumseh, met with the different lodges of Knights of Pythias in this city Wednesday evening on an official visit to the knights in this city.

A lively runaway on the north side of the square yesterday afternoon created a ripple of excitement, and the driver of the rig, who was caught and dragged along the street with the debris, had a very narrow escape. As it was he was almost entirely stripped of clothing when released.

A pretty good argument in favor of paving was exhibited on O street where a street sprinkler was stuck fast in the mud for two hours yesterday.

Charles McEntee, one of the sub-contractors under John Fitzgerald, has gone to the front for grading work on the additional 100 miles of new road that the B. & M., has let north of Grand Island.

The old Townley house, one of the landmarks of Lincoln in the past, is being rebuilt of brick, three stories in height, and it will be ready for the busy season that comes to this city with the sittings of the legislature.

The city council, at a meeting to formulate an estimate of expense for the coming year, found the estimated valuation for the year to be $3,000,000, and a 38 mill levy was passed. The valuation of Lincoln, like other cities, is too low by fully one-third.

In police court yesterday a case was up wherein a man had stolen a bolt of cloth and disposed of it to one of the numerous houses of ill-repute in the city. He was caught when about to take the train to leave town.

In the district court yesterday a man giving the old and familiar name of John Doe was sent up to the pen for two years for burglary. John Doe positively refused to reveal his true name, but is is known that he was formerly a convict in the Missouri penitentiary where he was pardoned out a few days ago by Governor Crittenden.

Another case in the district court was settled under a pleading of petit larceny. The prisoner stood charged with stealing a quantity of paint, and when asked in court why he stole it he said "to sell it again and buy whisky." Twenty days in jail was the sentence.

C. Hostetter, of Central City, one of that town's prominent citizens, is at the capital. Mr. Hostetter was in the Grand Island land office, but resigned last fall under the knowledge that he was an offensive partisan.

A fist fight in the vicinity of the Union Pacific depot was conducted last evening so quickly and scientifically that the police or crowd did not have time to gather. One of the combatants, however, evidently had enough.

The salt well workers report that a paying vein has been struck, but the well will be pushed on deeper in hopes of a better find. The state geologist's report is as interesting reading as a delinquent tax list, and as clear as the water in the salt basin.

The great demand for track material made by the B. & M. in its construction of numerous branches, has made it necessary to increase their clerical force in this work at this point.

This week will close the jury cases in the district court in and for Lancaster county, and Monday next Judge Hayward will open court in Otoe. It is not thought, however, by the judge, that either Shelbarger, the child murderer, or Duke Simpson, the embezzler, will be tried at that term.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

The following Nebraskans were registered at Lincoln hostleries yesterday: F. C. Grable, Kearney; Frank P. Ireland, Nebraska City; M. O. Maul, Omaha; Jonn A. Dodds, Omaha; I. L. Fiske, Courtland; R. R. Decker, Friend; J. L. Hutchinson, York; C. A. Huyck, Ashland; C. McEntee, Plattsmouth.

Halford Sauce. Try it on your beans.

WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION.

The New Town of Wilcox—Its Beautiful and Advantageous Location.

BLOOMINGTON, June 10.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—On the line of the new short line of the B. & M. railroad, from Blue Hill to Holdridge, is the new town of Wilcox. A wonderful and surprising change has taken place at the point where this town was recently located by the Lincoln land company. Three weeks ago the lowing of cattle and the voice of the farmer was the only thing which disturbed nature's stillness. Wonderful transformation! To-day the site is occupied by sixteen spacious and well built business houses, among which are a bank, three drug stores, a hardware store, one grocery, a saloon, printing office, hotel, two livery stables, four lumber yards and a boarding house.

Wilcox is located in a beautiful stretch of country, exceeded for agricultural purposes by no section in the west. The resources of this county are absolutely inexhaustible, therefore the town must become a thrifty one. Fuller particulars will be given in our next.

"Never put off to-morrow what can be done to-day." Cure gout with St. Jacobs Oil.

NOT A TENDERFOOT.

A Female Jehu Who Passed for Thirty Years as a Man.

Santa Cruz Surf: Early in the spring of 1848 there lived near the little village of Sandusky, in Ohio, Frederick M. Parkhurst, his wife and only daughter, Charlotte, the latter at that time a young woman of twenty, and as far as can be learned, prepossessing in appearance. About the time mentioned an acquaintance sprang up between Miss Parkhurst and the town postmaster, a dashing young westerner. Their acquaintance ripened quickly into affection and love upon Miss Parkhurst's part, which seemed also to be reciprocated by the young postmaster. The old, old story was told in the little town one April day when it was found that Charlotte or "Lottie" Parkhurst, as she was known, had disappeared—gone no one knew whither. The distracted father searched for the girl for months, without success, and finally concluded that she had destroyed herself.

The California mining excitement, with its attendant sensation throughout the country, broke out in the following year, and thousands flocked to the field of gold. The railroad was unknown, stages were the only means at hand for transporting the miners to different points in the gold fields, and experienced drivers to safely convey the human freight were in demand. Their perilous exploits with the mustang teams and Concord coaches were the stories of the cabins, the camp-fire and the bar-room, none were oftener mentioned, or their daring feats recounted more than were those of young Charley Parkhurst. He was, in fact, "the whip" of the hour and pride of the "profession."

For years Parkhurst was a stage driver and a decade ago manipulated the ribbons over a team running between this city and Watsonville. To know Charley Parkhurst, or "One-Eyed Charley," as he was called, was to respect and admire him. Tiring of stage driving, Parkhurst sought more congenial pursuits and was at one time a station agent for a stage company whose coaches plied between this city and Watsonville.

After an eventful career in California, extending over a period of more than thirty years, Parkhurst was, one morning, found dead in bed. Investigation by the authorities summoned to the bedside revealed the astonishing fact that Charley Parkhurst, pioneer and celebrated jehu, was a woman.

Subsequent investigations by parties interested in the settlement of a small estate left by the deceased developed the facts given in the narative above.

The identity of Charlotte Parkhurst, or Charley Parkhurst, as she was known in California, was established beyond a doubt.

Miss Parkhurst died on the night of December 29, 1879, and it is a singular fact that until to-day, after a lapse of over six years, no effort has been made either by public officers or friends of the woman to settle up the estate she left. Indeed, the exact value or description of the estate seems yet to be shrouded in mystery. Miss Parkhurst had, previous to her decease, told many of her friends of her lack of confidence in banks, and that she had intrusted to nature's strong box, the earth, all of her savings.

A written note found among her effects directed the payment to one of her friends of a small amount of money found in a buckskin purse in her cabin. This, so far as is known, is all of her estate administered upon.

It may be added that at one time "Charley" Parkhurst was put in possession of and held a disputed tract of land, now valued at $20,000, when the struggle over the property was so bitter that only a brave and determined man was believed to be equal to the task of holding it.

Benton's Hair Grower.

All who are BALD, all who are becoming BALD, all who do not want to be bald, all who are troubled with DANDRUFF, or ITCHING of the scalp; should use Benton's Hair Grower. EIGHTY PER CENT of those using it have grown hair. It never fails to stop the hair from falling. Through sickness and fevers the hair sometimes falls off in a short time, and although the person may have remained bald for years, if you use Benton's Hair Grower according to directions you are sure of a growth of hair. In hundreds of cases we have produced a good growth of Hair on those who have been bald and glazed for years we have fully substantiated the following facts:

We grow Hair in 80 cases out of 100, no matter how long bald.

Unlike other preparations, it contains no sugar of lead, or vegetable or mineral poisons.

It is a specific for falling hair, dandruff, and itching of the scalp.

The Hair Grower is a hair food, and its composition is almost exactly like the oil which supplies the hair with its vitality.

DOUBLE AND TRIPLE STRENGTH.

When the skin is very tough and hard, and the follicles is apparently effectually closed, the single strength will sometimes fail to reach the papilla; in such cases the double or triple strength should be used in connection with the single, using them alternately.

Price, single strength, $1.00; double strength, $2.00; triple strength, $3.00. If your druggists have not got it we will send it prepared on receipt of price.

BENTON HAIR GROWER CO., Cleveland, O.

Sold by C. F. Goodman and Kuhn & Co. 15th and Douglas, 18th and Cumings

KNIGHTS OF THE TODDY STICK.

Not Quite so Familiar as of Old, But More Artistic.

A Revolution in Barkeepers—The Liberal Mental Training Now Required.

New York Sun: "An unpleasant subject, yes, but a grand picture nevertheless," commented a gentleman leaning against the bar of a Broadway saloon and contemplating Benjamin Constant's great painting of "The Judgment of the Shereef." "The wealth of its color," he went on, "reminds me of the work of—oh, what's his name?—the painter of 'Choosing the Model.'"

"Fortuny," responded promptly and laconically the sedate barkeeper, to whom the question had been addressed.

"Yes, Fortuny: that's it. Thank you. I can never remember names."

The gentleman continued discussing with a friend the great canvas before them, and again and again the sedate barkeeper was called upon by one or the other to remember a name or state a fact that was in doubt or question. He always answered promptly, without ceasing to mix drinks, supplying as required the names of Jerome, Bougoureau, Cabanel, and Makart, and was even led to speak of the most characteristic works of each, with a somewhat critical analysis of their preferences of subjects and modes of treatment.

"That gin-jerker seems to know a lot about pictures," ejaculated one of the visitors, as they left the saloont.

"Why shouldn't he? It is his business, so long as he tends bar where a big picture constantly stirs up talk on that subject. If he were in a place frequented by politicians he would be expected to know all about the contest in the Twelfth district and who Mike O'Toole's principal heelers are, and what the deal was between the democratic halls and the republicans, or whatever else might be getting up a ferment among his patrons. And if he happened to be in a baseball atmosphere, he would be expected to know about the leading pitchers and catchers, and the games past, present, and to come, all over the land. That his information about sluggers and their deeds would have to be vast and varied if he served in a sporting house, goes without saying. The barkeeper of to-day has to be well informed on all topics likely to interest his patrons to the extent of being subjects for discussions and bets."

The requirements thus stated being referred to the proprietor of a large and popular uptown place of resort for the bibulously inclined, he replied:

"Yes, that is true. It is not enough for a barkeeper to-day to be a good judge of liquors and skillful in the compounding of fancy drinks. That, and that he should be clean, neat in his attire, measurably honest, of pleasant address, and have a good memory for the faces and preferences of customers, about filled the bill for all that was demanded of a first-class barkeeper when I was young. Then came the era of diamonds, gorgeous apparel and familiarity. Now the style in the best places is altogethes the quiet. If a barkeeper—that is, one that has any style or tone about him—wears a diamond at all, it must be a very small and pure stone. And he is better without any. It is no longer good form for him to hail recognized customers with the familiarity of former times, but he must have a keen personal remembrance of them all the same and reply to their salutations with the dignified grace and ease of a polished gentleman. And his cheery shout of 'One with me now, gentlemen!' or 'Take something with the house!' is heard no more. If anything of that sort is to be done, the proprietor is considered strong enough to do it himself. The check machine, and the telegraphic indicator, and the cashier have chilled the noble ardor of the barkeeper's hospitality. Possibly, too, those repressive influences have something to do with the diminished size of the diamonds, and make it easier for him to preserve the subdued air that fashion now requires of him. But it is of the utmost importance, fully as much as that he shall have a complete knowledge of mixed drinks, that he shall be well informed and be able to give an authoritative decision on most of the the things that men are likely to get into a jaw about in a barroom.

Of course, one man cannot be expected, at a barkeeper's salary, to be a walking encyclopædia, and a political history, and a biographical dictionary, and a turf guide, and a Hoyle, and an art critic, and a theological sharp, and lots more things. But, if you will take notice, you will find that a great many of our best places—almost all of them, indeed—have special lines customers, people who have common interests and talk about the same class of subjects. When a new man comes to work in a place that has a distinctive character of patronage, if it is something new to him, he has to go right to work and post himself. Of course the proprietor prefers a man who is already posted, but if he cannot get such a one he does the next best thing, and the man has to jump into the requisite special education. Sometimes he does it by studying books in his off time. Occasionally one goes to an old fellow somewhere up town who advertises 'Tuition for adults of neglected education,' and has knowledge pumped into him almost by steam.

When this art craze sprang up and all the big places began buying costly pictures, a good many of the boys got their necessary points from a little Frenchman who used to go about selling and raffling off panel copies, very decent ones, too, of famous French pictures and other works of art. He was well up on pictures, and a smart barkeeper in an hour's talk with him could get lots of valuable points. It is not necessary that the barkeeper shall have a profound knowledge and a mighty intellect to back it. He wants to know enough to be pretty sure of not making a fool of himself, and to be prudent enough not to go beyond his depth. Then, if he can just look wise, and be modestly reticent, as if shy of contradicting anybody when he finds the water getting deep for him, and speak with decision when he is sure he can touch bottom, he will get along all right. In the course of a little time, by listening to the conversations of really solidly informed men before the bar, he will pick up a great deal, and by a judicious use of what he learns in that way, bringing it out only on call, and never going beyond his depth by an argument, he will get the reputation of being a wonderfully well-informed man, who, if he only were not behind a bar and could feel himself at liberty to speak out, would astonish you.' Suppose he is called on to decide a bet: even if he knows nothing on the subject at the worst he has one chance in two of being right, whichever way he goes. Don't understand me as saying that all barkeepers have superficial knowledge of everything. You will sometimes come across men of high special attainments and of wide general information tending bar. I once knew a German proprietor of a beer saloon down town who was one of the best chemists I ever saw. I would not have thought anything strange of that if he had been a brewer, but he was only a retailer. As for well-read barkeepers, men who can quote poetry and dramas by the yard, I could name you a dozen of them—all of them chaps, too, who can talk literature intelligently. Each of them has made an especial study of quotations to enable him to decide bets. It stands to reason that a man who drifts around from place to place, mastering one branch of knowledge after another, if he has a fair share of sense to start with, comes at length to be a generally well-informed man with the manners of a gentleman, too, not infrequently.

"There is one sort of knowledge requisite for a good many barkeepers in New York that must be picked up by observation, listening, acquaintance, and under all a taste for it, and that is politics. The man who has keenness to pick up what men say in their cups, paying no attention as he stand wiping the glass; talent to apply the bits of information he gets in that way, and tact to make a proper use of it, is bound to get ahead, and eventually strike something a good deal better than tending bar. You would probably be surprised to know how many prominent politicians have got their training as barkeepers."

"I see another style creeping in gradually, however, a sort of barkeeper that I cannot better characterize than as the automatic. A few of the toniest places have got them, and the fashion is soon to be followed. Your automatic barkeeper is not required to know anything but to wait on his patrons in the most absolutely perfect manner, and to preserve the most impassive countenance possible and the largest attainable amount of silence in a given space of time. He will be the proper caper in a few months more. After that, as things go in cycles, I suppose the old time jolly, hail fellow well met sort of barkeeper will have his turn again, if anybody can invent a way of having him and the contents of the till both."

The Original "Pooh-Bah."

Those who have laughed over the character of "Pooh-Bah" in the "Mikado," and have looked upon it as one of Gilbert's fanciful creations, will probably be surprised to learn that the haughty nobleman had for a prototype no less a personage than General Bragg of the confederate army. In the second volume of his memoirs General Grant tells the following story of the dashing fighter:

Bragg was a remarkably intelligent and well-informed man, professionally and otherwise. He was also thoroughly upright. But he was possessed of an irascible temper and was naturally disputatious. A man of the highest moral character and the most correct habits, yet, in the old army, he was in frequent trouble. As a sabordinate he was always on the lookout to catch his commanding officer infringing his prerogatives; as a post commander he was equally vigilant to detect the slightest neglect, even of the most trivial order.

I have heard in the old army an anecdote very characteristic of Bragg. On one occasion, when stationed at a post of several companies commanded by a field officer, he was himself commanding one of the companies at the same time acting as post quartermaster and commissary. He was first lieutenant at the time, but his captain was detached on other duty. As commander of the company he made a requisition upon the quartermaster (himself) for something he wanted. As quartermaster he declined to fill the requisition, and indorsed on the back of it his reasons for so doing. As company commander he responded to this, urging that his requisition called for nothing but what he was entitled to, and that it was the duty of the quartermaster to fill it. As quartermaster he still persisted that he was right. In this position of affairs Bragg referred the whole matter to the commanding officer of the post. The latter when he saw the nature of the matter referred, exclaimed: "My God, Mr. Bragg, you have quarreled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarreling with yourself."

The Lucky Cleveland Number.

Chicago News: Colonel Andy Welch, the internal revenue collector for the Fox river district, came in from Aurora yesterday to tell his political chums who hang around the Grand Pacific all about his latest streak of luck.

"You see, the women folks have been holding a bazaar out in Aurora," said he, "for the benefit of a free hospital, and last Saturday night I made up my mind I'd take it in. As soon as the women saw me they made a rush for me, and in less than ten minutes—between their ring cakes, roulette tables and other kickshaws—I was the worst broke man in seven states. That didn't make any difference, for they steered me up against a big picture of 'Christ in the Temple'—worth $500, they said—and they wanted me to take a chance at half a dollar. Senator Hank Evans offered to lend me the money.

"'How many chances are there?' I asked.

"'Only 2,000,' said a sweet chick of a girl, with eyes that make a man feel like dying for her.

"'Is No. 1149 sold?' said I.

"They looked over the list and said 'No!'

"'Then give it to me,' said I. 'President Cleveland got the presidency on that number in New York, and I reckon it hasn't lost its luck yet.'

"Well, I took the ticket, and lo and behold! the first number drawn out of the wheel last night was 1149! This morning a fife and drum corps escorted me and the picture over to Yorkville, and I caught the noon train into town to give you fellows the pointer that if you want a dead lucky number you'll take Cleveland's old reliable, 1149, every time.'"

A Coal Bonanza.

The Rowdy West, Fort Fetterman, Wyoming: Some four years ago an old miner, Mr. Cy Iba, built a cabin on Shawnee creek, above the X H ranch, twenty-eight miles east of Fetterman, and commenced prospecting for coal. He found a vein of lignite coal on fire. Procuring help, he in time succeeded in extinguishing the fires. Satisfying himself that the country was a great coal field, he wrote to an official of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway company, informing him of the fact. The official wrote in reply that he would come out and investigate the matter for himself, and finally did come. The result was that about a year ago said company employed the best coal prospectors and miners in the country, sent out expensive machinery, and a thorough but expensive test has been made. Recently the company purchased altogether 1,600 acres of land, including Mr. Iba's claim and others that had been taken, and are building a branch road or switch from the main line just west of the Shawnee, up to their coal fields. A vein of lignite is near the surface, five and one-half feet thick. About twenty feet down is a vein of bituminous six feet thick. Forty-two feet below the surface is an eight-foot vein of anthracite, said to be the finest coal ever discovered in Wyoming. This settles the fuel question and Nebraska can begin constructing her coal lines, for before snow flies the trains will be hauling it eastward.

A Spanish Princess Who Likes Horse Cars.

London Daily News: The late Spanish king's sisters were with the queen during her trial, and they showed great kindness and affection to her. They both wore colored dresses in honor of the occasion; the Infanta Isabel was in white and green striped silk, and the Infanta Eulalia looked very pretty as she walked home on her husband's arm during the afternoon in a light brown spring toilette.

This Infanta, since she married Prince Antonio of Montpensier, no longer lives in the palace. They have hired a small house with a garden in the Castellana, and as they are both very young they enjoy housekeeping very much. The Infanta's greatest delight is to go into town on a horse car.

STRIKING RESEMBLANCES.

Waiters Who Resemble Prominent People of the World.

"Count Herbert Bismarck" Serves Beer—When the Comparison Becomes Odious.

Philadelphia Record: "That Dutchman is making his fortune out of that beer saloon, because he has a waiter that is an absolute fac-simile of young Herbert Bismarck, the eldest son of the great German statesman, and the fact having been noised about, nearly every German in the city has dropped in to have a look at him, while the Teutons of this neighborhood have built up a regular trade for the lucky fellow who gets double wages on account of his resemblance to the chancellor's son." The speaker was a young man who was riding up Third street on the back plattorm of a car, and the remark was called forth by seeing a portly German, of the beer-barrel order of architecture, standing in the doorway of one of the very numerous "Bier-halles" that line that thoroughfare in the neighborhood of Green street and and Fairmount avenue.

A visit to the saloon proved his statement to be correct.

"Oh, yes; dot young man looked like so much Count Pismark as if the count he vas," replied the fat proprietor, when asked about his assistant. "Mine gustomers likes to have Pismark on them wait," he chuckled, "and Heinrich, dot's the young man's name, Heinrich Schwalenhozerholen, he has bring me more gustom than a prass pand."

Heinrich is not the only waiter in the city who has features like those of some prominent man, but he is doubtless the only one who finds it a source of additional income. The head waiter at Thron's Bond street garden is the image of his honor the mayor, and is often saluted by policemen at night, who think they have seen the city's "dandy" chief magistrate. At the Aldine hotel there is a waiter who bears a striking likeness to Edwin Booth, the actor, and, as he has a keen appreciation of the fact, he has developed a semi-tragic air in serving meals, which is said to be very amusing to watch. In a cafe on North Eighth street which enjoys a very large trade during the hours that the dry-goods shops are busiest there is a young man who looks a good deal like the pictures of Mantell, and many a dollar goes over the counter there spent by young women who purchase a saucer of ice-cream for the sake of taking a peep at the white-aproned Adonis who brings it to them.

One of the waiters at the Social Art Club once served in a similar capacity at that even more aristocratic organization, the Philadelphia Club, and it is said that he lost his former position on account of his remarkable likeness to one of the swell members of the club, who got tired of being joked with on the the subject, and had a row in the card-room one night with a fellow-member, who was rubbing it in. The committee dicharged the man after arranging with the steward of the Social Art to give him employment and send the Philadelphia club a man to fill his place.

Another instance of curious resemblance which is known to a good many people is that of a waiter at Belmont mansion who has scores of times been taken for a well-known police magistrate, and the latter threatens to take vengeance if his double is ever brought before him for indulging in the flowing bowl or any other offense. Somewhat similar to the case of the waiter at the Social Art club was that of another employed for some time at the St. George hotel who looked very much like a wealthy patron of the house from Wilkesbarre. Mr. Ward meeting the gentleman one day coming out of a rival hostelry, inquired in what way his house had managed to lose so old a customer, and was told, with a laugh, that the gentleman's wife, who always accompanied him on his visits to the city, had refused to go to the St. George any more because she objected to seeing a man waiting on the table who startled her by his likeness to her husband, and made the people sitting about whisper to each other as soon as the resemblance struck them. The man was sent to another hotel up the state, in which Mr. Ward was interested, and his old customer has been patronizing the St. George ever since.

Postmaster Harrity's double can be seen serving drinks over the bar at a hotel on Chestnut street.

An Undertaker's Experience.

Philadelphia Press: "I've just returned from the house of a young married man who died last night," said an undertaker, "and his weeping wife told me that she wanted his coffin made large enough to hold his gun and game bag, because he was fond of shooting."

"I suppose you have a great many such queer requests," remarked a listener.

"Oh, yes. It was only about a month ago that a mother, frenzied with grief, when I was about to put the lid on her daughter's casket took from a closet a satin ball dress and insisted upon having it used as a cover for the corpse.

"Then some people want favorite books, letters, Bibles, pictures and such things buried with their dead. It seems to soothe their anguish to some degree, and you have to humor them. The queerest of the kind happened to me just after I went into the business. It would have been laughed at on a minstrel stage, but in a house of grief had to be tolerated with solemnity. The ten year old boy of a poor woman had died of fever, and I was engaged to bury him. Her neighbors had all gathered down stairs. I went up to ask her if there was anything more that I could do, and she handed me a little bundle, saying, "Please put this at the foot of Johnny's coffin. They are a pair of his old pantaloons, and the first I ever whipped him in."

A Remarkable Boy Forger.

James Barber, 16 years old, who lives on the top floor of the orphans' court is in prison on the charge of larceny and forgery, says the Philadelphia Times. Detective Miller and Sharkey on Saturday arrested him in Mount Moriah cemetery for stealing a warrant for $1,750 belonging to Judge William N. Ashman and forging the name of the judge and that of the City Treasurer Bell in an attempt to have it cashed. The warrant represented the judge's salary for three months, and was delivered by a letter-carrier at the court building on Wednesday morning last, it having been sent by mail from the auditor general's office at Harrisburg. The lad either took it from the mail-box or from a table in the judge's room. He then wrote a letter to City Treasurer Bell saying:

Please give me a check for this warrant and send by bearer. Yours,
W. N. ASHMAN.

Young Barber took the warrant and forged note to Mr. Bell. The warrant was not indorsed, and the lad was told to take it to the judge and have him sign his name on the back. The hopeful forger left, but instead of going to Judge Ashman he stopped in a place in the vicinity and placed the judicial signature to the back of the paper. He again visited the city treasurer, who, upon carefully examining the warrant, discovered that the amount was written $1,700 in the body of the warrant, while the figures were $1,750. The lad was again directed to return with the warrant to Judge Ashman, and a letter writen by the city treasurer, calling attention to the mistake in the warrant, was also sent. When a safe place was reached the redoubtable youngster destroyed Mr. Bell's note and composed one of his own. It said: "Please send up your bill; something's wrong in your account." When the note was delivered to Judge Ashman he was puzzled and said that he would call at the city treasury. When he called there the judge and city treasurer soon learned the true state of affairs. The detectives were immediately employed to catch the thief and forger. Later in the day the lad, seeing that he was baffled, sent the warrant to Judge Ashman, in company with a letter signed "Jimmy So-So." When arrested he made a confession, and also acknowledged that he had robbed a number of desks in the court building, and stole Judge Penrose's overcoat last winter.

Pretenders to the Throne of Sweden and Denmark.

Pall Mall Gatette: Sweden and Denmark are both at present besieged by pretenders to the throne. One in the Swedish province of East Gothland claims to be the unfortunate Prince Gustaf, elder brother of the reigning king who, in the beginning of this century, while at a field manœuver in Skone, suddenly fell from his horse and died. It is to this day believed by a large portion of the peasants that Prince Gustaf did not die, but was carried off to Norway because of his intention to marry a girl of humble birth. Having succeeded in escaping, he let his beard grow and went to Italy, where, under the name of Garibaldi, he effected the liberation of that country. He is, however, not dead, but will come and be the king of the Swedes! So much for the Swedish pretender.

The Danish one has just turned up. There has arrived in Copenhagen from Stettin, two men, father and son, the former 60, the latter 21 years old, with a trunk loaded with papers and documents to prove that they are direct descendants of the house of Oldenberg, and to show that if at the death of Frederick VII. they had possessed these documents they could have proved their exclusive right to the throne. They bear the original name of the house of Gluckburg, Beck, and went the day after their arrival to the master of ceremonies to seek an audience with the king. They were directed to seek it through the German Ambassador, being German subjects. The Embassy, after some parley did not act, and the pretenders tried themselves to obtain an audience to suggest that their claims—which are attested by the highest German authorities—may be subjected to a through scrutiny. To begin with, they can claim an inheritance of 2,500,000 with which to carry on the case. They then applied to the Stettin authorities for a recommendation to the German council of the legation on the 27th ult.

Neither of the two men looks as an adventurer. The older is tall and slender, with an aristocratic bearing and youthful and winning manners. His features are in an amazing degree like those of the late Russian czar, so much so that any one who has seen the czar's picture is struck with the resemblance. The older of the two gentlemen has passed the greater part of his time in researches among the archives and collections in Copenhagen. Whole nights he studied his family history, but he always was stopped at a vanished child. After fifteen years of labor he has to his full satisfaction proved that he is grandson's grandson of this vanished child. Besides he is in possession of armorial and other precious things to strengthen his claims. The young Beck bears a strong resemblance to Prince Waldemar, and his acquaintance with the affairs of the house of Oldenburg is said to be most astonishing.

A Story of Gen. Boulanger.

M. Rober Mitchell, in the Pays, relates an unpublished episode in the military career of Gen. Boulanger, minister of war. "In 1871 Gen. Osmond was operating in the direction of Bourg-la-Reine against the communists, and had commanded a young lieutenant to carry at the bayonet's point a barricade which commanded the Paris road. "Take some men with you," he said; "do not give them any cartridges. At midnight advance, try to get as near as possible to the enemy without attracting attention, and when you are discovered charge with the bayonet. Behind the barricade you will doubtless find the cross of the legion of honor." The lieutenant, having formed his men, according to command, at midnight, was preparing to advance when Col. Boulanger arrived in undress, cane in hand. The lieutenant could not conceal his vexation. Doubtless the colonel was going to command the small force, and the promised cross would fade from the horizion. The colonel saw what was passing in the mind of the lieutenant, and hastened to reassure him. "I have nothing to do this evening," said he, "and have come here to amuse myself. I will follow your company as an amateur, without pretending to command.

The order to march was given. At sixty paces from the barricade all the men and the two officers extended themselves on the ground and tried to get as near as possible on their hands and knees. On a sudden the federalist sentinel, who was guarding the barricade, leaned forward, listened, and then spoke to his companions.

"We are discovered," murmured the lieutenant in the ear of the colonel. "We can not prevent a general discharge, and shall lose some of our men."

"Very well," replied the colonel. "This is what must be done. I will get up suddenly; they will fire at me and miss me, and, before they can reload, you can carry the barricade."

"But, colonel, this is my duty."

"There is no 'but' in the case, and for this occasion I resume the command. Stay where you are, and don't get up till I tell you."

The colonel suddenly stood upright in front of the federalist chassepots. As he had foreseen, he was fired at and missed. Then, with a loud voice he called out:

"Forward, my lads, at double-quick."

The barricade was carried with the loss of one man.

Weighing the Recommendations.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press: "Yes," said F. E. Snow, "I was the assistant secretary of state way back in the sixties. Those were the palmy days of the state, too; state scrip was worth forty cents on the dollar. But the rush for offices was as great then as it is now. Gov. Ramsey used to be at his wit's end to know how to reconcile the office seekers when several were after the one place. Finally, one day, when he had been reading over the ponderous files of recommendations that candidates sent him, a happy thought struck him.

"'Sam,' said he opening the door to Jenison's room, get me a good pair of scales.'

"The general was much younger then, and off he flew to notify Charles McIlrath, the state auditor, who sent out and bought a good pair of platform scales. The bluff governor took them and carefully weighed the documents of the various candidates, and finally gave the commission to the one having the weightiest recommendations! It was a a good selection, too, and did honor to the governor's judgment."

A Five-Cent Cigar.

Bagley—Come, sir, I wish you would quit puffing that smoke in my face.

Penstock—Doesn't hurt the smoke, my dear sir.

"It hurts me, sir; I detest the smell of tobacco."

"My dear sir, this is not tobacco; this is a 5-cent cigar."

Red Star Cough Cure is efficacious and magical. No poisons. Price, 25 cents.

Another Sort of Grand Wedding.

On the 25th ult., in Lisbon, Portugal, was celebrated a wedding that had about it even less of Jeffersonian simplicity than distinguished the nuptials of President Cleveland. The high contracting parties to the Lusitanian proceedings were the hereditary Prince Carlos of the royal family of Portugal and the Princess Amelia, daughter of the count of Paris. After the celebration of the wedding ceremonial in the church of St. Dominic, the newly wedded couple took up their residence in Belen palace, the gardens of which are said to constitute it the most beautiful of all the royal places of Portugal. And the public jubilation was turned loose. Pyrotechnists from London, by the Commercial association of Lisbon, gave the most magnificent fireworks display ever seen on the Tagus, or anywhere else in Portugal. Bonfires, thousands of them, made not with tar barrels, but with barrels of tar, illuminated the city. All the principal buildings were brilliantly illuminated. In the grand Avenue of Liberty, which was made gay and glorious with flags, banners, streamers, ribbons, and bunting, a majestic triumphal arch, designed by the famous scenic artist Manini, was reared, and here an imposing military parade and review took place. Then there were bull fights under the auspices of the Turf club, free to all, but with the boxes reserved for Lisbon's best society. Holiday performances were given in the theatre of San Carlos, a regatta took place on the Tagus, and there were two days of horse racing in the Hippodromo de Belen by sportsmen, and one day by officers of the Portuguese army. Altogether about a week of lively excitement was provided for the people of Lisboa, and, at latest accounts from there, success seems to be crowning a popular endeavor to tint all Lusitania a jubilantly lurid hue.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs.

A second Lime Kiln Club has been organized at Welaka, Fla., and the colored brethren have held forth on the question: "Which has de 'wussest' defect on de public—de man getting de best of de woman in a quarrel, or de woman getting de best of de man?"

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Dr. BIGGER'S HUCKLEBERRY

CORDIAL

The Great Southern Remedy for all
BOWEL TROUBLES
AND CHILDREN TEETHING.

There are very few who do not know of this little bush growing alongside of our mountains and hills; but very few realize the fact, that the little purple berry, which so many of us have eaten in most every shape, there is a principle in it having a wonderful effect on the bowels. Dr. Bigger's Huckleberry Cordial is the GREAT SOUTHERN REMEDY that restores the little one teething, and cures Diarrhœa Dysentery and Cramp Colic.

When it is considered that at this season of the year sudden and dangerous attacks of the bowels are so frequent, and we hear of so many deaths occurring before a physician can be called in, it is important that every household should provide themselves with some speedy relief, a dose of which will relieve the pain and save much anxiety. Dr. Bigger's Huckleberry Cordial is a sim