DRESS, DESIRES, DEPORTMENT

"Why are We the Weaker Sex?"-Professional Beauties - Spring Hats - Journalistic Girls -Women's Doings.

Two Women.

Away from the footlights' glare and heat,
She sits in her box in the dim-lit gloom;
Her tender eyes like a child are sweet,
And her face like a fair wild rose in bloom.
About her eddies a well dressed crowd
With many an idle jest and speech;
Her laugh is merry, her laugh is loud,
She has something pleasant to say to each

Near her there snores the lord of her heart, He is old and portly and fond of sleep; He leaves his young wife to play her part,
And knows she will never go in too deep,
Proud is he of her youth and grace,
He loves her next to his bonds and stocks;
Beside his trotter she holds a place,
After his gold her golden locks.

After his gold her golden locks.

Wandering over the flaming jets
Of the golden horseshoe her proud glance goes,
Where a spangled danseuse pirouettes
While the merry music ebbs and flows.

My lady's glance is stern and cold;
And half unconscious the blushes start,
For here is a woman, she has been told,
Who once reigned over her husband's heart. The pretty danseuse about the stage Skips and ogles and shakes her locks;

One reigning beauty and social rage
Fürts on as actively in her box,
She scorns the other with all her heart,
Though she never loved her lord 'tus true;
Both sold themselves and both play a part—
What is the difference between the two? Running into Debt.

The Queen: In spite of the healthier tone existing there is still too much in-difference to dept affort, and among other reforms sorely needed is that of the public verdict on those who spend beyond

their means to pay, and so make others suffer for their pleasures.
In this we are sorry to say that women who ought to be the great torch-bearers of virtue and who in some directions assume to themselves that office, to the absolute extinction of men, are to the full as reprehensible as men, and perhaps more so. The curse of social emulation and personal jealousy lies heavily on them; and that terrible striving to appear richer than they are, which racks sobriety from end to end, centers in them more than in men. Very few women who are not miserly are content to be simple-to live well within their means, having all things in harmony and all things in sufficiency, those which are un-

things in sufficiency, those which are unseen as well as those which are
visible. Most of them prefer
an outside grandeur with a
skimped and dilapidated interior, so that
the world to which they sacrifice shall
commend and perhaps envy—seeing
nothing of the flaws below the surface.
What the family feels does not count;
what the servants say is not heard; of what the servants say is not heard; of self-respect there is no question; of the sentiment of thoroughness also is there none. The whole strength of the management goes to make a show—to have an occasional display—and the debt by which this is brought about troubles the conscience of the lady as little as the dis-comfort of her family disturbs her feel-ings. Her friends do such and such things in such and such a style: so must she. She puts her self-respect in emula-tion—not in sincerity, not in thorough-ness—and holds herself worthy of her position in proportion to the extent to which she spreads its pretenses and increases its fundamental rottenness. If she gives dinners she goes beyond her home powers, and has to borrow from the outside. A plain, well cooked, sim-

ple and succulent repast, such as she could accomplish without aid, and such as would delight her guests, would be a confession of comparative poverty she could not be induced to make. Wherefore she spends more in a bad imitation of first-class cooking than her finances n properly afford, and goes into debt What is true of housekeeping is truer

still of personal expenses—the milliner's bill and the dressmaker's—with the thousand little fads and fancies dear to the feminine mind and destructive to the feminine sense of honor. Some women have neither conscience nor compassion—neither thought nor feeling for the

poor creatures whom they mulet—the victims whom they cheat. One runs up a bill with her laundress and quietly ruins a hard-working woman who has nothing but her own labor between her-self and starvation. But our fine lady, who does nothing more arduous than dress, paint her face, flirt, and dine out, uses her income on things that show, and ignores those that do not. Hence she runs into debt with her laundress, who dares not offend her for fear of losing everything—with her smaller trades-people and with her servants—but she pays large sums to the florist, who will not leave so much as a bunch of violets unpaid, to the large shops which demand cash down, and to the wine merchants whose orders are flanked by a request for a check and not executed until the quid pro quo is re-mitted. A room like a tropical bower a well-appointed carriage for her airings
--wine of a fine brand for connoisseursthese are of the first necessity to our spendthrift lady, who makes the little tradesfolk pay, now by their distress and now by their completed ruin, for the fineries which, according to her, are the very sum and substance of her ladyhood. Ah, how many ruined homes and desolated lives these thoughtless, selfish, self-indulgent people have made!

How the Dress is Swung.

Paris Letter in the Chicago Herald: A large grain of truth, wrapped up in nonsense, was the reply of a Chicago girl while here to a Boston paper asking of her a fashion letter: "Dress," she wrote, "why, it all depends on the way you swing it." This jeu d'esprit went the rounds of the French press, and, although it was found an Americanism untranslatable, nevertheless was it admitted that able, nevertheless was it admitted that she had caught and caged the Parissenne's greatest charm. The English woman cannot "swing it" at all, the American "swings it" pretty well, but the swinging of a French woman is a

Girts in Journalistic Harness.

We have in England, says a correspondent of the Queen, ladies engaged in quite as extraorninary work on the press as any performed by journalists in America or elsewhere. For instance, in Chicago [the correspondent evidently means New York and Mass Morgan of the New York Times] a young lady is daily employed as "live-stock reporter"; in England, however, I find resident at Newcastle-upon-Tyne quite if not more than the equal of the woman of New York as regards the uncommon character of feminine occupation in a young lady who earns a fair income as a writer for shipping and marine engineering journals. I may add that this lady has been writing and compilling a book of sailors songs. Cousin Jonathan is unquestionably before us in point of the number of his lady journalists, but John Bull is not far behind if not before him in the unusual character of the literary work performed by a woman. I think a young lady who is engaged in writing for shipping and marine engineering journals, besides being at work on a book of sailors' songs, is a much more uncommon object for contemplation, not to say admiration, than even a young lady who is engaged in writing for shipping and marine engineering journals, besides being at work on a book of sailors' songs, is a much more uncommon object for contemplation, not to say admiration, than even a young lady who is engaged in writing for shipping and marine engineering journals, besides being at work on a book of sailors' songs, is a much more uncommon object for contemplation, not to say admiration, than even a young lady who in the prices of live eattle or poultry, for the figures have a direct bearing on the sums that must be Girls in Journalistic Harness.

FAIR FEMININITY'S FANCIES paid in stocking the household farder with dead meat and birds; but a young lady who can make herself sufficiently well acquainted with the mutifarious dewell acquainted with the mitifarious de-tails of shipping and marine engineer-ing (most uncongenial feminine studies, I should imagine) as to be able to write intelligently on those subjects excites one's wonder, even in these days when new fields of employment for women are being constantly opened out.

The Princess of Wales. London World: The princess of Wales, accompanied by her royal husband and eldest son, occupied a box at the Princess theater, an evening or two ago, during a performance of Mr. Jones' "Noble Vag-abond." It will seem strange to some American women to read that the wife of England's future king and the mother of a boy who, in all probability, will also wear the English crown before he dies, should have been attired "in a plain, white dress of simple talle," without jewelry or ornaments of any kind, yet that is exactly what she wore. It was noticed also that she did not sit in the most conspicuous spot the box afforded, but drew her chair within the shadow of the curtains with which the royal box was hung. When she did lean forward once, not to be seen but to see, a mur-mur of admiration went up as her well-preserved face and form were recognized, which she acknowledged with a quick smile and a quicker return to her retired seat. The prince and his son wore the ordinary evening suits, with white ties and lavender gloves, and went out together after the first act, presumably to see the same old man.

The Fate of Professional Beauties. London Pall Mail Budget: Mrs. Lang-try, before she disappeared from English society, had seen many other ladies raised by royal favor to the now extinct position of "professional beauty." There is hardly one of these ladies whose fate is not worthy of commiseration and whose confessions would not be valuable.

confessions would not be valuable. Their reigns terminated in various ways. One offended by observing that a certain waist was not as thin as formerly; another, that a certain head of hair was not as thick as of yore; a third, in a festive moment, poured a teaspoonful of ice cream down a royal shirt collar; a fourth falsely and wickedly stated to her friends that a certain bracelet was a falsely and wickedly stated to her friends that a certain bracelet was a royal gift, whereas in truth and in fact it was bought out of the hard earnings of her husband's brain. The position of reigning favorite involved untold expenses, for to know the prince involved knowing his set, who were numerous and thirsty, and for whose accommodation in a house often of the thiest the friends of a lifetime had perfore to be discarded. Fulsome was

perforce to be discarded. Fulsome was the adulation poured upon the beauty during her brief reign, and cruel were the slights and snubs put upon her when it ended, and when nothing remained to mind her of it but shattered health, an alienated husband and an infuriated father-in-law. In such circumstances there is nothing for lovely women to do but to go and winter on the Riviera. The future of such a fallen star is dark indeed, unless, of course, her husband can secure election as member of parlia-

ment, when she can get back into so ciety by another door.

A Popular Fallacy.

Boston Courier: It is usually held that woman are the weaker and more delicate sex, but to one who considers the modern fashions of dress the proposition must appear at least open to grave doubts. When on a bitterly cold day a man wrapped in a voluminous and mighty ulwrapped in a voluminous and mighty ulster, with fur cap drawn over his ears,
and thick gloves gets into a horse-car
and sees sitting opposite a row of fragilelooking young ladies in close-fitting
gowns of which the sleeves are so tight
as necessarily to impede if not wholly to
stop circulation, and hats whose only
antitude is that of hight perched jauntily on the top of the head, and no other
protection to their small hands than the
suggestion of kids, he must wonder how suggestion of kids, he must wonder how his neighbors manage to get on without freezing to death. A man when he puts himself into the low-cut waistcoat prescribed by fashion for evening wear, compromises with extra underclothing for the unaccustomed thinness of his dress. His sister, frail and delicate crea ture, wanders about drawing-rooms and unevenly heated parlors with neck and arms bear, and, instead of dying of pneumonia before morning, as in compli-ance with all physiological laws she ought to do, suffers no inconvenience

The truth is, that give a man and a woman equal health at the start, the former barely manages to keep himself alive and well by the most constant and alive and well by the most constant and careful prudence, while the latter disregards all hygienic rules with a boldness and consistency beautiful to behold, and comes out all the better for it. He has to protect his feet from the snow in his clumsy arctics, beneath which he wears the thickest of leather, she smilingly trips over the icy pavements in thin boots through which every shiver of the wind must be plainly felt and she does it with perfect impunity. He shuns draughts and sudden changes as the only way of baffling the fiends of rheumatism lying always in wait for him; she dances until she is in a glow and then saunters down some cool corridor or out upon a breezy plazza and no harm comes of it. He finds in a thoughtful prudence and regularity the only means of persuading his stomach to leave him in decent peace and tranquillity; she eats all sorts of odd and unexpected hours, gorges herself on unwholesome pastries and sweets, and in a green old age possesses still unimpaired the digestire force of an extreb a green old age possesses still unimpaired the digestive force of an ostrich.

The truth is that the idea of the fragil ity of the sex is one of those popular fallacies which should long ago have vanished before the general diffusion of knowledge, but which persistently hold their own despite of eyerything.

Spring Bonnets Seen at a Wedding. London Truth: There was such a very pretty wedding at St. Paul's, Knights bridge, on Saturday afternoon, that we did wish for you to be there to see it. The bride was Lady Adela Rous, and she looked charming in her marriage gown of white moire, with a small wreath of orange blossoms fastened on with mul-titudinous diamond stars, and a magnifi titudinous diamond stars, and a magnificent bouquet of lilies and other white
flowers. The bouquet, I am glad to say,
was not cumbrously large, as some
brides' bouquets have been of late; and
the arrangement of the lovely blooms
was perfect. The train of the wedding
dress was carried by two of the very
tiniest pages I have ever seen. They
were dressed in white satin. The bridesmaids wore really tasteful dresses of
some pale blue or eau-de-Nil material,
relieved with brown velvet. Their hats
had high crowns of either straw or brown
velvet, but the brims were blue. Their
bouquets were azaleas, in lovely tones of
pink and coral intermingled. This attire
looked warm and comfortable. I always
think that white or cream colored dresses

dozen times during the year, being too | SOME JOURNALISTIC JOKINGS.

conspicuous.

A handsome brunette had a ruby velvet jacket, quite tight-fitting, edged with beaver. Her bonnet was red and so was her gown, but the former was velvet, the latter silk. A tall and splendid blonde, with glorious coils of pale brown glossy hair, wore a bodice and overdress of putty colored ottoman over a skirt and plastron of brightly striped silk. The plastron of brightly striped silk. The collar and cuffs were of the stripes. The small bonnet was embroidered and edged with a fluff of silk chenille, just a shade darker and a tone richer than the putty tint of the silk. It was trimmed with a group of red roses and poppies. The ear-rings were very long and very old-fashioned, but they were of diamonds and pearls of the rarest. A short ruby velvet mantle, trimmed with sable tails, just matched the flowers in the bonnet.

Two sisters in half-mourning were beautifully dressed, one in black velvet, trimmed with chinchilla, and bonnet to match; the other also in black velvet. match; the other also in black velvet, with trimmings of rich, finely cut steel.

A handsome but morose looking woman had no less than three diamond stars in her bonnet strings. A blonde who was present had something black in her hair. We could not make out what it was, so decided that she had truffled her hair as a refreshing novelty.

A Woman Who Has Won Her Way. Albany Journal: Miss Mary Booth is said to be going abroad for rest, and one of the papers, in commenting upon it, calls her "the septuagenarian editor of the Harper's Fashion Weekly." Miss Booth is no longer young, but I doubt if she is sixty, and she is well preserved for her age, retains her thick, gray hair, strong, sound teeth and her erect figure. Every morning early, that is, early for a journalist—say 10 o'clock or thereabouts -she arrives at the little den where her work is done in the Franklin Square building, and is steadily at her desk until 4. She seems to have no assistants. For twenty-five years she has been the "trans-lator in ordinary" for the Harpers, and for twelve years the editor of the Bazar.

What Women Are Doing. In Milwaukee county, Wisconsin, 3,000 women pay taxes on \$4,500,000. The number of women employed as

pension officials in England is stated to be 318.

Miss Ethel Dickens, granddaughter of Charles Dickens, has started a typewrit-ing office for the copying of parts and prompt books. In the new university of California, built by Leiand Stanford, women are to

share the benefits of every department equally with men. Miss Hewitt, daughter of Mayor Hewitt, of New York, is said to have intro-

duced the fashion among girls of having mastiffs and other large dogs as pets. In the Curzon street office of the Lon-don & Northwestern railroad company about twenty female clerks are employed They are said to give every satisfac-

Missionary work seems popular just now among educated young women. Eight Wellesley college students recently signified their preference for this field of usefulness.

Mme. Di Cesnola is receiving much en couragement in her scheme to support and educate the Italian orphan girls, and especially to make good house servants of them. There are 40,000 Italian immigrauts in New York City.

Mme. Provost-Pousin, who obtained the first prize in comedy at Paris conser-vatoire in 1860, has left a sum of money to this institution to found an annual prize. The prize which will be called Prix-Pousin is to be awarded to the most deserving female student of declamation. Mme. Zieger, better known as Alboni, is living yet and singing at sixty-two as grandly as ever.

Italy is to have a new review, given exclusively to the discussion of feminine interests. Fanny Zampini Salazaro is to be the editor of this periodical. Miss Mary A. Livermore proves that there are no superfluous women by the

statement that there are now 227 vocations open to women, as against seven at the beginning of the eentury. A Catifornia woman owns and runs the factory which makes nine-tenths of the orange boxes for the Pacific coast. She invented the box while trying to make a

Miss Alcard, of London, entered a convent twenty years ago and gave to the sisterhood her property, which was worth \$40,000. Becoming dissatisfied with the rigorous penances inflicted on her during thirteen years, she left the convent and brought suit for restitution of part of the money. The suit has just been decided against her,

EDUCATIONAL.

A new American college is talked of in Evelyn College is the name of the new in-stitution for women at Princeton. There were 4,024 graduates of the Chau-tauqua Library and Selentific circle in 1886. The Pratt institute in Brooklyn, N. Y., will

be the largest industrial school in the world Plans are being discussed for a new athle-tic association in Boston to consist of 1,000 members.

Mr. Ross of Montreal, has given \$400,000 for founding a college in that city for the higher education of women.

Dr. William Hammond will open the April Popular Scientific Monthly with an article on "Brain-Foreing in Childhood."

Child Institut With and Senator Function Chief Justice Waite and Senator Evarts will attend the liftieth anniversary of the graduation of their class at Yale this year.

Dr. Chapin of Beloit college who resigned last year, was the oldest college president in continuous service in the United States. The University of Bologna has decided to celebrated its 800th anniversary in the spring of 1888. The exact date of its foundation is not known.

General Francis A. Walker and others are riving the Yale students a series of valuable lectures on political topics from a business point of view. Professor Goodwin of Harvard was interested to see at Olympia, in Greece, where the Olympian games used to be played, some human bones excavated from the ruins and inclosed in kerosene oil cans, each of which was labelled "Philadelphia."

The schools of Connecticut produce more each year in cash returns than all her manufactured goods. An educated Connecticut boy is worth annually to the country \$10,000. An uneducated boy is a drag upon the prosperity of the community to the amount of from \$10,000 to \$20,000 each year.

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It is said that Alice Longfellow is regarded with a degree of love and regard amounting almost to reverence by the students of the Harvard annex. Miss Longfellow is one of the officers of the society for the collegiate instruction of women and is often at the annex building in Cambridge.

A gentleman of an investigating turn of mind has taken the trouble to ascertain accurately how many days the children of Mexico lost from school during 1886. Here is the result: 52 Sundays, 26 Saturdays, 4 national feast days, 45 days of vacation, and 50 Catholic holidays—making a total of 177 days, and leaving only 188 school days.

The state of California has spent \$250,000

days, and leaving only 188 school days.

The state of California has spent \$250,000 for type and presses for the printing of text books to be supplied to the public schools, and she is warned that her experience is going to be a costly one. That may be, but in Brazil books for the public schools are bought with public money, and much as the people complain of corruption in the government in other respects no one complains of it in the purchase of the school books.

Must Not be Disturbed in Lent. Pittsburg Dispatch: Melissa. "Mad-

ame."
Madame. "What is it, Melissa?"
Melissa. "Madame, there is a poor man
at the door who says he is out of work
and has a large family who depend upon
for support and have nothing to eat. He
wants employ—"
Madame. "Do tell him to go away,
Melissa. I am keeping Lent and my
prayers and meditations must not be interrupted."

Humorists Who Give a Bright Coloring to Lenten Sack-Cloth.

SOME SOLEMN SEASON SMILES

Method in Her Madness-A Candid Legislator-Cardinal Gibbons Taken Back-Hits in Rhymo and Prose.

> A Method in It. Merchant Traveler.

In all citetes of society, wherever you may go, You will find you can't judge people simply by their outward show.

There are moods and manners suitable in every time and place,
And smiles oft times to perfidy their origin can trace. The half-mad poet makes his line show either

joy or sadness, According to the people's will; there's method in his madness. in his madness.

The statesman erstwhile so reserved, so dignified and grand,
Surprises his poor neighbor as he grasps him
by the hand,
And wishes him good day and asks in sympathetic mood
How business is, and if his own and family's
health is good.
He seems insane; but then election time,
which grief or gladness.

which grief or gladness
Will bring to him, is close at hand: there's
method in his madness. When your wife employs a cross-eyed girl whose talent is to shirk, Who takes four afternoons a week and never

does her work; Who talks back constantly, and her dire clatter will not cease; Who wears an apron spotted o'er with stains of dirt and grease; Whose grammar is distinguished by its most surprising badness, You may think your wife is crazy, But there's method in her madness.

Not Invested.

Wall Street News: He had been court ing her for six months without coming to the point, when she turned on him one evening with:
"Charles, isn't it awful for a girl like
me to have to worry over how I shall invest \$75,000?"

He thought it was, and three months later they were married.
"I'll invest that \$75,000 for you dear," he observed a day or two after mar-

"Oh, I was afraid some one might love me for my money, and I gave it to papa, was the artless reply.

She Would Risk It.

Detroit Free Press: "I came down here to go out on the Lansing train," she said to Officer Button at the Third street depot yesterday morning, as she held a satchel in one hand and an umbrella in the other. "Yes m-train goes in thirteen

minutes. 'How are the stoves in the cars?" "Perfectly safe, ma'm. All the cars on that road can roll over twice and not take

'Bridges all safe?" "Entirely so. The bridge inspector has just finished his trip." "Don't the rails ever spread on that "Never."

"How is it about collisions?" "They don't have any."
"Any chance for some other train to run into the rear end of ours?"

'Not a bit.' "Well, I don't know but I'll take the risks and go, but I want you to understand that if anything does happen by which I am killed off my old man won't take a cent less than \$2,000, and mebbee he'll want the burial expenses to boot."

How Frenchmen Drink. Philadelphia Times: A little man, with a bald spot on the back of his head, and a big man, with a large nose and a smooth face, were socially discussing a dozen of beer in a restaurant the other night. After finishing his beer the little man called for a cup of coffee and a pony brandy. In response to the inquiring look of the big man be said: "In Paree ve olaway drink cof-fee after liquor. Ze cof-fee settle ze stom-ach, ze brandee ab-

cof-fee settle ze stom-ach, ze brandee absorb ze poison in ze cof-fee, and ve
burn ze brandee to destroy ze poison in
ze brandee. Zen ve drink ze cof-fee and
ze brandee and feel just lofely."

"Ha-ha!" said the big man, tapping his
nose significantly with his finger. "Dat
vas sehr goot; I dry him. But not dis
dime; I feel lofely enough mitout him."
The big man was Herr Hubert Wilke, the
star of "Rat-cather," and the little man
was the great Imre Kiraify.

The Song of the Grocer. "Oh teas me not." the maiden cried,
"Such things I do despice,
I wish you really would be weigh,
And from your knees would rise." "I cannot help this coffee said, For you have chilled me through,

Though you to me have given the sack, No fairer flour e'er grow." "This soap has stipped away from me, That I can call you mine; But if the barrel be removed Please drop to me a line,

'I'd scale the highest grade for you Or grind my way so fine; Whatever else gets mixed, vou'll see My heart will round you twine. "I shall not strive you to appeas, Though this is butter blow,

still must think what might have been Had you not said me no." Good Joke on Cardinal Gibbons. New York Standard: Father Carroll of St. Francis Xavier's church, in this city, tells how, instructing some colored Maryland children in their catechism, he explained the function of a bishop by calling the attention of the children to a flock of wild geese flying overhead—one to whom he compared the bishop, "the leader of his flock," at the head. Shortly afterward Archbishop Gibbons paid the school a visit and proceeding to examine them in their catechism, asked:

"What is a bishop?" There was a pause for an instant, and then an ebony midget shot up his hand and said:

"I know, I know." "That's well, my child," said Arch-bishop Gibbons. "Now tell us what is a bishop."
"He's," answered the ardent youth,
with a zest that betokened the confidence
of superior wisdom, "the old gander
what shows the rest of the geese how to

Unconsolable.

Boston Courier: "Don't take on so, my dear," said a sympathising friend to a young widow who had just buried her husband; "you will get over it by and by. Why, you will come to look upon your loss in time with resignation, and marry 'Marry again!" exclaimed the beautiful bereaved, with a shower of indignant

tears; "Never! never! at least not for a An Auctioneer's Repartee. Wilkesbarre Record: It was an art auction sale in this city the other evening. A well known "sassiety" man, somewhat under the influence of the rosy, stumbled in. He edged his way forward and by dint of hard pushing managed to elbow his way to the very front. There he stood critically examining the picture then up for sale, and turning around Impudently looked the

auctioneer straight in the eye, and reaching up lit his eight stump at the reflector in direct violation of the sign "no smoking," after which he negligently threw his rumpled form in the chair, and haughtily commanded the auctioneer to put "up something he liked." "Can't do it, my dear sir," politely answered that

gentleman, "we don't keep it, but you'l find it on tap next door," and the laugh that went up was broad and mighty but our intoxicated friend did not join in and was silent as a clam the balance of the

Two Pair Should Win She—"Where are you going, Charley?"
He—"Going to the theatre." She—"Hh!
I understand. The ballet. But why
don't you go to the dog show instead? I
think you will like it ever so much better.
The dogs, you know, have four; twice as
as many each as the ballet dancers."

Possible and Impossible.

Codar Rapids Gossip.

make a friend look weary, if you say to him, "What's New?" drive folks from the parlor by a-warbling "Peek-a-boo;" star it as an actor, if like Donovan you jump. ovan you jump, run a big milk dairy with a simple water pump.

always be thought funny when you ring a chestnut bell, make it any warmer by the oath; "It's cold (?) as"—well; pass your S-cent pieces off as dimes in buying beers—write such "rot" as this, if you try a thousand years.

In the Cool Conservatory, The cool conservatory,
A face for song or story,
And hair a golden glory,
We two. Eves blue as amethyst is, Where now a tender mist is, How sweet the hand I kissed is? Wee, too.

Ah, life is filled completely, When to my question, neatly Proposed, she answered sweetly, "Oui" to.

Didn't Want to be Hard Upon Him. New York Mail: The other morning Chief Judge Clement, of the city court, gave judgment for absolute divorce to Anna Louisa Tice against Leon Tice. Mrs. Tice is a very sweet lady of about "How much alimony do you want?"

asked the court.

"A dollar a week," was the answer.

"Why, that's very small," said the court.

"What's your husband's busi-

court. "What's your husbands business?"
"He's a physician, sir."
"He can afford to pay you more than a

dollar a week."

"Oh, but he's only a young physician with a small practice."

"I think \$5 a week would be fair," said "I would have given her \$10," said the court; "make it \$5, however."

Spring Poetry. A Washington poet writes: On every tree a warbling Gabriel sits, And sounds its trumpet in the sunbor hours, Down through the portals of their winter

The notes of resurrection to the flow-A more accurate poet, however, was the bard who wrote:

The first bird of spring Attempted to sing;
But ere he had sounded a note,
He fell from the limb;
A dead bird was him—
The music had friz in his throat, Southern Solons.

Arkansaw Traveler: Member from Sandstone Knob—"Mr. Speaker, I hope sir, that you will let me have a few min-utes time in which to place myself square on the record. Yesterday evening Mr. Buckley Brown from Gum Bottoms, said that I had accepted the present of a new hat from a railroad superintendent, and hinted, in a way inclined to sting a sensitive man, that I had practically sold myself. I should like to know if there is anything in our constitution that prevents a man from accepting presents. I say there is not, and sir, when our consay there is not, and sir, when our con-stitution arises and says that I shan't take everything that is given to me, then I will say. 'Mr. Constitution attend to your own affairs.' Mr. Speaker, I am a present taker, and as an encouragement to those who may con-template giving one something, let me say that my capacity for taking presents, although well developed, has not been overtaxed. I may also say that the man who won't take a hat and thereby save himself the expense of buying one is composed of a mixture of fool, liar and a thief. I'd be afraid to meet such a man away out in the woods. I would feel sure that he would knock me down and rob me. I know of an affair in my county that strongly illustrates the dishonesty of men who are afraid to accept presents. A red-bearded fellow named Watson went to work for old man Clark, and made himself so useful that Clark, who well knew how to appreciate merit, went to

h im and said: Watson, I never had a man that 1 think more of than I do you.'
"'Much obliged to you,' replied Wat-

son. "And I have decided,' Clark continued, 'to give you my daughter, Lorena.'

"'Much obliged to you,' said Watson, but I ain't acceptin' any presents.'
"Well, Mr. Speaker, that man was so honest that he would not accept the daughter as a present, but the next day he ran away with Clark's wite. Since then I have been extremely suspicious of men who are too high toned to accept presents, and to keep other fair-minded men from suspecting me. I have de-termined to refuse nothing."

#### 2: JYCOB2 OIL FOR RHEUMATISM.

We After a large of years statements confirmin the efficiery of M. Jacobs Oil and its permanen cures, are given below.

From an Indian Missionary, March, 1883
St. Alphonsus Church, Glen's Falls, N. Y.
I am kept in bed by rheumatism, crippled, and am trying St. Jacobs Oil. One single application eased the pain and gave me comfortable sleep.

REV. L. N. St. ONGE, P. P.

From Same 4 Years Later Permanently Cured.
Glen's Falls, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1886.
Everything failed to relieve me until I tried St. Jacobs Oll. One application is sufficient to stop pain in ten minutes; a very few applications reduced the swelling in my joints and cured me.

REV. L. N. ST. ONGE, P. P.

From a Leading Lawret April, 1882 Cured.

The sworn statement of David Strouse.
Esq., New Haven, Ct., avers in substance:
"I had severe rheumatism in arm, hand, leg and foot. I used a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and obtained a cure."

From Same 4 Years Later Permanent, New Haven, Ct., Nov. 1, 1886.

I had severe rheumatism, which disabled me and one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured me. I consider it a good thing.

DAVID STROUSE.

From One Attended Like a Child-May, 1882.

Kramer, Snyder Co., Penna.
I had rheumatism so badly they tended
me like a child. I used two bottles of St.
Jacobs Oil and am now well as ever.
JOHN FIELD. From Same 4 Years Later-No Return. Kramer, Snyder Co., Penna., Nov. 5, 1886, My joints and limbs were contracted and swollen. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil en-tirely eradicated the disease. To-day lam a stout, hearty man. JOHN FIELD.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md. Bar All persons USING St. Jacobs Oil or Red Nar Cough Cure, will by sending a two-cent stamp and a history of their case, recesse ADVICE HARE. RED STAR COUGH CURP

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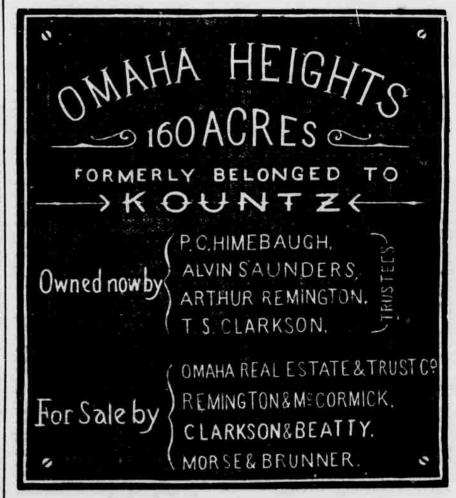


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