HALF HOURS WITH HUMORISTS

The Melancholy Fate of a Journalist With an Original Idea.

CABLEGRAMS ON THE CRISIS.

The Coal Oil Can and the Car Stove—Shakespeare on Ice—Montana Turnips and Other Luminous Tales.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

S. W. Foss.

He'd phenominal capacity
For myth and unveracity,
And details most impossible he'd give with perspicacity;
With legends most apocryphal
Relentlessly he'd talk you full,
And tell the truth in trembling fear, but lie with great audacity.

He would sit and calmly chronicle
Tales absurd and uncanonical
With an air of perfect frankness and without a smile sardonical;
Misty legendary fancies
That you read of in romances,
With an autocratic accent and a manner histrionical.

And he told with great verbosity,
And lingual velocity,
Lies of most artistic finish and phenominal monstrosity;
Lies that shamed the race of liars
Since the time of Ananias,
That would make the great Munchausen green with jealous animosity.

But his talent gave him station
And superb remuneration,
For he worked upon a paper at a princely compensation;
On an enterprising journal
He gave his oath diurnal,
And swore by affidavit to its monstrous circulation.

His Original Idea.

Philadelphia News: "What the newspapers of this country really need," said a long-haired, red-nosed, lantern-jawed man who walked into the News office yesterday afternoon, and betrayed his western training by speaking of a five-cent piece as a "nickel," and his clothes as an "outfit," "is startling originality, combined with brevity. People have got tired of reading a solid paragraph a quarter of a column long just to find out that John Smith was held in $1,000 bail on the charge of wolloping his grandmother. What you want is to present the facts in a manner that will immediately catch the eye and at the same time tell the story. Now, here's the way I propose to write up that kind of an item. It just knocks the old style silly."

The long-haired man seized a piece of paper and wrote on it for two minutes. When he had finished the paper was ready for the printer in this shape:

"John Smith!
"Grandmother Thumper!
"Guilt Denied!
"Same Old Gag!
"N. G. $1,000 Bail."

"There," said the western innovator, "you have the whole story in a few words. It conveys the idea exactly. Everything can be modeled on the same plan. Take a divorce case, for example, what could be more simply beautiful than this:

"Double Harness Dropped!
"Brown vs. Brown!
"Excess of Mother-in Law!
"Old Lady Kicks!
"No Use!
"Split!

"Murder cases can go the same way, and people who object to horrible details will have no chance to kick. All the same, you tell the story. How does this strike you:

"Skinny Brown!
"Sand Bag!
"Bill Boggs, Stiff!
"Defense, Drunk!
"N. G.
"Hemp! !"

"Isn't that the quintessence of brevity and expressiveness? Doesn't that rather discount the chump reporting methods of the day?"

Then, in a confidential whisper, "lend me a 'bit' until the morning. Won't charge you anything for the suggestion.

The first attempt to utilize the new style was made at the Central Police station this morning, as follows:

"Western newspaper tramp!
"D. D.!
"Assets three cents!
"Thirty days!"

Cablegrams on the Crisis.

Take one Bismarck twinge of neuralgia.
Add a bonfire at Sofia.
Stir in a prince lying around loose.
Sprinkle with a few Moscow rumors.
Season with a French cabinet resignation.
Serve hot.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

"Got any lost boys down there?" called a woman through the telephone as she got police headquarters yesterday.

"We've got one."

"What's his name?"

"Why, he won't give it. He says that owing to a misunderstanding with his stepmother he has temporarily separated himself from the pa——"

"That's him," she interrupted, "and I'll be down in half an hour and wallop that misunderstanding out of him or bust every finger on my spanking-hand. Don't let him temporarily withdraw before I get there."

Tobog or Not Tobog.

Tobog, or not tobog: that is the question;
Whether 'tis wiser in a man to shuffle
O'er slides and slip ups of uncleaned sidewalks,
Or to take sled against a hill of ice, sir,
And by a scoot-down, get there! To slide; to slip;
To soar; and, by that slip, to reach the end,
The wind-up, and the thousand bruising bumps
That flesh is prone to—'tis a combustication
Devoutly to be dished! To slide; to slip;
To slip! Perchance to flop; aye, there's the rub;
For in that slip down hill what scrapes may come;
When we have scratched up all this mortal hide,
And skinned our paws; there's the respect
That makes calamity of that long slide;
For who would bear the cuts and smarts of coasts;
The steerer's wrong, the starter's stupidity,
The pangs of o'erturned loads, the crushed-up sleigh,
The twenty-five cents out, and the smarts
That patient merit bears when sweet girls snicker,
When he himself might his quietus take
Off a toboggan? Who would ride a sled
To scoot and gasp under a horse blanket,
But that the dread of not being fashionable—
That awful bete noir, from whose frown
No tobo;ganer returns—masters the hill,
And makes us rather take the ills we fear,
Than fly in haste from the toboggan slide!

In the Same Line.

Texas Siftings: The Coal Oil Can and the Railroad Car Stove met the other day and shook hands with that cordiality observed between two individuals engaged in the same line of business, who do not compete with each other save in a friendly way.

"How does the new year open up?" asked the Oil Can.

"First-rate for me," replied the Car Stove, cheerfully. "Business was a little dull before New Years, on account of the prolonged mild weather, I suppose; but with the cold snap that followed I had all that I could do. Why, in one day I burned up half a dozen cars and roasted alive about a score of passengers."

"That was a pretty good start for the new year I should say," returned the Oil Can. "It isn't often that I can get my work in on so many at a time. You may have observed, though, that I have aided you somewhat in a railroad smash-up. You often find me hanging around, ready to assist in the general conflagration."

"Winter is your best season, I believe," said the Car Stove.

"Of course; because there are more fires built. Yet the kitchen girl keeps up the record pretty well in all seasons of the year. I am such a help to start the fire, you know."

"Yes," added the Car Stove, with a wicked wink, "and you start the kitchen girl, too."

"You bet I do. But what's all this talk about banishing stoves from cars?"

"Talk, and nothing else. It always breaks out in the newspapers immediately after we have burned up a lot of passengers; but it subsides soon after, and we hear no more about it until there is another accident."

"Ain't you afraid the railroad managers will substitute some other system of heating cars, and thereby throw you out of a job?"

"No danger of that," replied the Car Stove.

"Why not?"

"My unsophisticated destroyer of kitchen girls, railroad companies never adopt measures for saving human life unless they can save money by it. Stoves are the cheapest heaters for cars, and that settles it."

"You have a prospect of carrying on an extensive business for some time yet," remarked the Oil Can.

"Yes, I think so. There is only one fellow that I'm afraid of."

"Who is that?"

"Public Indignation. When that is fully aroused—and it may be, some day, when I have roasted too many prominent people the same day—legislation may banish us from passenger-cars and we shall be compelled to operate elsewhere."

"That day is far distant, I think."

"And I think so, too,"' replied the Car Stove, cheerfully, and they parted in the greatest good humor.

A Railway Accident.

Rambler.

We sat within a railway car,
A man named Jones and I,
While I fond glances sent afar.
Unto a damsel nigh;
And thus by optic telegraph
The trip was swiftly whiled.
Her glances mingled with our chaff,
And once I thought she smiled.

"By Jove!" said I to Mr. Jones,
My new conquest to air,
In most enthusiastic tones,
"Yon maid is passing fair,
And ever since I sat me here
She's wafted glances pert.
She's pretty, and it would appear
She is inclined to flirt."

Said Mr. J., "Nay, think you so?"
(I know not well the youth),
"Well, if you say so, we will go,
And speak to her in sooth,"
So over to her side we sped,
My mind with sweet words rife,
And Jones, the villain, blandly said,
"Aw—Mr. Smith—my wife."

Too Young to Tell the Time.

Columbus Dispatch: A young man recently returned home to his faithful and wakeful spouse so near daybreak that you might call it early in the morning.

"My dear, how late you are to-night! Where in the world have you been?" was the greeting he received from his benight-gowned wife as he shuffled up stairs.

"Late? (hic) 'Tishn't late. What maksh you (hic) shink 'slate?"

"Why, the chickens are crowing. Don't you hear?"

"Shick'ns? Shpring (hic) shick's. They don't (hic) know what chime 'tiss."

The Verbing Man.

"O, yes, I Christmased," says the man,
Who skips from verb to noun;
I dined and turkeyed a la mode
And curry-sauced it down.
I restauranted everywhere;
I whiskyed, beered and aled;
Cigared I on havanas rare
And on regalias galed.
I New-Yearsed, too, on viands rich,
And I champagned myself;
Or Tomed and Jerreyed, can't tell which,
Expenditured my pelf.
I resolutioned on that day
As spirits throbbed my head;
But when the pangs next panged away,
I just cocktailed instead.

It Downed Him.

Wall Street News: "My son," said the old man as he blotted the check and passed it over, "you are going out to begin the battle of life."

"Yes, father."

"Go firmly resolved not to cheat, lie, indulge in false pretences or use underhand measures."

In about three months a ragged, hungry, weary young man ascended the steps of the family mansion, and the father exclaimed:

"Why, William, what has happened?"

"Did business according to your injunctions, and haven't got a red left;" replied William, as he hung his hat on the old familiar peg.

Transmutation.

Rambler.

When Edwin and fair Angeline
Were lovers and engaged,
If she attempted any work
He straiznt became enraged,
He ran to do her small commands
And placed the kids upon her hands.
But now that Angeline is wed
Her cares are far from light,
And Edwin's love has grown so cold
That things are diff'rent quite,
In idleness around he stands,
And leaves the "kids" upon her hands.

She Gave Him Back His Letters.

She gave him back his letters
With her fine patrician air,
While a tinge of gentle sadness
Made her seem more truly fair.
And thus the bond was severed,
While their love was in its spring,
She gave him back his letters
But she kept his diamond ring.

A Montana Turnip.

Chicago Herald: "That's a good-looking diamond you are wearing," said a far westerner to a waiter in the restaurant at the Northwestern depot.

"It's a two-karat stone," said the waiter, leaning over the counter.

"What did it cost?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"I've got something here myself," said the eater, going down into his pocket and pulling out a big gold nugget.

"What do you call that?" asked the waiter with a short breath.

"No karat about that stone," said the western man, weighing the nugget in the palm of his hand. "That, sir, is a Montana turnip."

In the High Chair.

Chicago Herald: A hansom cab driver had just vaulted himself into his seat when a Clark street gamin opened his mouth and yelled:

"Heigh, dere! who put baby in de high chair?"

Philadelphia will begin this month special work towards a great religious revival. All the Evangelical churches of the city have united without respect to denomination, and thus 400 congregations will be represented in the effort. The city has been divided into eight sections, and every family in each section will be visited and efforts made to induce non-churchgoers to join some congregation. In addition there will be special services and preaching in public halls in each section of the city, and the best preachers of the town will take turns in holding Sunday afternoon services.

Frequently accidents occur in the household which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises; for use in such cases Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy.

Square lanterns perforated and adorned with large opals and agates of various colors, find universal favor.

COMFORTS IN COZY COTTAGES

Where People of Moderate Means Have the Better of Rich Neighbors.

LET IN THE FREE, FRESH AIR.

Malaria, Colds and Consumption Hatched in Hot Houses—Little Tidies for the House—Decorative Notes.

That Boy.

St. Louis Observer.

Through the house with laugh and shout,
Knees threadbare and elbow out,
Mamma hears, with anxious doubt,
That boy.

Vain are all the lessons taught,
In one short hour they are forgot:
Gentle manners learneth not
That boy.

Thus she muses while she tries
To soothe the wakened baby's cries;
While to other mischief hies
That boy.

With aching head this mother mild
Looks to the future for her child;
Still heedless yells, in accents wild,
That boy.

She hears the dread, unearthly tone,
And stifles something like a groan.
To some bad end will surely come
That boy.

Patient mother, wait awhile,
Summon back thy loving smile
Soon will graver care beguile
That boy.

Soon the boy "with cheek of tan"
Will be the brawny, bearded man.
If thou wouldst trust and honor then
That boy,

Trust him now, and let thy care
Shield his soul from every snare
That waits to capture, unaware,
That boy.

A Cheerful Cozy Home.

Philadelphia Press: A cheerful, cozy home. There is nothing like it. There, after all, is where people of moderate means have the better of their richer neighbors. That is, they manage as a rule to turn their houses into homes. There's a big difference in the two words, as you well know; and it's a mistake to imagine nowadays that one must be wealthy to beautify one's home. Marion Foster Washburn shows this very plainly and cleverly in the latest issue of Good Housekeeping. First and foremost, she says, a home should not be ugly—that is, as the first step toward the "beauty resulting," the deformity must be gotten rid of. To retain the ugly carpet that won't wear out, and pile rich-colored rugs upon it, is poor sense and poor economy. A Royal Worcester vase on a bare marble mantel, glaring white, or elaborately blackened and gilded, is as much out of place as a bunch of roses in a coal scuttle. The finest evergreens or etching will not appear to advantage on a white wall. So, even if the ugly carpet is not worn out, it must go, to make way for something which, if it be only ingrain, will be soft in color and inconspicuous in pattern. A carpet which intrudes itself upon notice puts the rest of the room out of countenance. The bookcase cannot hold its own against it, and the little evidences of culture shrink into obscurity. Even if the carpet cost $2 a yard and was the result of a long pinch of economy, if it be ugly let it go. Forget its cost, and face firmly the fact that your best efforts to attain beauty will fail as long as there is any deformity present. But it need not go for nothing. Send it to the auctioneer's—be sure it is a large shop—and you will often be surprised at the amount you will receive for it. There are many of the unregenerated who look only to the money value and durability of an article who will contend for it and give you a fair price. You might set the price and order that it be not sold beneath it. Then, if it is returned to you, send it with whatever other scraps of carpet you may have to a carpet-weaver and have it made into a really lovely and durable rug, at 75 cents a square yard, about 53 cents Brussels width.

This is excellent advice, but you may not agree with all she has to say. For instance: Don't attempt upholstered chairs; they are very expensive, very cumbersome, and usually very ugly. Some enthusiasts insist upon it that they are unhealthy because of the quantity of dust they secrete—almost generate; and, indeed, an upholstered chair that has been in a sick-room is liable to become a source of danger. Chairs made of rattan are cheap, durable, comfortable to the point of luxuriousness, portable, cleanly, everything that a chair should be. Plush cushions make them rich-looking; ribbons make them dainty; and either can be removed at will. But even in the way of rattan, a word of warning may be uttered. Don't attempt to bring a willow copy of the starry firmament into your parlor. Stars are all right in the heavens, but out of place on chair backs. They prove that they are disgusted at such treatment by steadily refusing to shine. Japanese fans and new moons were never intended to join forces in the support of the broad back of the master of the house, and ought not to be expected to look lovely while doing it. Such designs are idiotic. They cost more than the simple and appropriate patterns, and one may combine economy and good sense by shunning them.

But here is an instructive bit as to your library: A book-case is an indispensable addition to your parlor, unless there is a separate library. Have simple shelves, about five in number, rather deep, with a place on top for busts and vases. The big things with glass doors are abominations which sometimes have to be tolerated because they protect fine books from dust. But our poor housewife is not apt to have such superfine books and can afford a little extra dust for the sake of the extra convenience and beauty. And don't attempt to combine a writing-desk and bookcase. These combinations are always clumsy and expensive, with glued ornaments, machine carving, and much veneer. It would be utterly out of place in such a quiet and tasteful home as we are suggesting. Bookcases of five shelves may be had in cherry for $9 or in oak for the same price. In walnut they are hard to find, but cheaper when found. One may be made to order by a common carpenter, of pine shellacked, if the woodwork of the room is so, or stained walnut if the woodwork is dark, or cherry to match the other furniture. These need not come to more than $5, or maybe less. Each shelf may have a flap of pinked leather tacked to its lower edge with brass-headed nails to fall over the tops of the books on the shelf below.

Airing the House.

Detroit Tribune: If fresh-air banks could be established, so much a share, perhaps people would think it such an indispensable luxury as to be indulged in at any cost. But as it is as free as all outdoors, waiting at every crack and cranny of the house to rush in and make pure air fit to breathe, it is not much considered, even if it is not strictly shut out and called unhealthy. A traveler riding through one of the small places near the White mountains, in summer, noticed that every door and window of the farmhouses were tightly closed; only the stables had openings to admit the delicious mountain air. He was not surprised to hear that the people of that place were troubled with malaria and almost every other disease human beings are heir to. A lady said that for years she took cold so easily that life was a burden. She weather-listed all her windows, and even stuffed cotton in the keyholes, and always wore heavy furs when she went out in winter. The more she tried to guard against cold the worse she grew, till finally she had to stay within doors for weeks at a time. Then she turned over a new leaf. The window of her bedroom was let down from the top, and so continued through the coldest weather. At last she could sleep comfortably with the wind blowing right across her bed. She went out every day, fair weather or foul, and ceased to swathe her neck in so many folds. She can now get through the coldest weather without being a prisoner to the house, or even catching cold. Mothers do not consider health enough to the bedrooms. They are often small, carpeted and crowded with furniture. It is such a nuisance to sweep such cramped quarters that it is let go for weeks. Dust collects under the bed, ornamented perhaps with its silken crazy-quilt and elegant lace pillow-shams, and the one window is kept tightly closed. Then the mother wonders why the baby should catch cold so easily and have a croupy cough. The most healthy way is to have no carpet, but mats in front of bed and bureau, and have the floor wiped over every week. Heavy curtains should be abolished. Let nothing impede the sun and air coming in for hours every morning. A celebrated doctor says: "The very best cosmetic and eye-brightener that can be recommended, as well as one of the best prescriptions a physician ever gives for any and all the ills that flesh is heir to, is sleep, sound, refreshing sleep, and plenty of it. And one of the great secrets of getting it is plenty of fresh air in the bedroom."

Little Tidies About the House.

A dainty spread for a baby's bed is of cream serge with pink clover blossoms strewn over it. The border is edged with pink and white cord.

A table-cover of gray-blue satin sheeting has a flight of swallows embroidered across it. The birds are worked in the natural colors and form an effective decoration.

A pretty bag for holding dusters is of cream linen, embroidered with disks in various colors. The top of the bag is faced with turkey red, and the drawing strings are of pink and green ribbon.

A cream plush table-cover has the border and the center of Indian embroidery applied with gold thread in tapestry stitch. The lining is pale-blue satin, and a tassel fringe with all the tints that are found in the embroidery finishes this rich cover.

Home Decorative Notes.

Sapphire blue and gray is an effective combination.

Billiard cloth is an excellent foundation for a lambrequin.

Egg stains can be removed by rubbing with common table salt.

Squares of gold lace are an extremely pretty addition to a plush chair.

A novel card-receiver is a porcelain pug dog, holding in his mouth a brass umbrella.

Small thermometers attached to brass toboggans are among the popular oddities.

Lemonade sets of Pomona glass have a novel frosted effect, and are refreshing to behold.

Square dinner plates grow in favor, and the newest are a perfect study of artistic decoration.

An inkstand in perfect imitation of a silver fox, with head of richly chased silver, is a novelty.

The newest bottles for aromatic salts are made of antique silver, chased in Etruscan designs.

Japanese teapots, being a square of copper with bamboo handles, are to be the thing at 5 o'clock teas.

Italian wine jugs are now decorated with iridescent metallics or bronzes, and finished with fancy ribbon bows.

Spots of grease may be effectually removed from the most delicate fabric by the application of dry buckwheat flour.

A mixture of water and a little common soda is said to possess rare efficacy in cleansing old painted surfaces for a repainting.

Sprays of grass may be beautifully frosted by dipping them in a solution of gum arabic and sprinkling them with powdered glass.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Stella Rees is no longer with the Edmund Collier company.

New York ladies are organizing anti-hat theater parties.

The Three Guardsmen is being rewritten by Frank Mayo.

Sig. Capello is to reside permanently in San Francisco.

D'Ennery is said to be about ninety, and to have written a play for every year.

"Prison to Palace" has been shelved by Dominick Murray. It was too weak.

Johann Bartholdi, the Danish composer, has written an opera on the Lorelei legend.

Will S. Rising, a popular tenor, who has been ill at Philadelphia, is slowly recovering.

W. J. Florence and wife will shortly play an engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia.

Once more the information is imparted that this is Mlle. Rhea's farewell tour season in America.

There is some talk of forming a corporation in London to produce English opera on a large scale.

The German theater at Moscow has been closed "on account of the indifference of the public."

On January 24 the Third Avenue theatre, New York, will reduce its prices to the really popular ones of 10, 20 and 30 cents.

Richard Mansfield opens at the Union Square theater, New York, February 21. Prince Karl will be the attraction.

Annie Pixley will be on hand with "The Deacon's Daughter" at the Union Square theater, New York, some time in April.

Mme. Janauschek will make her farewell appearance at the Chestnut Street Opera house, Philadelphia, the week of February 14.

"The Commercial Tourist's Bride," according to the Connecticut papers, is a success. Agnes Herndon plays the leading part.

Louis Aldrich will likely present "My Partner" in London and the British provinces for a season of seven months, beginning in June next.

Mrs. James Brown Potter need not take to the stage to make a living, as her husband recently cleared $100,000 in one day by a coffee speculation.

Laura Moore, the little prima donna who sings "Galatea" once a week in the American Opera company, gets $150 for it—about $1.50 a minute during that short opera.

Bartley Campbell is said to be much stronger, physically, than ever before, and the doctors now say there is a chance of his being restored to reason.

John S. Clarke, the American comedian, met with great enthusiasm in Ireland. The Dublin Freeman says he is "an actor formed in nature's merriest mood."

Dr. Ham Griffin, Mary Anderson's stepfather, has sailed for Europe in order to give that artist the benefit of his shrewder judgment in matters relating to the Lyceum theater, which she recently leased. Her engagement will begin in September.

The stockholders of the New York academy of music, it seems, are getting tired of paying assessments, and are generally in favor of leasing or selling the property. It is said the success of the Metropolitan opera house gave the old academy its quietus. Henry E. Abbey and Gustave Amberg are the chief bidders for the academy.

It is said Minnie Palmer will fill engagements in this country next season, appearing in "Frou-Frou," a new comedy by Fred Marsden called "Bert, or My Stepmother," an operetta entitled "The Ring and Keeper," and the comedy of the "Little Treasure." Out here in the wild, untutored west the people would like to see M. S. M. P. (My sweetheart, Minnie Palmer) attempt "Frou-Frou."

Lawrence Barrett's clothes and armor in "Rienzi" are worth $2,000. His first dress is of black broadcloth. His coronation robe is of gold plush, embroidered with bullion, edged with cloth of gold, dotted with jewels, and worn over a blue and gold brocaded gown. In the cathedral scene he wears white stamped plush, with the figures outlined in gold. In the last act he is clad in a red plush gown, with jewels at the neck and waist.

BOOMERS OF BILIOUS BILLS.

Proposed Legislation that Will Not Amount to a Pinch of Snuff.

SPECIMEN STATUTE STUFFING.

A Great Soldier Among Civilians and a Great Civilian Among Soldiers—Some Laws in Embryotic Eistence.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan 22.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—When Blackstone wrote his commentaries, that wise old English soul, he certainly had no idea that he was to have so many misguided disciples, and he little thought that in the name of "Law" so many serious moral laxities would be tolerated. He taught as the first definition that "law is a prescribed rule of action." He should have said: Law is a prescribed rule of ruin, success or defeat—as the case may be. While this would have been true in any sense, it would also have remained a sort of an admired and ambiguous proposition through all the years that lawyers and law are to exist. Caleb Cushing, one of the greatest of American lawyers, once said: "Rob law of its technicalities, half of the litigation would end, two-thirds of the so-called lawyers would be compelled to adopt some other profession."

One of the greatest troubles noticeable in the average law-maker or legislator, is his insane desire to poltuce himself into cheap notoriety, by plastering his name at the head of some bill, drafted, drawn and conceived by some outside person, the motive, method and meaning of which are as strange to him as Greek to a Commanche Indian. The other day I read a long, tedious and wickedly windy composition entitled "a bill for an act," etc., from which no satisfaction regarding its intent could be gained. The statesman introducing this measure, filled with pent-up eloquence and itching to get a "whack" at the house in urging its passage, was found, and I asked:

"What was your idea in introducing a bill identical with a law already in force—though not enforced?"

"Well," said the fellow, conveying a sort of Randolph Churchillish importance, "I'll be d——d if I've paid much attention to these here things. Some of my constituents thought I oughter introduce it, yer see. Do you think they'll have a karcos?"

Such was the wisdom being sacrificed at $3.00 per day.

In the bills introduced thus far, many of them to pass, many to be killed, there is presented for weak mankind's perusal a stately stack of inconsistencies, ambition-gratifiers and reputation-spreaders. To give the devil his dues, is a weakness I possess, and to that end I am induced to say that Colonel L. W. Colby (no matter how he obtained his military title) has introduced some valuable bills. The method in his madness is not yet apparent, but as it is understood that the dashing colonel never does anything for pleasure, there is

A COCOANUT TO BE FILLED

with milk, back of all this effort to serve his state. It will be remembered that four years ago, when Colby made a path to defeat, while running for judge, his principal argument was references to his record made in the legislature. While all good and clever people fully appreciate his legislative efforts, his record outside the legislature defeated him. It is announced by his friends that he is to be a candidate again, and in his eyes paradise is secondary compared with the possession of Judge Broady's official robes of ermine. Among his many bills I notice one that is wonderful. Senate file No. 5, introduced by the militia-man, proposes that the days on which general elections are held shall be made public holidays. While, as a nation or state, it has been often questioned if we have enough public holidays, but what good reason can be given for prohibiting the cashing of checks, giving of rates, no transacting general business on electioe day? Many citizens live a long distaner from the place of voting. They often pay their taxes and transact general business on election day almost impossible to attend to on other days, by reason of distance and general inconvenience. It is understood, anyway, that on election day all clerks or servants have the right to go and exercise this right, making them sovereigns, but why all banks and public offices should be closed is a question needing an explanation.

The festive chattel mortgage fiend would never sleep again if a bill introduced by J. W. Fuchs should pass. It undertakes to say that a man shall not under any pretext, receive, take or reserve for the use of money, whether directly or indirectly a greater rate of interest than 10 per cent per annum. The chattel mortgage business has assumed wonderful proportions in this state. The man who is a lender charges the borrower 10 per cent interest, about 50 per cent for his trouble, which amount is taken from the original, and the cost of filing and recording, drawing and releasing papers—all performed by the monied man, makes it possible for the borrower to believe that Shakespeare had been in the chattel mortgage business when he wrote:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

Under the present beautiful system of doing men up with neatness and dispatch, a man can go to where a sign "Money to Loan" hangs on the outer wall, and if he possesses a cow, a horse, a wagon or a cultivator, free from all incumbrances, he can negotiate a loan at sixty days for the sum of $50. The papers are drawn up, the interest added and deducted, the "treasure" taken away, and out of the original $50 he takes about $30 or $35 away with him. At the end of sixty days, if you happen to be walking down by the back yard, just as the golden sun is setting in the west, you will observe

THE CHATTEL MORTGAGE MAN

milking the cow, and swearing vociferously because she is not a self-milker; while in the distance a half starved and poorly clad family take their coffee without milk. Mr. Fuchs should make his bill read to the effect that a man who would give or take a chattel mortgage should be fined.

Mr. Sullivan, of Platte county, has introduced a bill which will add strength and make township organization throughout the state probable. His bill is to the effect that where a bridge is over 500 feet long, in any township, the county shall pay for its building.

Colby, introduces a bill making eight hours a legal day's work.

House roll No. 32, by Watson Tyson, makes the liquor law more stringent, especially on election days. He provides for a fine of $100 for selling or giving away intoxicating liquor on election day. It is generally understood that in towns and cities there is about 10 per cent of the electors whose wavering allegiance is cemented by gin-mill gratuities, and what effect total prohibition would have on election day, is a problem so improbable to imagine that the subject is dismissed.

Fuller of Gage introduces a bill making passenger rates uniform throughout the state on all classes of railroads and in all localities. It was Senator Van Wyck's wonder why people in the eastern part of the state should ride cheaper than those poorer farmers living in the far west, beyond an imaginary line, and as railway legislation is hard to be secured, this bill of Mr. Fuller's will be watched with interest.

ABOUT COUNTY TREASURERS.

C. J. Harrison introduces house roll No. 14, which, should it become a law, would make the election of a county treasurer an easier task than now. It provides that the county treasurer shall deposite all money belonging to the county with some bank or banks, and receive therefor the best rate of interest possible. The interest so earned to constitute a part of the fund earning it. This bill, if a law, would decide considerable. As the law now reads, the treasurer and county are both prohibited from receiving interest. The consequence is, in counties where there are two or more banks, each bank has a preferred candidate—said candidate making a promise, often in writing, binding himself, if elected, to deposit all funds in such a bank. For this he receives the "support" of certain influences. The new proposition would certainly be acceptable.

J. C. Watson introduces a bill regulating the use and rental of telephones. Instead of paying enormous rents for the hello machine, he proposes that where one machine is used a sum not greater than $2.50 per month shall be charged, and when two or more telephones are rented by the same individual, company or corporation, a sum not greater than $12.00 per month shall be charged.

COUNTY JUDGES.

J. P. Lindsay, of the far west, whose home is at Beaver City, comes down with a bill which says no person shall be eligible to the office of county judge unless twenty-five years of age, and a lawyer, regularly admitted to practice as an attorney in the state, and is an attorney in good standing. It may be true that a man should be twenty-five years of age, but it is a fact that among the many hundred county judges who have held office in Nebraska during the last twenty years, those who were not lawyers gave the best satisfaction. The small salary paid the judge, will not allow a good lawyer to squander his time in that capacity. Mr. L. is doubtless hedging and expects to run for judge next year.

The clearest case of where members are throwing themselves away for buncombe, is witnessed in the dozen bills for normal schools. Hamilton county, the home of Agee wants one; Geneva wants one, Red Cloud wants one, and a half dozen other counties. The treasury would be depleted if half the bills would pass. A law is needed limiting the duties of the legislature to legitimate business. To enact laws needed and necessary is supposed to be their duty. They construe it that the treasury is a great grab-bag, and too many deluded and misguided statesmen bend their pin hooks, and fish for appropriations.

AL. FAIRBROTHER.

RELIGIOUS.

There are now 114 Congregational churches in California—a net gain of eight during the last year.

The Young Men's Christian associations now have $9,463,331 in property, buildings and securities.

There are 46,145 German Methodists in the United States, with 5,829 probationers and 625 ministers.

The hospital Sunday collections this year in London have yielded $200,000, the largest amount ever obtained.

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

The New South Wales Congregational Union reports receipts for the past year of over thirty-nine thousand pounds.

The number of candidates for the ministry of the Episcopal church in the United States is 341, a smaller number than at any time since 1868.

Mr. Spurgeon says of the Salvation Army: "If it were wiped out in London, 5,000 extra policemen could not fill its place in the repression of crime and disorder."

The income of the board of foreign missions during its last financial year, from all sources, was $745,464. That of the American board during its last financial year was $657,828.

The Union Mission, of Buffalo, N. Y., under the direction of Miss Anna W. Prosser, has closed its first year, and reports 563 gospel meetings, with an attendance of 20,000 and 200 conversions.

Bibles are distributed at Castle Garden, New York, printed in English, Welsh, French, Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, Russian, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Slavic, Arabic, Greek, Armenian, Hebrew and Portuguese.

The first theological seminary of the Reformed Episcopal denomination, which is being erected in West Philadelphia at a cost of $300,000, is nearly completed, and will be open for the reception of students at the beginning of the coming school year. The institution will begin its work free of debt and an endowment of $25,000.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Herzog, Roman Catholic bishop of Breslau, is dead. The see of Breslau is one of those that remained vacent for several years under the application of the May laws, through the refusal of Pope Pius IX. to accept the nominations of moderate churchmen by the German government. Forster, the prince-bishop, died in exile in 1881. Under the accommodation finally agreed upon between Leo XIII. and the government at Berlin, Dr. Herzog was appointed and confirmed. He was a far less notable person than Dr. Herzog who was chosen in 1876 bishop of the Old Catholics of Switzerland.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Epaulettes and "ropes" of beads, or delicate passementerie, are used upon woolen dresses.

Mrs. Agnew and Miss Dodge have taken their seats as members of the New York board of education.

A novelty in dress buttons are large balls of wood showing the grain, stained, highly polished, and mounted on silver and steel eyes.

Wide low collars, exposing the throat, are to be worn, and it is predicted that high collars and full ruches are soon to be abandoned.

A tiny capote of jetted velvet is trimmed with a large fan of ashes of roses velvet and a black aigrette. The strings are of black velvet.

In rich toilets the principal plaits are fastened by full bows, while light materials have the flounces trimmed with a band of ribbon.

Mrs. George Sage, of Harlan, Iowa, is reported to have traveled 14,000 miles in pursuit of her husband, who last fall ran of with the hired girl.

Bodices of velvet have panels cut in one with them, and form an exceedingly handsome combination with striped wool skirts and drapery.

Metal bead and mother-of-pearl and carved wood anchors, pins and fancy heads, brooches, buckles and ornaments are used to excess in millinery.

A circular of brown serge is lined with dark-red India silk. The high collar has a delicate design of poppies and wheat ears embroidered upon it.

Pelisses of gray plush, lined with pink, are coming in vogue for babies' wear. The hood must match the pelisse and be tied with soft pink-satin strings.

Open-work silk with herring-bone effects has lines of tiny silk dots. A cream ground has dots of blue, and a pink ground dots of golden yellow and white.

A Paris correspondent writes that white corduroy is used for simple home costumes; and combined with plain white woolen material it is used for tea gowns.

Mrs. Nettie Green, the "queen of Wall Street," who owns several southern railroads, is said to be living at Far Rockaway this winter, paying $5 per week for board.

Mrs. Nancy Gorman, who is ninety-one years old, at a recent Baptist festival in New Haven, sang a song of her childhood in a most agreeable and vicacious manner.

Extremely low sandals of bronze kid, decorated with small buckles of old paste, are to be worn this winter with the Grecian and other classic toilets which are to prevail.

Carriage cloaks are very long. They are usually of some color rather than black, and are made of cloth, velvet, or plush. They are elaborately trimmed with feathers, fur, or bead embroidery.

A rich and refined silk fabric has lace and matelasse alternating. In the thick stripe is a diamond, outlined by a surah weave, thus presenting three tones of the color produced by the weaving.

There is a revolt against small birds and feathers of the same for millinery ornaments among those ladies who wish to put a stop to the slaughter of the forest birds of America, and the whole world.

The plaid and fancy velvets have not been a success this season, despite the many efforts made to popularize them. Striped ones, with alternate silk stripes of a little lighter shade, are much more popular.

Nine little Boulangers within two years—twins, triplets and quadruplets—is the startling record of Mrs. Boulanger, of Branch county, Michigan. Pity that the queen's bounty is not an institution of this republic.

A woman who was lost in the woods of New Hampshire for three days said that the most she suffered from was in not having her knitting along, and she blamed herself a good deal for not bringing a hand-glass with her.

The most elegant gants de suede are lined with or rather faced with black kid and have black buttons. All shades of tan color and also delicate lavender are fashionable in these gloves. The length is four buttons and close wrist.

The favorite dress for afternoon receptions is made of gray silk; one of the soft silvery shades French gray. This is combined with plush of the same shade or brocaded silk with tones of pale blue. Scarlet is also a popular combination with these grays, and the handsome dress of gray silk had a wait of poppy-red crape.

The fawn-colored cover coats that appeared in the autumn are still seen upon the avenues one fine days, and are extremely becoming particularly when the muff and long boa are of black fur, either lynx or marten. These cover coats, however, must be made by a skillful tailor, fit accurately, and be made with what are known as "tailor seams," that is lapping over each other.

A New York lady of more indolence than wit keeps herself well up in the fashionable wines by means of the pumper and the polisher. Not being willing to devote herself to study to meet the requirements of intellectual society, she adopted this method: "I had heard of the pumper; some of the girls I used to know employed him; and so I go to him three or four times a week and get filled up with information about anything I want to know. I go to the polisher regularly every day, tell him where I expect to go and whom I expect to see, and then he gives me a lot of bright things to say and queer little ideas to sandwich in, and funny stories to tell that will probably be apropos to the conversation that I shall engage in. That man has been worth his weight in gold to me."

Far better than the harsh treatment of medicines which horribly gripe the patient and destroy the coating of the stomach, Dr. J. H. McLean's Chills and Fever Cure, by mild yet effective action, will cure. Sold at 50 cents a bottle.

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