their place and do not interfere. If they

A TRUE TALE IN THREE PARTS

A Michigan Matron of Fifty Linked to a Blasbeard of Eighty.

. DECEITFUL OLD DUFFER.

Romance and Reality-A Lonesome Widow Beguiled into Marriage by the Ghost of a Man

in Omaha.

[Written for the Omaha Sunday Bee.]

PART ONE-PARTIES TWO. A modest family cottage overlooks the rippling Raisin creek in Lewance county, Michigan. Doubtless other houses are similarly situated, but one is sufficient for the present purpose. In days not remote the sunshine of domestic happiness mingled there with the noisy laughter of romping boys and girls. Fond parents gazed with love-ht eyes on the budding darlings, four in number, and ere they had fairly reached the legal tender age of seventeen and twenty-one, the father was stricken down by death in the early autumn of life. The dark shadow of the great reaper rested long on the homestead, lightened only by the on the homestead, lightened only by the toil of young but willing hands. They strove successfully to keep the family treasury in comfortable condition, and the name of Dekoben became the synonym of thrift in the neighborhood.

As the years sped on the family gradually separated. First the girls were married, and the boys followed the example after the lapse of reasonable intervals, and last May-day found Mrs. Dekoben bidding farewell at the altar to her fourth and last. It was a sad day to her. To be sure she had a choice of homes to go to, but their occupants had others to love. Like a dethroned queen she contemplated her deserted court, without subjects to rule and do her bidding, no longer looked to as a guiding star for good and a barrier againt harm. While thus struggling in a sea of mental gloom, amid the ruins of former happiness, a gossipy neighbor whispered a suggestion—"Marry again." It stag-gered her at first, but it struck a tender chord, and soon blossomed like the morn-ing glories round her door. The neigh-bor knew a friend in Omaha, a widower past afty, with a sufficiency of the world's goods to make her comfortable the rest of her life.

"Do write a letter to him," said the neighbor confidentially; "he is an elegant gentleman, and I'm sure, if you can catch him he would make a splendid husband. Besides, Eugenie, you're without home comforts, your children are all gone, and the best thing you can do is to look around for a new and comfortable hearth. There isn't any harm in writing."
Mrs. Eugenie Dekoben brightened up
considerably as she discussed the question alone. Just rounding forty-seven, fair and reasonably fat, with none to dispute her conduct, and a growing de-

sire for an eligible mate, she determined to test her friend's advice. PART TWO.—PARTED, TOO.
An early inail hurried a carefully worded letter to "Edgar Neili Tosp, Omaha, Neb." He had already been advised by the confidential friend, and did not require much study to discern the object of the note. A prompt response followed, and the correspondence opened up auspiciously. Tri-weekly letters, rivalling in intensity of expression the scorching days of summer, were ex-changed, as well as photographs. The all-important question was followed by a red ink 'yes,' and preparations for the union began, "Dear Eugenie," as Edgar lovingly addressed her, invested lavishly in silks and the finest linen, as well as bounets and ribbons to match. But of family lace and rare jeweis that did service more than once for brides were brought out and prepared for the happy occasion. Early in July she bid a cheerful farewell to her Michigan home,

Edgar of the photograph by a long way. Eugenie drew back in disgust as soon Eugenie drew back in disgust as soon he produced evidence of his identity. "You old reprobate; you deceitful scoundrel, don't touch me:" she shrieked, "Why did you lie to me, telling me you were only fifty, when you are eighty if a day. Oh, you horrid old bag of bones!" Trembling with disappointment and rage, Mrs. Dekoben swept past her intended, almost paralyzing him with a look of scorn. That she did not scalp him then and there she regrets to this look of scorn. That she did not scalp him then and there she regrets to this The ideal gentleman of means mentally carved on the banks of Raisin creek was farther from the reality than a

and in due time arrived in the Gate city

Her own Edgar met her at the depot but

she knew him not. He was not the

Wiggins prophecy, and the fragments of her idol were bathed in plinding tears. Tosp was anything but the matured Apollo he pictured himself. The weight of four-score years made camel-like bumps on his back, and furrowed his forehead and cheeks, and metancholy ridges of weary hide fortified the corners ridges of weary hide fortified the corners of his mouth. A pair of pea-green eyes peered from bloodless sockets, while below rose a double-back, sharppointed nose, bearing unmistakable evidence of liquid caressings. A scrubby beard of brindle gray softened the sharp outline of a parchment face, and the battered remains of a sawad-off derby covered his pate. A sawed-off derby covered his pate. A thread-bare suit of blue hung wearlly on his frame, and a liver-pad necktic protected his shirt from the polka dots of "navy clippings." Against such a remi-niscence of mankind Eugenie's heart re rebelled. To wed him would be an invi tation of a funeral, and "a harvest of barren regrets," She decided to return to Michigan and repent her folly among her children and grand children.

PART THREE-AND ONE Mrs. Dekoben had scarcely landed on Raisin creek before a letter arrived from Tosp. In doleful words it told the story Tosp. In doleful words it told the story of a broken heart, of sorrowful days and sleepless nights, of bursting love for her, and a burning desire to make amends for old age, to cover his wrinkles with greenbacks and round his angularity with golden eagles. He inti-mated that she acted hastily in leaving him, that a sandstone front with costly furniture and creature comforts awaited her. But now, oh sad thought!—the labor of love is lost; the key is turned on what might have been a charming home, and life is a burden without her. Eugenic read and reread this twelve

page epistle. The more she read the more she releated, and three more in the same strain had the desired effect. "Per-haus," thought she, "I have injured him. I will go to him and comfort him in his last days. He can not live long anyhow,

Again Eugenie crossed the Missour and married Edgar without further delay The charming home proved to be two shabby rooms near St. Mary's ayenue, and the elegant furnishings were of the plainest kind found in second-hand shops. I'en days had passed before she realized the enormity of the deception practiced upon her. From being a "gentleman of leisure," he toiled ten hours a day at his trade and tottered home at dusk, a weary and decaying fragment of truth. boasts proved as empty as his purse, and a tenement in Chicago claime by him belonged to a divorced wife.

Determined to make the best of a bad bargain. Mrs. Tosp sought employment in neighboring families. "You are a duck!" chirped the old codger, essaying a caress; "you are the best wife I ever had?" The bride of a month — experienced, tasty and neat—soon secured employment, and as calls for her increased, the demand for Tosp decreased, and to-day he is master of the bouse, a retired mangler of wood.

while his wife provides the rent and lar-der,
"I don't understand it," said the de-ceived woman, after telling her story to a neighbor; "he has not written a line since we were married, and not a paper or letter comes to the house. The letters he wrote me were beautiful in language and penmanship, yet his conversation is nothing like them. I don't know what to

"He bought them by the yard," sug-gested the neighbor, and a new light broke in upon the burdened bride.

The Tyro Tourist.

[Written for the Omaha Sunday Bee.] For sunshine on the half-shell let me commend you to the unseasoned tourist. Having started for pleasure, he is advertising his search for it by a new "grip, and travel-worn exclamations, after the first mile out. To show the world how he is enjoying it, he carries a self-cocking smile with which he keeps up a Gatling fusilade. He suffers obscurity only when he telescopes in his collar, humps up his back and seeks economical oblivion all night in a car seat. Then the ham sandwiches and peanuts of his pilgrimage set le down upon his stomach and crush the life out of hum. In the necatomb of his anatomy is enough death to make a dozen doctors. The ripsaw of his snore slashes through the angel dreams of a bridal tour in the next seat, and makes kindling wood of a carload of nerves. But daybreak and a break for the lunch counter resurrects him, smile and all. He smiles on the conductor who punches his ticket and on the woman who punches him with a parasol. He makes a turn table sweep of the horizon and takes in the scenery with a smile that makes Dame Nature rosy with embarrassment. He promenades the principal street and stares through the glass fronts with a saccharine crimping of the lips that fills every female clerk with the hope of elopement. He views the public buildings and smiles his approbation. He rushes over the public library and smiles his approval. He goes through the park with a smile so broad it tramps on the grass. He flounders through the art gallery and expresses his admiration and

criticisms in the same kaleidoscope smile But when he strikes the nude statuary an interjection laces up the corners of his mouth, then with a rip of the stitches his entire facial area is crowded with a grin. It is no longer a patronizing disortion. It is the pent-up earnestness of his long-neglected love of nature. He puts forth his hand in rapture and a dogskin glove, and the policeman raps it down with: "Hands off the Venuses!"

"Can I git one?" he gasps.
"No, they're engaged."
"Likely gals, tew what they wuth?"
"Fifty thousand apiece." "Lor"! all heiresses, tew." He moves on at the regulation gait, but henceforth nothing surprises nor startles him. He resumes his tourist smile and advertises his enjoyment. A fat man converts his foot into cornstarch, but he smiles on. The boys on the floor above drop peanut shells down his back, but not a tipple breaks over his smiles. He wants the world to know he understands, appreciates, enjoys, is getting his money's

worth. * I saw him just before train time se-cluded from the world in the shade of the station with his boots off resting his bunions. The smile was suffocated in a section of gingerbread and a bologua yelped in his right hand. The mantle of weariness enshrouded him. A "Do-theymiss-me-at-home" expression glowed in the lovesome look of his strained eyes.

GYPSIES.

They are Queer, Even in Their Relig-

ion, So-Called. All the Year Round: Of religion, sad to say, the gypsies have little or none, as we know it. They have not learned, and they cannot learn. Some notable excep-tions there are who teach their children the Lord's prayer, which is translated into their language, and allow them to attend Sunday school when they are sometime in the neighborhood of one. But they have a rooted objection to churches; and some of them lay a curse on their children, if they break the promise they extort on their death beds. that they will not bury them in a church

In common with all savage, uncivilized nations, they speak of and know a Great Spirit, to whom they look up and whom they try to propitiate; but the idea of Him so overlaid with superstition, with a betief in lesser powers, fairtes, brownies kelpies, omens, that even this vague worship is incomplete. They resent in-trusion, but at the same time have met the advance of christian teachers with a gracious and dignified if somewhat con escending, manner.

They have no ambition, for they have never striven to rise; and, strange to say, any special talent or cleverness among them has been found on the female side. As a rule, the women are far quicker in intellect than the men. They have made money, some of them; but the only manner in which we know it to have been spent is in silken coverlets for some of the low divans in the tents of the queen; in silver jugs in which they fetched milk from the probability of the probability o from the neighboring farm; in gay dress es; in jewels, coins and amulets, which they sport at fairs and races or at some

of their evening gatherings.

Meet them where you will—in Spain or Norway, in Hungary, Wallachia, or Scot-land, in Italy or Epping Forest, in the and deserts of Morocco or the snowswept steppes of Russia-there is no mis taking the gypsy face, the gypsy blood or character. They all understand the same language, that of Romany, subject though of course it is to variations in dialect and tinged and interspersed by the language of their several adopted countries.

of their several adopted countries.

Even their name is shrouded in mystery.

Nearly a century before they appeared in Britain they were known in France as "Bohemiens" or "Egyptiens," and for long they were popularly supposed to hail originally from Egypt; but philologists and antiquarians differ as to their nationality. There is a faint traceable likeness in the names given to them in different lands:—"i Zangari" of Italy, the "Gitanos" of Spain, the "Tzigan of Hungary, the "Gypsy" of England. They are as ignorant of their origin as we are; they have no archives, no family history, no possessions, no patrimony, no literature. Perhaps they were the cursed descendants of Ham; perhaps the posterity of ants of Ham; perhaps the posterity of that first outcast, Ishmael, whom jealousy and injustice drove out to the wilderness to give a name to the hapless parishs of society to time immemorial—"their hand against every man's, and every man's hand against theirs." Or were they wandering Bedouins, wandering first by choice and then by necessity, till habit grew to second nature, and grown too numerous to find their needful prey on their native soil, they spread over the known world? Adreamy mystery, deep as their dark eyes, surrounds them; a halo of autiquity on which history has thrown no side light, they are people complete, individual, seperate with no rights, no

TIMELY HINTS ON MARRIAGE.

Ben Franklin's Advice to a Friend on "The Natural State of Man."

AN ANTIQUE WEDDING TRIP

Wedded Life a Deciduous Spring, a Summer of Bloom and an Autumn of Perfect Content-The Old Story-Before and After.

Our Wedding Trip. Leroy Parker, in The Century. Our wedding day, dear John's and mine, At last, at last had come; When we as two should cease to be, And love and live as one.

How eagerly we talked about places where we'd go, maiden fear was fulled to rest, We loved each other so.

The words were said that made us one,— We wept our last good-bys, O'er summer seas we sailed and sailed To lands with bluer skies. Where Arno's waters swiftly slip

'Neath Ponte Vecchio's stones; Where Santa Croce's marble saints Watch o'er her honored bones. Where gleam the gems of art divine

On church and palace walls; Where on the ear the Sistine chant Like scraph music falls, Across fair Naples' azure bay, Where Capri's smiling shore Woos those who love to feast for aye.

Never to wander more-

Through all that land of art and song Where love holds sway supreme, We roamed and quaffed life's richest draught And lived as in a dream.

Was this indeed our wedding trip? No. Only what we talked. We went from mother's house to John's, And John and I both walked.

Ben Franklin on Marriage. A New York correspondent of th Pittsburg Dispatch says: A leading member of Sorosis is preparing a paper on the mental attractiveness of old women, and in seeking new materials she applied to a Washington government official, who has sent to her a hitherto unpublished letter by Benjamin Franklin. The document is authentic, and is included in the Franklin correspondence bought for \$30,000 by the order of con-

gress several years ago. It is as follows: My Dear Friend: Marriage is the most natural state of man, and therefore the state in which you are most likely to find solid happiness. Your reasons against entering it at present appear to me not well founded. The circumstantial advantages you have in view by postponing t are not only uncertain but they are small in comparison with the thing itself—the being married and settled. It is the man and woman united that make the complete human being. Sae wants his force of body and strength of reason; he, her softness, sensibility and acute discernment. Together, they are more likely to succeed in the world. A single man has not nearly the value he would have in that state of union. He is an incomplete animal; he resembles the odd half of a pair of seissors. If you get a prudent, healthy wife, your industry in your profession, with her good economy,

will be a fortune sufficient. But if you will not take this counsel and persist in batchelorhood, then repeat my former advice that in all your friendships you should prefer old women to young ones. You call this a paradox, and demand my reasons. They are

First-Because, as they have more moveledge of the world, and their minds are better stored with observations their conversation is more improving

and more lastingly agreeable. Second—because when women cease to be handsome they study to be good To maintain their influence over men they supply the diminution of beauty by an augmentation of utility. They learn to do a thousand services, small and great, and are the most tender and useful of all friends when you are sick. Thus they continue amiable, and hence there is hardly such a thing to be found as an old woman who is not a good

Third-Because there is no hazard of ncreasing family cares. Fourth—Because through more experience they are more prudent and dis creet in conducting an intrigue to prevent suspicion. The falling in love with them is safer with regard to your reputation; and with regard to this, if the affair should happen to be known, considerate people might be inclined to excuse an old woman who would kindly take care of a young man, form hi manners by her good counsel, and prevent his ruining his fortune among

mercenary adventuresses.

Fifth-Because in every animal tha valks upright the deficiency of the fluid that fills the muscles appears first in the highest part. The face soonest grows wrinkled and lank. Therefore the age that shows in the visage is not neces sarily proof of mental or physical de-crepitude. [The quaintly philosophical Franklin proceeds with this argument in

a manner that will not bear repetition]. Sixth—Because the sin of jilting an old woman is less than with a sentimental girl, whose whole life might be made unhappy by it. The making of a young girl miserable might give you frequent bitter reflections, none of which can at tend the making of an old woman unhappy.

Seventh-And lastly, they are so grate

Thus much for my paradox. But still I advise you to marry directly, being sincerely your affectionate friend,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Marriage.

Cincinnati Enquirer: Marriage makes a man "one with his kind." It should give a strong impetus to all that is best and noblest in his nature, confer on him new powers, and open to him new possi bilities. By it man comes into his kingbilities. By it man comes into his kingdon, a sovereign, yet a subject; governing and serving at one and the same
time. He should prepare for it by stern
self subjection, by holding his vassal
passions in leash, by weaving the woof
of a fair fabric of life. Then may he
search for his pearl in the sea, and give
her love, loyal and lordly, intense and
immortal. And the woman should be
soft souled and sweet spirited, visiting
all that is base and unworthy with nob.e all that is base and unworthy with nob? scorn and corrosive contempt, to merit a love that is strong and tender and eter-nal. For she can bind or loose, cheer or chide, help or hinder in the fierce fray of life. How often none of these elements enter into a marriage! The young peo-ple take things into their own hand and flee to their fate, or else the preliminaries are arranged and managed by interested elders. Our girls have a summer and a winter campaign, into which they plunge on an amatory mission to dazzle and bewilder the other sex, and whether the resultant affairs are the evolution of blind impulse or cool calculation, the hances of happiness are as one in ten. Take the case of very young people. The girls know that they must dress to look pretty and air their small attractions. Like water-lilies on the placid surface of the lake they not their graceful heads, and with warm, wooing breath enthrall the knightly admirer who bends over them. Amid scenes and surroundings potently romantic they make eyes at each other, smile and sumper. The parents may be entirely ignorant of what is going on, or else they know

did it would avail little. The lovers seize their maiden opportunity in some momentary mood of fond illusion, an immediate marriage is proposed, and the nuptial knot is quickly tied. Men say they do not marry because they can not support a wife in luxury, and the nineteenth century woman expects that, and can not live on a moderate income. This is undoubtedly true of many women. They could not possibly understand the love of Romeo and Juliet; they can sympathize fully with the Lady of Lyons, looking longingly toward the palace of the Lake of Como. Then some men want wives who will be a mere echo of them selves; who will regard them as a sort of god on wheels, forgetting that the rela-

tion is the truest which recognizes the worth and dignity of each member, and does not demand the suppression, con traction or effacement of the individual What a petty tyrant a man becomes when he marries a woman who merges her selfhood in his! But that view of the case would never occur to him. He does not want a help-meet; he merely wishes to add a wife to his possessions, and will give her excellent care, as he does the But all honor to those of whom it can

be said that real love (no spurious imitation) is the foundation stone of marriage. Look at the young man or the man in his prime upon whom descends the di-His love seems to spring up in a single day, expanding within his heart to a perfect flower. All that has gone before recedes into immeasurable distance and darkness. In his doubts and fears, his watching of the beloved one to see whether she shares his feelings, he thrills with the fever a foretaste of the fervor of love. He would not miss any of it; "all other pleasures are not worth its pains." Above the fume and foam of passion is the screne sun of love. And the maiden—she has struck the key-note of life's melody, and is like a bird singing its glad song all the day. Her senses are fed full of felicity; his heart is elate and triumphant; his passion rises to rapture, and he finds heaven in the heart of his loved one. Now he is roused to effort and achievement for her; and she feels it is a worthy destiny to give purpose and breadth to his life. Virtues are recognized bonds of union; faults and weak-nesses are tenderly dealt with, and their cure sought. The lovers grow together, and the traits of each are modified. A nature should never be entirely disclosed, even to the nearest and dearest; still hold inviolate the inner chambers of the selfhood; still keep beyond reach the holiest and best. The lovers respect and reverence these qualities in each other; truth and trust are the certainties upon which they rest. At last comes the crowning hour which is the seal and the signet of union, and life is set to measureless

music. The early years of wedded life are the deciduous spring, which bring a summer of the bloom, blossom and fruitage of affection, and an autumn of perfect content. Ah! because we are so frivolous and false, do not let us say that this gift divine, from God to men, no longer blesses the earth. Love is the only sovereign, his the only reign that endures; and to him we say: "Hail King! live for-

The Old Story.

Life. Oh, yes! I am a married man, I have a wife, and when I sought her Some years ago for infine, and brought her Home as a bride, life first began To be worth living. I just thought her An angel, and thanked lieaven I'd caught

And do so still—and yet, and yet, There is another—one who's wrought her Shy witcheraft o'er me till there's naught her Fair face may not make me forget; And to this day I've never fought her Soft sway, although you say I "oughter."

I know you think it's not quite right, But she loves me, too. Oh, I've thut ht her The old sweet lesson! and I bought her My first love gift but yesternight: 'Twas but a trifle—cost a quarter— It was a dolly-she's my daughter.

Immediately After Marriage and Six

Months Later. St. Paul Globe: It is quite easy to tell the comparative length of time a man and woman have been husband and wife from the manner in which they conduct themselves on the street. The deport-ment of the man is more of an indication

than that of the woman. Two weeks with their necks in the matrimonial noose, and when they walk down town together the young wife stops before a shop window resplendent with articles of dress, so dear to the eye of woman and to the purse of a man, and she remarks as she points to a display of rich dress goods: "Aren't those lovely, dear: and just look at those laces, aren't they beautiful?" and, bending low over his precious charge, the young husband, flattered because his opinion is asked regarding material for ornamenting the opposite sex, breathes: "Charming, dear; superb. and you must soon have a dress off that very piece," and she looks up into his face with kindling eyes, and says: "You

precious darling, you're too good to live.' He sort of recovers from the fit of goodness that has fallen on him, however, and three months later the same couple walk down the street and by the same shop window. There are the beau-tiful dress goods, and the eyes of the young wife gaze wistfully at them as she draws her reluctant husband up to the glass: "Charley," says she, "don't you remember that you promised to buy me a dress off that piece over there some

time ago?"
"Yes," he replies, "but I had so much to think of that I forgot all about it, but you can have it the last of the month." Two months more slip by and again the couple pass the window. Now she is not on familiar terms enough with her husband to warrant her leaning on his arm. Her eyes fall on the window with arm. Her eyes fail on the window with its rich display, and, reaching out, she touches her husband's arm and turning toward the window says, 'Charley, look here,' and Charley replies, 'O, come on. You make me tired, Why don'tyou spend the most of your time gawping into windows? I should think you would, the proprietors would be tickled to death to have you. You must think I'm stuck on dress goods," and with a yawn the young husband tears his arm away from the tender grip of his wife, and starts off down the street, with her following meekly behind, and a little further on he makes her stand outside the cigar store while he goes in and chins the proprietor about twenty minutes about a new brand

of chewing tobacco and trying to get him to acknowledge that the cigarets he sells are doctored with opium. He Had Moved West. Estelline (D. T.) Belli Two men who were once warm friends but who had not seen each other for nearly twenty years met on a railroad train. After an ex-change of greetings one of them said: "You are looking fresher than you did,

"I beg your pardon, but it's 'general." "My friends call me 'general." "
"Why, how's that? We used to call you orneral."

Yes, I was a corporal when I came out of the army."
"That's what I thought. I don't see what you could have done since to raise your rank."
"Don't, eh?"
"No, I don't. What was it?"

"I've moved further west four times." A religious enthusiast of Los Angeles, Cal., thought he heard a voice command-ing him to sell what he had and give to the poor. So he sent \$1,000 each to two benevolent a cieties of the place, leaving his family destitute. The money was sent to the crank's wife and children.

OUEER ADVERTISING SCHEMES

How Omaha Business Men Drop \$50,000 Every Year.

SOME FAKES AND FAKIRS.

The Magic Lantern-The Automatic Clock -A Hotel Blotter Which

Proved to be a Swindle. Etc., Etc.

[Written for the Omaha Sunday Bee.] Omaha is more thoroughly worked or advertising than any other city of its size in America, I believe," said an old advertising man to a reporter the other day. "I don't mean in the way of legiti mate newspaper advertising, especially. Omaha business men throw away \$50,000 every year on little advertising schemes, or "fakes," to use a slang phrase, which in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, are highly unprofitable."

This statement is probably true. Omaha merchants, not content with legitimate newspaper advertising, are continually investing their cash in assisting the scheme of some genius who has discoyered a new and wonderful method of reaching the eye and ear of the purchasing public. It may not be uninteresting

to recount some of these methods. One of the most ingenious and novel ideas is that of the magic lantern advertising man. Over a two story building on South Fourteenth street is a large piece of canvas stretched on a frame about tifteen feet square. Every night, or as often as convenient, a magic lantern is made to throw upon this canvas inscriptions and pictures describing the business of different merchants, who have invested in the scheme. The slides used in the lantern are purchased by the merchants at a good, stiff price. An advertisement on the canvas is allowed to remain for five or ten minutes when it is succeeded by another. The idea is a clever one and as a general thing the nightly exhibition attracts the attention of a large

number of people.

Another ingenious idea is the clock scheme. A large number of Omaha merchants have invested liberally in this The clock is one of the ordinary kind, but is provided with an attachment, by means of which, at given intervals, a long roll of paper is made to revolve displaying through a glass case, different advertisements in succession. Quite a number of these clocks are to be found in the different hotels and business houses

of the city.
Closely akin to this scheme is the looking glass advertisement, in which some Omaha men have invested considerable money—and, sad to say, have been badly bitten. A slick stranger struck the city some time ago and worked this scheme to perfection. He secured a goodly number of advertisements to be placed around a mirror to be hung in the depot waiting room. The advertisements were duly paid for and the mirror was hung. In a day or two it mysteriously disap-peared. The smooth stranger had carried it off to some other place.

On Farnam street there is to be seen a large cylinder plastered with advertisemeuts, each about four inches long and two wide. The cylinder is kept in motion during the day by means of a sys tem of machinery, and in this way its contents are constantly before the eyes

of the passing pedestrians.

Then again there is the biotter for the hotel writing desk, on which considerable Omaha money has been spent. These blotters are filled with different advertisements, which are inserted at a comparatively small cost. A dishonest variation on this scheme was practiced by a sharper who drifted into town about six months ago. He secured a large piece of card paper, which was neatly diagrammed into small squares, called advertising spaces. About one half of these were filled with the advertisements, written in pencil, of different business men who had agreed, as he alleged, to go into the scheme. He took this diagram to a prominent merchant and offered to sell him half the whole thing for \$50. He explained that he was in a hurry to leave town, because he could make more money in larger cities, and would sell the merchant the right to print the blotters, with his own "ad" in it, and collect the money for the other advertisements, \$100 in all, for the sum of \$50. It would cost \$25, the sharper reasoned, to print the blotters and distribute them. The merchant after collecting the money for the other which had already been secured would then have a clear profit of \$25, to say nothing of having the benefit of a large advertisement in the blotter itself. victim swallowed the bait whole paid the \$50, and discovered an hour afterward that he had been woefully imposed upon. None of the merchants whose advertisements were outlined on the sample blotter had ever seen the sharper, much less promised to patronize the

A few weeks ago, a man from Cincinnati came to Omaha and succeeded in securing some first-class advertisements for the outside cover and flyleaves of a book of counting house tables which he proposed to sell through Nebraska. Each patron got a book, which contained his advertisement according to contract, and paid over the money to the swindler who at once left the city without circulating

another copy of the book.

Another sharper some time since cured a large amount of money here for a new morning paper which, as he said, he was about to start in Omaha. The paper was called the Omaha Times and consisted of one very small issue. Before the second issue was due the business manager collected all the money he could on his advertisements, nearly all of which were contracted to run six months,

And so the category might be contin-ued. The hotel register, the city map, the church directory, are each made a nucleus for a mass of advertisements which are wrung out of Omaha business men by "smooth" gentlemen whose powers of persuasion would be equal to the task of proving to the unprejudiced mind that a black cut was a white dog. And, in all probability these countless schemes of advertising will be patronized as long as Omaha continues to grow and flourish And, as each one successively becomes ancient and threadbare, new ones, it is safe to say, will be found to take their place.

A. J. KENDRICK.

BURIED TREASURE. A Scrap of History Two Centuries

Socorra (N. M.) Bullion: In August, 1680, the Pueblo Indians and their more

savage a lies in a combined movement, drove the Spanish settlers from Santa Fe and other points in the northern portion of this territory from their homes. At the same time the missions throughout New Mexico were destroyed, and the Franciscan and other monks slaughtered whenever they fell into the hands of their merciless enemies, as were also the natives who had embraced the christian religion and refused to become apostates. The refugees from Santa Fe and other points north, when but a few miles from Socorro, were so sorely pressed that they were about to succumb to their savage foe, when a large body of armed men from this point came to their rescue and defeated the rebels. The united Spanish

BROWN PARK

☐ The latest addition to South Omaha, only two blocks south of business center of South Omaha and two block east of the great Hammond Packing House.

Large and Choice Lots, Wide Streets and Alleys, Fine View, Easy Terms. For further particulars call on

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C. H. PATCH CO.

Fashionable Glovers and Hosiers, WILL CONTINUE FOR ONE WEEK.

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PRICES VERY LOW

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Underwear and Jerseys,

REMARKS .- We are fully prepared to show all our Lines of Gloves, Hoslery and Underwear. We have reduced prices on many of our most reliable and stylish makes of goods. A great opportunity the coming week.

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l lot Ladies' GAUNTLET GLOVES, worth

Back, worth \$1, for ... iot Ladies' 5-button KIDS, Scalloped Tops, worth \$1.50, for lot Ladies' 5-button BON MARCHE, Em-

NOTE-AMONG THE NOVELTIES IN GLOVES WE HAVE RECEIVED WILL BE FOUND EVERY-THING NEW IN FASHION FOR STREET AND PROM-ENABE; ALSO LONG GLOVES FOR EVENING WEAR FROM 6 TO 20 BUTTON LENGTH, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER OFFERED BEFORE.

BARGAINS in UNDERWEAR

iot Ludies' White Merino PANTS and VESTS, worth 50c, for \$1 lot Ladies' Camels Hair PANTS and VESTS, worth \$2, for 1 50 l lot Ladies' Scarlet PANTS and VESTS, worth \$1.50, for 1 25
1 lot Children's Fine All Wool White PANTS and VESTS, in sizes from 16 to 32 inches. 1 lot Children's Camels Hair PANTS and VESTS,

1 lot Children's White Merino UNION SUITS, in sizes 16 to 32 mehes. Infants Cashmere and Saxony SHIRTS, in all

NOTE-IN OUR CHILDREN'S URDERWEAR WE HAVE GOODS FROM ALL THE MOST RELIABLE MARKERS, AND OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN ANY EVER BEFORE OFERED IN

JERSEYS Regardless of Cost.

Having fully decided to close out our entire line of Jerseys, comprise ing all the latest styles and novelties we have marked every Jersey at so low a figure as will insure the immediate disposal of the entire lot. and all parties wishing to secure first choice will miss it by not being on hand promptly at 8 o'clock Mon-

day morning, Oct. 11. SPECIAL -- Do not conflict the above offerings with ordinary job lots, as we positively do not keep trash in our store. Orders by mail attended to promptly.

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South Omaha Park LOTS \$175 TO \$300. Very Easy Terms.

Situated only six blocks southwest of the Fowler & Lipton Packing Houses, far enough to be away from any possible stench, and still close enough to accommo late the workmen in that vicinity.

ONLY 44 LOTS

In this beautiful addition, and as they are being rapidly disposed of. those who want homes near their work will serve their own interest best by calling at once on

THEO. OLSON, 218 S. 15th street. JAMES VORE, Same place. E. H. HOWLAND, Near Depot, South Omaha.

as the mission of San Miguel. The poor hunted Spaniards, finding no other means of testifying their gratitude, named the place "Socorro," which means succor or elief-a name it has ever since borne. though the parish continues to be known

as that of San Miguel.

Accessions to the population of So-corro continued to arrive rapidly from the various missions which had been destroyed and depopulated by the insurgent Pueblos, and this great increase in their number made sad havoe with the supply of provisions in the place, and as the crops in the vicinity had been destroyed, it soon became evident that the troyed, it soon became evident that the town would, sooner or later, have to be abandoned by its brave defenders. Another danger also menaced the place in the form of a rapid concentration of Indian forces; who, having devastated the other settlements, were rapidly surrounding Socorro, and would soon present such an overwhelming superiority in numbers that retreat on the part of the people of this city would be impossible. At these facts became more apparent a council was called, which resulted in a decision to withdraw from the place dur-ing the night and retreat to El Paso. No sooner was this decided upon than it was rapidiy put into execution, and the church treasurers, consecrated belis and church ornaments, as well as much private treasure, under heavy escort, was con-veyed to a point within the present city limit and in the dead of night were

buried. The evacuation of Socorro took place quietly, and when the sun arose the sav-ages entered the place, plundered what was left and set fire to the town. The galwas left and set lire to the town. The gal-lant inhabitants escaped to El Paso and Socorro remained in its abandonment, and solitude until the year 1816, when it was reoccupied, principally by settlers from Belen. La Joya, and other points above. Twenty-five years ago a Mr. S. Vrain made some effort to recover the treasures which had been buried so long, but failed. There is no doubt whatever as to the fact of this cache having been made, and sooner or later some one more lucky than the others will stumble upon this wealth by accident or as the result of systematic search. This will add several pages to the church records, which will

forces retreated to Socorro, then known no doubt be recovered at the same time. and throw light on the history of this part of the territory which is now wrapped in mystery and oblivion.

Teasing the Baby. Marion Harland in Babyhood: "We all

love papa, except baby. Baby doesn't care for poor papa at all!"
"Yes, I do! do I, papa!" says the tremulous little pipe, as if the charge were as new as terrible.

We always smiled at the quaint phras-cology, and the prick of the accusation never failed to call forth the protest in the self same terms. Looking back, now that the sensitive heart will never ache again nor the loyal lips cry out against unmerited slur, I can see what deadly earnest the trifling was to the child. Devotion to papa was part of her religion; doubt of it was sacrilege. The evidence of her passionate attachment was inter-esting to us, and flattered the object. The instant flash of indignant denial diverted those to whom her trial by fire was no more than the explosion of a toy-rocket.

The cruelest teasing is that which takes effect through the affections. Bany is all emotion: his heart throws out feelers through every sense. The truth that he loves and is beloved in return makes his world. Be careful, then, how you utilize moral antennæ as the levers to accomplish ends of your own. Like u.at-tached tendrils they wither and drop off soon enough with the physical and men-tal man. While they are alive and sen-tient treat them tenderly. Do not tell your child that he does not love you, for the sake of hearing him deny the charge. Let banter find other food than his pref-crence for this or that playfellow; teach im that love is divine always and overy-

where, and show how honestly you prize and reverence it.

A Timely Hint. "I feel as though I were in heaven," said an ardent admirer, who was slow in popping the question, to a young lady, "I wish you did," was the rejoinder.

"Why, do you doubt my word," re-proachfully.
"Well-well-they say marriages ar-made in heaven," she replied.
She wears an engagement ring now.