

The Acre Tracts in ALBRIGHT'S CHOICE

Are selling remarkably fast, but there is still left out of the purchase of 280 acres, much BEAUTIFUL ACRE PROPERTY,

which, being located in South Omaha, three-fourths of it within the corporation limits, offers unexcelled opportunities for a safe and profitable investment. THE FIRST SUB-DIVISION of this property, containing about

200 LARGE LOTS

Is now on the market,

and they are eagerly sought for by home seekers and real estate investors. With one-fourth the packing capacity of Chicago, even which South Omaha certainly will have, within a very short time, there will be a population there of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE, making a city as large as Lincoln, Nebraska. Nothing can stop the growth of South Omaha, and since

ALBRIGHT'S CHOICE.

Contains the ONLY TRACKAGE NOW ON THE MARKET, with the Bellevue road running through the entire addition,

It has Advantages which Cannot be Claimed for any Other Addition to the City of Omaha

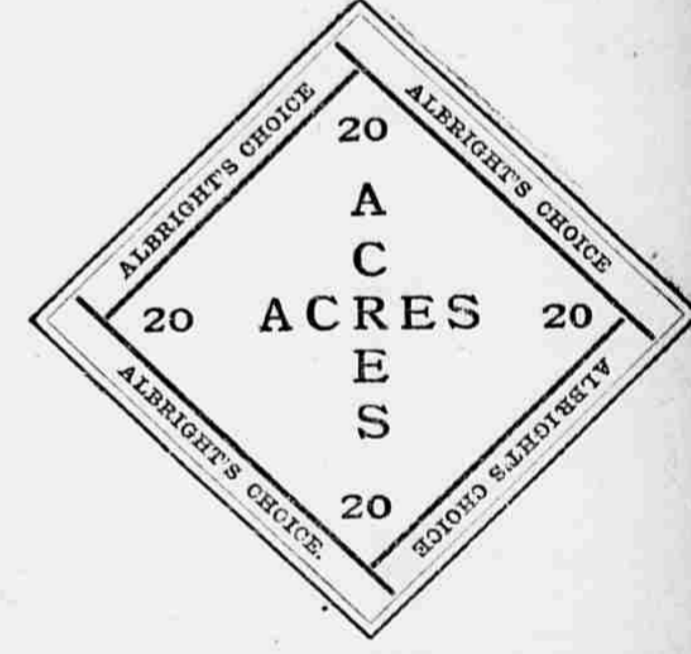
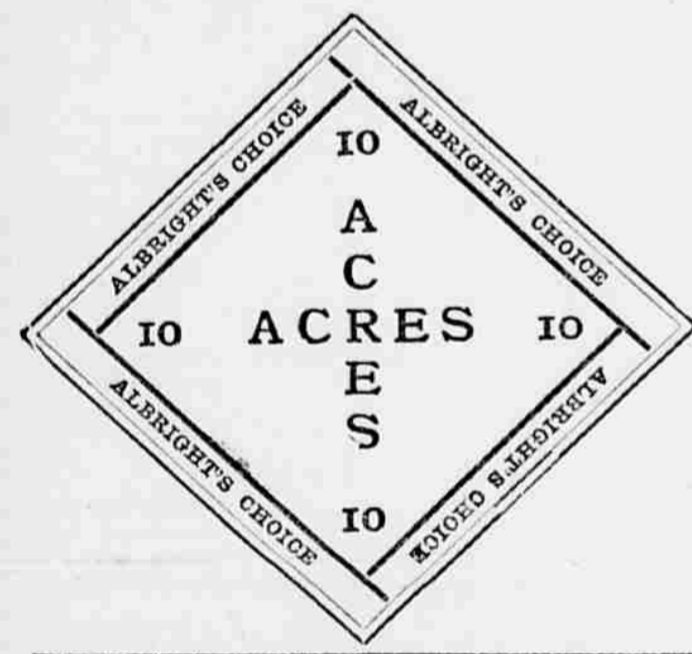
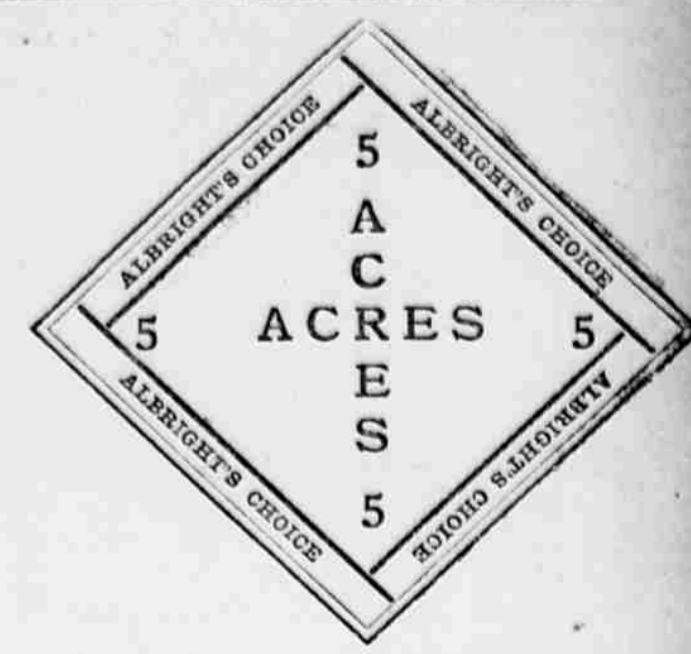
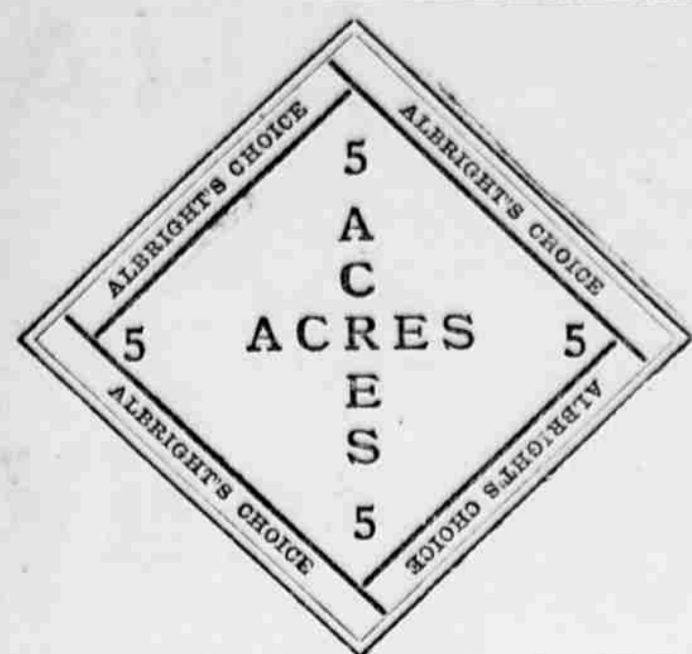
Albright's Choice adjoins and lies directly east of Albright's Annex, where

More Money has been Made

By purchasers, than in any other addition. SOUTH OMAHA PROPERTY has netted and will net to first purchasers from 100 to 500 per cent and every dollar invested in ALBRIGHT'S CHOICE will surely bring 2 within 6 months.

Bear in Mind that the Union Pacific and B. & M. railroads run through this property. Maps, Plats, Prices and Terms at the office of the owner,

W. G. ALBRIGHT, 218 South 15th Street



PERFECTION PETTICOATED.

A Texas Bard Melodiously Trills the Praises of a Barton Girl.

METHODS OF MIND READERS.

The Woonings of Barbers and Barkeepers—Banking in Dakota—The Dollar as a Friend—One of the Smiths.

The Perfect Boston Girl.

M. C. B. in Two Settings. I have seen the greatest wonder in the heavens, the earth, or under—A sight to strike you blind and deaf and dumb; And really it will grieve me. If your readers don't believe me When I tell them that the coming woman's come.

She is married to a plumber, Goes to Concord every summer, And lectures on the Whiteness of the Throat; She makes her husband's bills out, As melodiously she trills out Some classic bit of Mendelssohn, so pat.

She can calculate eclipses, While she foiblesomely flips his Morning flapjacks till it's beautifully brown; Her baby never cries, and Her bread and cakes and pies and Her puddings are the talk of all the town.

Though she dotes upon Spinoza, And reads Labelis sub rosa, Her bread and cakes and pies and Her puddings are the talk of all the town.

She can do you a fat canon to a turn, She'll make an ice pistachio, And lend a hand, if needed, at the churn. She can cheer a leg of mutton, And she never lets a button

Outride itself by absence on her dear; She'll explain granddaddy's paralysis, Give a chemical analysis Of the horrid things that go to make up beer, She'll concoct a toothsome salad

While she mashes a potato, In the wonderful recesses of her mind; She'll quote you from Plato While she mashes a potato, And yourself at the same time, as you may find.

She can cook corn beef and cabbage— Hears the Rev. Minot Savage Every Sunday; but she doesn't take much stock. In Joe Cook and his harangues, Nor in spirit raps and banzings; And she actually can tell Sauterne from Hock.

Her manner's pedagogic, And her head is full of logic, But she'll make you a most ravishing ragout; And—the languages that man's writ She knows 'em all, e'en Sanscrit; She'll not crush you, but she'll simply call it "stew."

Though she's mastered Christian Science, And boldly bids defiance To all fleshly ills afflicting man or beast; And thinks that metaphysics Will cure eruptions and sprains and phthisis, She doesn't raise her bread with faith, but yeast.

They teach cooking now in Boston, And though she cooks with tosses on, A whirling sea of treasure and of trash, She didn't go ker-floozie, She knew that men had stomachs, And she wears a big gold medal for her flash.

"She is sometimes more than human, She is no mortal woman!" You grasp betwixt a grin, a grunt, a groan, She was born and never rises it, Really born in Massachusetts, And a Boston man has claimed her for his own.

Had His Mind Read. Detroit Free Press: "I suppose I was shrewdly more so," sorrowfully remarked Mr. Dunder as he paid a visit to Sergeant Bendall yesterday. "Not a doubt of it. What's your story?" "Do you believe dot a man can read somebody's mind?" "Well, I've heard of mind readers."

"So has Shave, and he goes crazy about it. He was going to be a mind-reader if it takes all winter. He practices a leech on me, and I was astonished."

"How about the swindle?" "Well, two mans come in my place last night, whom I vvas all alone. All right, one of dot pair vvas a mind-reader, and he like to gif me some points. He don't do it by everyody, but I vvas such a friend of der poor dot he like to oblige me."

"Vvheil, Sergeant, dot seems all right, and we lock der door and set down. I vvas blindfolded mit a handkerchieh, und der mind-reader says: "Now, Mr. Dunder, you fix your mind on some subject shust so hardt as you can, and keep awful still. If you take dot pandage off or slump around dot breaks me all oop."

"Vvheil, Sergeant, I fix my mind on dot time I falls off my purn on Hastings shtreet, und maybe two minutes goes by und nobody shepks to me. Den der oldt woman comes down-shtairs und I take off der pandage. Dose mius vvas gone."

"And what else?" "Two boxes of cigars and life bottles of whisky. Vvas it a swindle on me?" "I should smile! Mr. Dunder, you are very soft."

"Sergeant, look in my eye! I vvas going home. To-night somebody vvhil drop in. Vvas I Carl Dunder? I vvas, All right, Mr. Dunder, I like to read—"

"Dot vvas all, Sergeant! If some in-quest vvas heldt you remember dot I vvas a swindled man, und dot I kildt him in self-defense!"

It Depends. Wall Street News: "How much money would it take to start a bank in a Dakota town," was asked of a resident of that territory.

"Well, that depends. Any religion with it?" "Yes, some Presbyterian."

"Then you'd want a capital of \$30,000." "How would it be with any other kind?"

"Well, a square Universalist, if he came in the fall, would do well on \$10,000. When winter sets in all we have to do in that country is to argue that there can't be any more hell left to send us to."

The Barber's Wooning. H. C. Dodge in Tit-Bits. "This season time to wook?" "If you won't be my home true bride I dye without a squawk."

"O, Dan Druif, don't, the po'made screamed "Do such a wig-head cut."

"It would be barberous. I dreamed Of you," she smiled with tact. "Look up and brush your tears away; O, comb and be a man; Let's soap I'll be your bride some day."

"I will, but if," cried Dan. "My razor how you will dispet, My comb and be a man; And if there's scrape on my door bell My chair will empty be."

"I do not Shampooer fellow," said Mrs. Barbara, perturbed. "Oh! though when your first wife is dead, You'll quickly cry for "Next."

A Slight Correction. "Mrs. Smith," said a Chicago traveling man to his wife, "am I the senior member of the partnership which we formed over a year ago with the assistance of the preacher?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Smith, meekly. "Do I hold a controlling interest in this business?" "Of course you do, dear."

"Am I the secretary and treasurer and business manager of this concern? Am I responsible for its financial status?"

have been running up to an alarming figure and your demands for pin money may be properly described as exorbitant. I have decided that I must take steps to keep you in check."

"May I correct your grammar a little bit?" she inquired sweetly. "Certainly."

"You mean 'checks' not check. Plural numbers, you know," was the firmly spoken rejoinder. And he didn't attempt to argue the point.

The Bartender's Wooning. H. C. Dodge in Tit-Bits. "Ale love like mine is gin-u-wine," spoke the bartender, sighing.

"And Sally, sweet, you water treat 't so," he whispered, crying. "O, don't champagne," laughed Sally, vain. Pleased that he came to court her: "You'd liquor wife and spoil her life, And 'aican' all sop porter."

"Madera bride of mine shall ride A vony hue of frenzy, And sail away in sechooner gay "O'lager, eating candy."

"I'll beer bride at once," she cried, Making him sit be elder. "Furyan's rum man," she smiled, who'll plan Toby a good provider?"

A Discussion of Gender. "Why do you call a vessel she?" said Henry to Fred, the other day. "Perhaps because she wears a bow in front," answers Fred.

"That might be one reason, but another is that she is not ready for business until she is properly manned."

"Yes; and it takes a good many yards to rig her out."

"Then I hear old sailors speak about her going in stays."

"Conclusive! But you must admit a ship is not always feminine."

"Well?" "When she is a man-of-war."

Know When He Was Well Off. "Ain't you one of the Smiths?" asked a man of his acquaintance, who, for half an hour had been hoisting in four drinks of sour mash to the hour, and was solemnly, stationary drunk.

"Smith! Well, I should (hie) say so. I'm going to the most important branch of the family."

"That so? Why ain't you at the reunion, then. There's a great meeting of all the Smiths to-day."

"Course, I know it (hie). "Why ain't you there?" Mr. Smith regarded his questioner gravely.

"Take me for a fool (hie), I guess."

stick to my friends through thick and thin. "That's right," said the man in the next seat, "and by the way, Jim, do you happen to have a dollar about you?"

"Gness so." "Loan it to me till next week?" "Not much."

"Is that what you call sticking to your friends?" "You bet it is. This dollar here is the best friend I've got in the world."

A Prudent Society Mother. Washington Critic: Daughter—"Mamma, Mr. Blank proposed to me last night."

"Mother—"Did you accept him, daughter?" "Yes, mamma."

"Mother—"Has he any money, daughter?" "Daughter—"Only \$1,800 a year, mamma."

"Mother—"Well, daughter, handle him carefully till spring. Possibly you can peek up something better during the winter."

An Appropriate Name. "The boys had an appropriate name for the pastry cook at our boarding house," remarked the Snake Editor.

"What is it?" asked the Horse Editor. "She's a darky from Virginia, and they call her the old fough minion."

EDUCATIONAL. Mr. D. M. Weston, of the Shawmut church, Boston, has given \$50,000 for the erection of another dormitory for Mr. Moody's school at Northfield, Mass.

Prof. Roehrig, who formerly filled the Sanserit chair at Cornell university, has been chosen to a similar position in the University of California.

Miss Chandranukhi Bose, a native Christian lady, has been appointed superintendent of the Bethune school of Calcutta. The Indian Messenger, the organ of the Brahmo-Somaj, cordially indorses the appointment.

Ten percent of the students in the University of Zurich are women. Twenty-nine are studying medicine, fourteen philosophy, and two political economy. There are forty-eight female students of medicine in London and in Paris.

The university of the city of New York last week commemorated the fulfillment of fifty years of continuous service in the university, in its council, by President Charles Butler, by a reception in his honor and the presentation of an engrossed testimonial on vellum.

A petition is being signed in Germany asking the government to open the universities to women. Female students have been allowed from time to time to study at Heidelberg and Leipzig, but not to take their degrees. Germany is behind several other continental countries in this reform movement.

The new law governing primary education in the state of New York. At Hampton institute, Virginia, a number of married couples are in attendance, and six cottages have been erected for their use. About fifty Indian girls were last year admitted to the public schools of Philadelphia and mingled with the white children in attendance. Nine out of twelve prizes offered for proficiency were taken by Indian girls, the first being given to one of the Omahas.

By the will of Mrs. Caroline A. Wood, widow of the late Caleb Wood, and founder of the Wood Memorial church in Cambridge, Mass., Wellesley college gets \$5,000; Bates college, \$3,000; a vacant house, Cambridge, \$5,500; the American Board of Foreign Missions, \$5,000, and a fund for the establishment of a home in Cambridge for aged women, \$5,000. The residue of the real and personal property, after the payment of the above bequests and legacies to friends and relatives, is left to be funded and used for the benefit of poor women.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Edward Harrigan's new play will be called "McNooney's Visit." Newton Gottold has been engaged by Al Hayman to support Miss Fortescue.

Edward S. Stokes contemplates building a new minstrelsy theater in New York to rival Dockstader's.

Louis Aldrich will not produce his new play season. He is still making a go of "My Partner."

Among recent departures for Europe are Mme. Minnie Hank, soprano; Camilla Urso, violinist, and Jules Levy, cornetist.

Nat Goodwin threatens to play Prince Lorenza in "The Mascoff" if "Turned Up" does not draw at the New York Bijou theater.

A strange stage freak of this season is the appearance of that imposing tragedian, Frederick Ward, as a brawny and heroic gladiator.

Mostafay will do Europe during the coming summer, accompanying his accomplished wife, Theresa Vaughn. An extended trip is contemplated.

Miss Kate Forsythe has secured a very strong play from a well known English author, which she will produce in Philadelphia next spring in London.

Miss May Fortescue's costumes are marvels of millinery art and are a source of enthusiastic delight to the ladies who witness her performances.

The National Opera company will sing in Brooklyn next week, going thence to Boston, after which ten performances will be given in Philadelphia.

George Clarke, for several years the leading man of Augustin Daly's company, has turned to his first love, and will appear at Daly's theater in the next play.

Mr. Mapleson with Jim, Hastrofer as a star, is meeting with much success in Scotland, and has hopes of being able to revive Italian opera next spring in London.

Mrs. Langtry has laid aside "Enemies"—which is, nevertheless, a play that with some slight alterations could be made a successful one—and will return to "The Lady of Lyons."

Hartley Campbell made nearly \$15,000 out of a theatrical play in which he acted money for its new owner. It is, in fact, the one of Mr. Campbell's plays now being profitably performed.

Salsbury's Troubadours have a new play this season. It is called "The Humming Bird," and is said to be even more enjoyable than "The Brook," in which the Troubadours first made their national reputation.

In London this winter there are weekly concerts of chamber music, to which the admission is but one penny, and the hall is crowded every night by working people, who listen with evident pleasure to stringed quartets by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn and Schubert.

Miss Gertrude Coghlan, the young daughter of Charles Coghlan, is being educated for a theatrical career by her father. Mr. Coghlan has decided to make the United States his home and at the close of his engagement with Mrs. Langtry will come forward as a star, supported by his daughter.

In shaving he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of his face with blood. The minister turned to the barber and said, "A tone of solemn severity: "You see, though, what comes of taking too much to drink." "Aye," replied Thomas with the utmost composure, "it makes the skin very tender."

A Boston minister, one who presides over a large and flourishing church at the south end, and "lends a hand" in all good enterprises, who was to preach in Providence, spent the night before with a friend in a village some miles distant and walked to Providence Sunday morning. On his way, feeling hungry, he stopped at a house by the roadside, rang the bell, and asked the motherly woman, who came to the door if he could have a glass of milk and a slice of bread. "Well," she answered, "I suppose you can't get any better, but I'll give you a strong man's dinner, earn his living by work and not beg for it."

Richard A. Hayes, the ex-president's son, married the daughter of N. G. Sherman, of Norwalk, O., on the 30th.

The Danes assure maidens upon payment of an annual sum of a comfortable home at a certain age. The benefits of the association cease at marriage.

A remarkable triple wedding was celebrated in Lancaster county, Pa., on Tuesday last. Mr. William C. Brandt was married to Miss Betty Albright at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Credler, who at the same time celebrated their wedding—fiftieth marriage anniversary—and the parents of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Brandt, celebrated their silver wedding, or twenty-fifth marriage anniversary. Some of the guests came over nine hundred miles to be present on the occasion. The presents for each of the couples were numerous, both useful and ornamental.

It is safe to say that the marriageable girls in Bolivia will not scorn the members of the present assembly. It is not even likely that the distinguished legislators of that republic will not marry in the future.

The National Opera company will sing in Brooklyn next week, going thence to Boston, after which ten performances will be given in Philadelphia.

George Clarke, for several years the leading man of Augustin Daly's company, has turned to his first love, and will appear at Daly's theater in the next play.

Mr. Mapleson with Jim, Hastrofer as a star, is meeting with much success in Scotland, and has hopes of being able to revive Italian opera next spring in London.

Mrs. Langtry has laid aside "Enemies"—which is, nevertheless, a play that with some slight alterations could be made a successful one—and will return to "The Lady of Lyons."

Hartley Campbell made nearly \$15,000 out of a theatrical play in which he acted money for its new owner. It is, in fact, the one of Mr. Campbell's plays now being profitably performed.

Salsbury's Troubadours have a new play this season. It is called "The Humming Bird," and is said to be even more enjoyable than "The Brook," in which the Troubadours first made their national reputation.

In London this winter there are weekly concerts of chamber music, to which the admission is but one penny, and the hall is crowded every night by working people, who listen with evident pleasure to stringed quartets by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn and Schubert.

Miss Gertrude Coghlan, the young daughter of Charles Coghlan, is being educated for a theatrical career by her father. Mr. Coghlan has decided to make the United States his home and at the close of his engagement with Mrs. Langtry will come forward as a star, supported by his daughter.

RELIGIOUS. Every vessel in the English navy has daily prayers and regular services on Sunday.

There are three millionaires among the local preachers of the Methodist church in Canada.

The gospel is preached in the United States by members of the Lutheran church in thirteen different languages.

Rev. George Scholl, D. D. (Lutheran), has been appointed general secretary of foreign missions of the general synod.

spreading their doctrines, either as ministers, able workers, explorers, canvassers or home missionaries.

The New York Observer says: "The churches of all denominations in South Carolina since the carnage, have had a harvest of new converts. About 1,000 persons have united with the Presbyterian churches during the summer."

Nine Protestant denominations are engaged in missionary work in Mexico. They have planted at least twelve Protestant churches in the important cities between El Paso and the City of Mexico.

At Lucknow, where so many were murdered during the Seney rebellion thirty years ago, 2,000 Christians, all of Hindu or Mohammedan parentage, recently marched in Sunday school procession.

In 1816 a Protestant in France did not count 170 pastors, and had not a single establishment of charity, education, or evangelization. That church has now 600 pastors, 37 homes for orphans, 22 retreats for the aged, 2 convalescent reformatories for prisoners, besides asylums for the blind, deaf and dumb.

SINGULARITIES. Chatsworth Hill, is proud of one of its citizens, who at the age of ninety is cutting her third set of teeth.

Baltimore came to the front not much more than a week ago with the death of a colored person 118 years old. Beaufort, S. C., followed in a few days with the death of one 123 years old, and now Sassaquaw, I. T., supplies a case of 135 years.

Jennie Lemon, who lives near Dallas, Tex., is but fifteen years old, yet she had placed the other day, single handed, to tackle and kill a rattlesnake that was six feet five inches long, twelve inches in circumference, and that carried sixteen rattles.

There is living in Tux-Ty, Ga., a negro child that is almost a monstrosity. Mr. J. M. Hamlin measured his head, and the tape indicated twenty-eight inches around. It is really a curiosity to look at. He is about seven years old and has never walked a step, and he has never spoken a word. His mother, a negro woman of Judge Mark is the father of the child.

Two sons of John Haslam, of William, Me., while driving through the woods the other day came upon two deer—one alive, one dead. They were both shot. The ground was all torn up around them, so that the dead buck was nearly buried. The boys shot the live deer, and then found that the other had been broken. They had to get stout stakes in order to pry the deer's antlers apart.

J. L. Cole, a hardware merchant of Buffalo, has a remarkably intelligent dog, a small, white cur of uncertain pedigree. This dog knows any number of difficult tricks, and so confident is Mr. Cole in his abilities that he is now willing to bet a large sum that the dog can walk a tight rope over the Niagara gorge, and he'll give him a chance, provided the railroad companies or the Niagara Falls hotel folks will contribute \$1,000 toward the expense of stretching the rope and net.

The mother of five new-born shepherd puppies, near Houston, was mourning the death of four of her babies that had been taken from her, when a very young pig, whose mother had lost it, came squealing across the dooryard, and the shepherd, who had once adopted the little porker, and it now squeaks alongside of the pup and follows its foster mother together with the curiosity which it feels hungry. The colic seems to love the pig quite as much as her own pup.

A family of four brothers named Aiken, living in Middlesex county, N. J., are noted for their vigor and size. The Trenton Gazette gives their names, height and weight, as follows: William is eighty-three years old, six feet three inches in height, and weighs 255 pounds; Henry is eighty-one, six feet four, and weighs 250; Samuel is seventy-nine, six feet five, and weighs 235; Theodore is seventy-three, six feet six, and weighs 230 pounds. They are in excellent health, and vigorous beyond their years.

IX cents of Fever and Ague, the blood is as effectually though not so dangerously poisoned by the effluvia of the at mosphere as it could be by the deadliest poison. Dr. J. H. McLean's Chills and Fever Cure will eradicate this poison from the system. 50 cents a bottle.