LANGTRY AT LONG BRANCH.

How The Famous Actress Spends Her Time At That Resort.

BAREFOOTED BEAUTIES AT BATH.

The Jersey Lily and George W. Childs —His Platonic Regard for Her—Other Sea-Side Spice From Clara Belle.

NEW YORK, August 20.—[Correspondence of THE BEE.]—The sights of Long Branch are, as ... worth a trip to that miscellaneous summer ... I was riding in Ocean avenue past the ... villas, which increase in number and beauty as the years go by. It was midday, and I saw two ladies waltzing in the parlor of General Thomas I. Eckert, general manager of the Western Union. I fancied that they were casually practising some of the frequent new styles in round dancing. But the rythmic grace of their movements was not compatible with the seeming lack of music. I looked again and saw that one was holding the receiver of a telephone close to her own and partner's ear, and that they reversed often enough to avoid winding themselves up in the connecting wire. Later I was shown the other end of their arrangement in a telephone directly over the orchestra in the West End Hotel parlor, where a daily concert is given at noon, and dance music is altogether played from eight to eleven every evening.

The most distinguished belle at the Branch this week—with one tremendous exception—is Lida Barrows, who came from Hartford, and belongs to the Coleman family of that sequestered town. She is pretty, but not wonderfully so; she has cunning little ways, but so have the majority of the maidens seen at the seashore, and she is in no way far above the high American average of feminine attractiveness—save in her feet. Those members are not smaller than number four, I should say, but they are so shapely in unimpaired outlines, so fine in complexion, so utterly free from deformity or blemish that, although people may not go miles to see them—as they did the "Mikado" old maid's elbow—many do go down to the shore at bathing time to admire them. They are famous. Lida is the only girl at her hotel who goes into the surf without slippers and stockings. Her modest suit covers her ankles, but her handsome feet are uncovered and bare. Nearly every year there comes an actress to Long Branch who distances all unprofessional competion at the beach, but this time the little barefoot from Hartford is without rivalry, and that, too, without any sacrifice of the proprieties.

Mrs. Langtry is the exception which I mentioned in the other paragraph. There is no use trying to ignore her. She undoubtedly went to Long Branch for advertising as well as recreation purposes, and she is so interesting that she commands the former while enjoying the latter. She began a week ago by hiring one of the two gorgeous villas owned by Phillip Daly, the gambler who runs the Pennsylvania club. Phillip built those houses several years ago for residences for his own and his brother's families. Into his own he put a private chapel like a miniature church, with an altar where his wife, a pious Roman Catholic, might say her prayers. The decorations as well as the architecture were unique, if not gaudy. Phillip lives there this season on the immense profits of his gambling establishment, but his brother has not occupied the other house, and Mrs. Langtry rented it. The price which she is said to have paid was $1,000 for August and September; and the figure is reasonable, considering that the premises are luxuriously furnished. Mrs. Langtry arrived like a circus. Her wardrobe and other belongings filled twenty-four trunks, and along with them were nine boldly labelled "F. Gebhard, New York." Does he accompany her? Rather, he is not only domiciled with her at the Daly Villa, but the public rarely sees her without him. The mutual admiration and devotion of the pair is conspicuous. They go to Manmouth park on three afternoons a week to see Freddy's horses beaten; they go to the noon concerts at the West End, and also they occasionally drink with Jerry Jerome and other fellows; and frequently they waltz in the hotel parlor, observed by eager throngs of men, women and children. The manner is which the people jostle and crowd to get a sight of the Lily doesn't look polite; and yet as she is there for exhibition, why should they deny themselves and her the pleasure of staring? Her acting on these occasions is as good as anything she does on the stage. By no gesture or wince does she betray her knowledge that she and Freddy are not off somewhere in the wilderness, with no human eye on them. She is self-possessed, calm and intensely lady like in deportment. Does the gaze of the multitude really annoy her? I guess not; else why does she submit herself to it? She goes to bathe where there is the biggest crowd, which of course multiplies as fast as the word speeds that she is there. In the surf she wears a conventional suit of blue flannel, the blouse coming to her knees, and the trousers puckering at her ankles. On these occasions she shows to good advantage, because her figure is first rate, except fr large hands and feet, and her complexion stands daylight and the ocean's glare admirably. Discussion of the question whether she is superlatively beautiful waxes warm. My own opinion is that, while her features are not fine, she is so clean, healthy and fair that she may justly be called very pretty.

Now for a startler? Whom do you suppose, of all the celebrated men at Long Branch, Mrs. Langtry has newly captured? George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger. Stay your scandalous tongue. Mr. Childs is no sentimental rival of Gebhard. His attentions to the beauty are wholly platonic. She was taken up and boomed by the prince of Wales' set in London. Why shouldn't Uncle Childs follow suit? The preliminary approaches are understood to have been made by Childs to the actress. She intimated to him, through an obliging third person, that she wished to attend divine services last Sunday in the Elberon church—the one in which he has lately placed a Grant memorial window. He affably placed a pew at her disposal. Next, she met him in a hotel parlor, where he was presented to her. At the close of this interview she invited him to call on her. He did so on the ensuing day, greatly to the shock and surprise of neighbors who had put her under social aboo. About the time I am writing this, if the engagement holds, Mrs. Langtry will drive to the Childs villa, and there dine with the great editor and philantropist. And yet some folks wonder what the summer residents at Long Branch find to talk about. CLARA BELLE.

Personal Paragraphs.

Messrs. M. Kane, chief of the fire department, and E. Padberg, chairman of the aldermanic finance committee, of St Joseph, Mo., are in the city, the guests of Chief Galligan.

Lt. Phillip Reid, U. S. A., who has been detailed by Maj. Gen. Terry to superintend the coming rifle competition, left for Chicago last night but returns Wednesday.

AMUSEMENTS.

"HELD BY THE ENEMY" TO-NIGHT.

At Boyd's opera house to-night Wm. Gillette's American play, "Held by the Enemy," will inaugurate the fall and winter season. The action of "Held by the Enemy" takes place in Virginia during the late war, but it is not generally regarded as a war drama, although the leading characters represented in it are soldiers on both sides of the line. It will be presented in the same manner and with the same cast as presented the play at the Madison Square theater, New York, and Baldwin theater, San Francisco, and it requires twenty-two people in the cast. The engagement is for three nights, and the sale of seats indicates large houses for all the performances. Mr. William Gillette, the author, will positively appear here with the company.

Election of K. of L. Delegates.

NEW YORK, August ..—District Assembly 49, Knights of Labor, met to-day to elect delegates to the general assembly at Minneapolis. The meeting began at 4 o'clock and ended at 7, but the counting of the 700 votes cast was still in progress two hours after midnight. A determined battle was waged between the Home Club and anti-Home Club.

ARIZONA'S BIG DAM.

An Important Work Which Will Redeem Vast Areas of Desert.

Prescott (Ariz.) Courier: Bates Brothers, projectors of the scheme to stop the flow of water in the Hassayampa Creek, store it in one large body, and, by means of flumes and pipes, carry the water upon rich agricultural and mining lands, of which there are tens of thousands of acres between the Antelope mountain and Wickenburg, had good knowledge of the country before they went east to enlist capitalists It took them some time to satisfy such people. But they succeeded, and Mr. Dillingham and others advanced $350,000, first money. Engineers and experts were sent out, made careful measurements and examinations and the actual work of building a dam on the bedrock in a canyon of the creek just below the Grove was commenced in August, 1886, and will, it is thought, be finished some time this fall. The dam is a great wall of masonry 135 feet thick at the base and 400 feet long at the widest place. In height it will be 110 feet. It is further strengthened by other walls above and below. It is provided gates on both sides, so that, when necessary water can be let out. This dam has already backed water a mile up the creek and 500 or 600 yards across the valley. In places the water is thirty feet deep and is getting deeper as the dam is raised. "Doubting Thomases" have predicted that it would not "hold water," but it holds well. Then it has been whispered that the great reservoir would never be full, all of which predictions were false. The Hassayampa has not been filled "up" this summer, but smaller streams have, and the "lake" is there to show for itself.

Men have worked night and day on the "dam," and tens of thousands of tons of rock have been removed and put in place.

The next move will be to construct great flumes to convey water to Weaver and below. As the gold exists almost everywhere in the country that will be served by these waterworks, the only question is as to its abundance. If the gravel contains sufficient gold, hundreds of men will for many years be kept at work washing it out. Small gardens and farms will be made in what is now a semi-desert, and domestic animals will live and thrive where, for want of water, they cannot now go.

The success of the costly enterprise will induce other capitalists to make like works elsewhere in our fair territory, and reclaim vast tracts that are at present shunned by almost all.

The Lawn Party in Montana.

The refined and civilizing influences of the cultured East (says Tid-Bits) are gradually extending themselves to the rowdy West. They now have lawn parties away out in Montana. They had one there recently, and the paper published in the town in which it was given says:

The lawn party at the residence and grounds of our fellow-citizen, Bill Jackson, was a dandy affair, and was attended by all the big bugs of the city. This is a new form of amusement imported from the East, and it beats croquet all hollow.

There was a bag race between Jack Spence and Tony Beggs, in which Tony got beautifully left and Jack carried off half the gate money.

The greased-pole part of the entertainment was a glittering success. Many of our leading citizens made desperate attempts to shin up it, but our mayor knocked the rest of the crowd silly on the climb.

The fat man's race would have made a dog die laughing. The contestants were Fatty Parsons and Budd Dobie, and the way they waddled off wasn't slow. Fatty tips the beam at 299 and Budd at 304 pounds. Their speed was somewhat accelerated by the playfulness of some of the ladies present, who prodded them with their parasols. The race was a tie and the contestants tossed up a quarter to decide it. Budd won.

The pie-eating match between Birdie McLaughlin and Lyddy Donahue, two of ovr most charming young ladies, was a very exciting and enjoyable affair, and ended in Birdie eating ten full-sized pies in fifteen minutes, while Lyddy could go but nine and a half. Birdie carried off the prize—a nickel-plated revolver.

The dog and rooster fights and wrestling and jumping matbhes were greatly enjoyed, and our first lawn party was voted the dandy entertainment of the season. We are gradually falling into the ways of the effete east.

For Such Are We Lawyers.

Boston Transcript: Prosecuting attorney (to witness)—And what did Smith say in reply?

Opposing counsel—I object!

The court—State your objectian.

O. C.—I claim, your honor, that Smith's reply is not relevant. Even if it were, it is not proper matter ta go in.

P. A.—If your honor please, I claim it is perfectly competent. The witness has said that he asked Smith "How do you do?" and if your honor will turn to Bimblebeg vs Applecart 584, Massachusetts Reports, your honor will find a decision bearing out my view of the matter in a precisely similar case. And your Honor will remember in the somewhat celebrated case of Hogg vs Swinesby that Chief Justice Bencher ruled that such a question was admissable.

O. C.—But your honor will remember that the Lord High Justice Bagwig of the court of queen's bench has given a contrary opinion, and Blancoke, in his history of the common law, lays down the principle that testimony cannot be sought beyond the purview of the subject under consideration.

P. A.—If your honor will please, the weight of authority is entirely antagonistic to the view expressed by the lord high justice cited by my brother, and I think your honor will decide that the principle laid down by Blackcoke is inapplicable to the matter in hand.

The Court—The court is of the opinion that the question is admissible.

P. A. (to witness)—Now, Mr. Robinson, when you asked Smith "How do you do?" what answer did he make? Now, take time; the exact words, it you can recall them.

Witness—He didn't say anything.

P. A.—That will do, sir. Call the next witness.

Swimming bath at Cut-Off lake 25c.

A fine lot of show cases for sale at reduced prices. Edholm & Akin jewelers, opposite post office.

A LEAP FROM THE CLOUDS

Æronaut Baldwin Jumps From His Baloon a Distance of One Mile.

EXCITEMENT AT ROCKAWAY

A Gritty Ærial Navigator—Landing in the Sea—The Welcome Reappearance—Grand Ovation to a Courageous Fellow.

New York Times: A little before 5 o'clock Baldwin disappeared in the hotel, and in a few minutes reappeared, dressed in pink tights and blue bespangled trunks, with his feet incased in a heavy pair of shoes. His fine physique was displayed to good advantage. He at once called for volunteers to assist him in getting under way. A score or more of strong fellows seized the balloon robes while the æronaut untied the neck of the balloon and fixed the valve. Somebody asked him if he wasn't a bit shaky.

"Not a shake," he said. "I'll be back here in fifteen minutes after I go up."

"That's the way to talk, Tom," exclaimed a friend of his, who then turned to the crowd and shouted: "I'll bet 20 to 1 Baldwin will go up and come down safe. He'll land like a cat, right side up."

Nobody took the offer, but then it was reassuring, all the same.

Baldwin said he calculated from the direction and velocity of the wind, that he would land over in the bay, in sight of the hotel. He stepped into the basket promptly at 5 o'clock, and five minutes later told the men who had hold of the guy ropes to walk slowly and steadily toward him, after detaching the bags of sand. The human circle contracted immediately, and the balloon arose perceptibly.

the ropes were attached to a concentric iron ring, and then to the basket. When this was done the top of the balloon was 73 feet in the air. The wind struck the aerial ship and swayed it like the bough of a tree, and the men scrambled in their efforts to maintain their equilibrium and prevent its premature escape.

Baldwin leaped to the ground and made a last examination of the parachute, and was especially careful that the cords were not in a snarl. Then he climbed back into the basket after placing in it a bag of sand ballast and a long butcher knife.

"Let her go easy, boys, and all of you get hold of the anchor rope and pay it slow and steady," was the impurturable young man's parting instructions at 5:14.

The balloon arose like a cloud of smoke, with a taut tension on the rope, and moved off over the unrippled water of the bay. The band on board the Grand Republic struck up "Dixie," all the steamers tooted their whistles, and the multitude cheered.

It was an inspiring scene. A hundred feet up Baldwin stood erect and raised his hand as if to hush the noise. It ceased on the instant, and everybody watched with breathless anxiety. The aeronaut shouted assuringly. "Don't be afraid; there is no danger!"

The crowd again cheered vociferously and watched for developments. The balloon kept its perpendicular and sailed away and upwards like a huge kite with the anchor rope for a tail. To those who looked from below the beautifully proportioned ballon seemed stationary, and but for the rope slipping through the block nobody could have told but the air ship was a fixture between the placid water of the bay and the azure dome reflected in it.

Baldwin suddenly disappeared from sight. When he came to view again the knife blade flashed in the sunlight like a mirror, and a shower of sand fell from the balloon at 5:17:30. The balloon seemed to jump straight up at that moment. The voice of the aeronaut was heard once more. He called down to the men who had let out 1,000 feet of rope, "Steady with the rope!" The men had barely ceased their labors when Baldwin was seen to make a quick movement. He had cut the rope with one slash, and down it fell with a swish and rattle on top of the whole fleet of catboats.

The balloon, released from all restraint, flew up and away like a thing of life, and in a few seconds the aeronaut's movements became indistinct except by the aid of a field glass.

At 5:20, when the balloon looked about a quarter of its real size, there was a flutter of the white parachute and it was suddenly torn from the side of the balloon. The aerial ship careened as if on the point of callapsing and the basket jumped half way up to the gas bag's dome, fell back in place, and grew smaller and smaller as the balloon went higher and higher.

Beyond and below the abandoned air ship was the white parachute, no larger than a boy's top, and the nervy aeronaut clinging to the iron ring. The object can only be imperfectly distinguished, but the contour is quite plain. The fact that it is falling is apparent from the widening space between it and the balloon, now no bigger than an ordinary Bartlett pear.

The parachute, with its human freight, oscillates in an alarming degree, but falls steadily. The umbrellalike top seems to be caught in a snarl of some kind, and there are suppressed cries of alarm from the spectators, who fear there is imminent danger of a tragedy. Back and forth the rigid athlete swings, like the pendulum of a clock thas been newly started. Gradually the parachute becomes regular and steady and the pendant regular, until both fall gracefully and regularly into full view.

The drop is estimated to be about twelve feet to the second, and at that rate Baldwin will strike the water before the small boats reach him.

At 5:21:20 he falls straight into the sea with a splash and in a moment is seen to rise out of the shallow water on a bar near Little Egg Mash and extricate himself from the collapsed parachute.

It is the signal that he is alive, and all the whistles in the bay toot in unison. Edward Tracy and James Griffin go in small boats to the rescue, and at 5:40 the aeronaut is landed amid the cheers of the crowd, while the band plays "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

He was assisted to the hotel, and half an hour later joined his friends in the parlor, physically as sound as ever and ready to eat a hearty meal. He said he estimated that he ascended a mile, and the sensation in falling was like an elevator trip. He landed lightly where the water was two feet deep. Before he parted with his balloon the Grand Republic looked as large as his hand, and he could not distinguish the individuals except en masse. He explained the apparent snarl of the parachute by saying there was an irregular pressure of air.

IN THE DENTIST'S CHAIR.

How People Show their Peculiarities to the Man with the Forceps.

New York Correspondence Philadelphia North American: "This is the great profession for encountering peculiar people," said a Union square dentist. "Not a day passes without bringing a patient possessed of some personal peculiarity. A dentist soon becomes familiar with human nature. He can tell a person's character and occupation by the way in which he acts while in the chair. An old maid will never trust herself in the dentist's hands unless she has a friend with her, while elderly ladies insist in sitting before a mirror so that they can see that they are not disfigured for life. The better a girl is the more confidence she has in our professional skill. Young girls and boys and country people always want to take gas, while the dudes consider it a brave thing to face the music without the use of ether.

"It is a popular superstition that a dentist is as anxious to become a millionaire as a plumber; so everybody, except those who never expect to pay, likes to make a bargain before the work is done. Besides bad debts, we lose money by having people refuse to take sets after they are made. Most of the objections raised are trivial. Women leave them on our hands because they thought they would have looked better in them than they do look. Mean people get teeth drawn free of charge by promising to order a set in a day or two. But after all the dentist gets square on the human race in the long run.

"The queerest patient I've had in a long time came in to-day. He was a strapping big fellow, and no doubt ordinarily of a jovial disposition, but the torments of the toothache had completely soured him. He never noticed me at all, but threw himself back in the chair, and pointing to three badly decayed molars, said laconically: 'See them teeth? They ache like thunder. Pull 'em out.'

"I've never had any one die in the chair, but I got such a scare once that I wouldn't again leave a patient with a half drawn tooth if the house was on fire. I was once attending to an old lady, when a little boy came in. His face was badly swollen and he howled with pain. I had just given the old lady gas, and was waiting for it to take effect, so I left her in charge of my assistant and led the suffering boy into another room. His tooth was hard to get at on account of the swelling. I had just got a grip on it when the assistant rushed in and said the old lady had a fit. The boy yelled horribly when I nipped him, but I never gave him a moment's throught in my anxiety for the old lady. When I got her around all right and returned to the other room the boy had disappeared. There was nothing very strange about this because people often have teeth drawn, leave an order for a set, and then never show up again until all remembrance of pain has gone. But when the morning papers published an account of the body of a boy with a swollen jaw found in the river I fainted dead away. All that day I suffered the torments of the damned, and expected to be charged with murder every moment. I felt sure that I had hurt the boy so much that in his agony he had committed suicide. When my assistant went to the morgue and failed to identify the boy I was somewhat relieved, but I went there myself before my mind was at rest. If it is true that a murderer is attracted to the body of his victim, it is the very reverse with one who has killed another accidentally. The body was that of another boy, and the swollen jaw was proved to be the result of a blow."

THE DARK-RED INDIANS.

Some Expert and Reassuring Observations on the "Ute Outbreak."

Bill Nye in New York World: The regular form of annual hydrophobia known as the Ute outbreak has followed the sea serpent, the paragraph about the watermelon and other current items. As a matter of fact the Utes have done more to make newspaper life desirable than "Constant Reader," "Veritas" and "Taxpayer", all put together. You can always bet on a Ute outbreak, and write it up when you feel like it, as long beforehand as you wish, and the Ute will not ask you to retract.

Old Man Colorow is like the regular army. He is brave, but he hasn't got help enough. He is a man of great nerve, and enjoys carnage, provided it is furnished by some one else. He is said, by those who have met him, to be a "low-sot" man, with a powder-burned face and a desire to outlive as many white men as possible.

But the Utes are not strong enough to do any special damage, and it is very likely they have no special notion of it. They are a measly set, and still they are not likely to break out.

It has been customary to have an Indian scare in the Rocky Mountains every year until it is almost indispensible. For several years, also, the circus was kept out of Wyoming territory by a high license which amounted to prohibition and if the people of Wyoming hadn't had an Indian scare that they could turn to they would have suffered.

The Indian is the nation's ward—kind of a doubtful ward, as it were—but he is a great boon to the newspaper man, who naturally gets tired of pool and picnics at this season and pines for almost anything that will give him a chance. It is safe to say that the Ute outbreak will turn out, upon close investigation, to be nothing worse than prickly heat.

It is not presuming too much to say that human life will be perfectly safe as far west as St. Louis, and even those who dwell as far west as Omaha and Denver will run no risk of being killed by the Indians if they will come home by 9 o'clock p. m.

Indians are not so ferocious as many suppose them to be, any way. We have seen the Indians of Buffalo Bill, and they were very pleasant to meet. They are not intellectual, of course, and they want to ride in a hotel elevator all the time when they are not drunk, but they have behaved well here and won the English heart. It is claimed that by another year the common frontier American blue-eyed flea will be as common in England as it is now in the territories. And yet it is claimed that the Indian is cold and backward in society and desirous of inaugurating an outbreak.

The Ute has been almost always friendly to the whites and has repeatedly assisted the white man in fighting the warlike Sioux.

The price of good, available lots facing south ought not to be reduced either at Kansas City or Omaha on account of a pending Ute outbreak, and the St. Paul man who refuses to bring in the washing from the clothes-line after 9 o'clock because he is afraid of Indians is just simply trifling with the tenderer feelings of his wife.

A Tucson Judge.

San Francisco Chronicle: The old judge looked at him:

"I think I see you before, no?"

The culprit admitted that he had been there on several occasions.

"Vel, I joost sentence you to forty lashes. You take twenty of them to-morrow and then you vas released on your own recognizance, and you come back in a week and take the other twenty."

The fellow had twenty lashes and he hasn't been seen in Tucson since.

Another little example of the judge's way of doing things, was the case of a man brought up before him for firing off a pistol in the street or something. They had taken $340 from him when he was arrested.

"I joost fine you $200," said the Judge.

"Why," said the prisoner, "in San Francisco they would only fine me $5 or $10."

"You vas in Tucson, mine friend; $200."

The man was complaining bitterly after he paid the fine.

"Don't kick," said another. "You were lucky. If he'd known you had $350 on you he'd have fined you all of it."

Some fellow who was being tried moved for a change of venue.

"You vant a change of venue? What for?" asked the judge.

"Because this court is prejudiced against me and I won't get a fair trial."

"You say this court is prejudiced against you, and you won't get a fair trial. You vant a change of venue, mein friend? I joost fine you $300 for contempt of court to begin with. Now, we'll proceed with the trial."

Jews in the English Aristocracy.

Every year and every season bring some fresh element, some innovation, some reversing of old established ideas, or a return of obsolete traditions. If many of these social revolutions are effected without any apparent commotion and steal on us, as it were unawares, it is yet impossible to look back even one decade without being struck with the radical changes that have taken place in the English world, and razed so many of its bulwarks. In the first instance it may be truly said that English society proper no longer exists, and that its exclusiveness is a thing of the past. In no other country, nominally less proud, less fastidious, and less conservative is there such a mingling of all races, all creeds and all origins. The double thirst for money and excitement may be at the root of this strange overthrow of long-established tenets, but the fear remains that the same family touches the higher circles by some of its members as well as the humblest ones of trade and toil by the others. Scions of a noble race have been known in haymaking and hop gathering time to crave from the landowner a day's work in the fields with other wandering tramps, and a queen's son-in-law has a brother behind a tea counter. The once impassable barrier of religion which separated the Anglican from the Catholic, the christian from the Israelite, are swept down never to be erected again. The time is forgotten when under Disraeli's ministry, Mr. Goldwin Smith, a stout Gladstonian, wrote the much-discussed pamphlet, "Can a Jew be a Patriot?" Gladstone himself gave a public affirmative answer in his celebrated article of a few months past in the Nineteenth Century. English aristocracy, so contemptuous of the nobility of other countries, so infatuated with the grandeur and purity of its descent, growth and alliances, is profoundly penetrated and infused with the Semitic strain; it has opened its arms to the Hebrew, and the blood of both races flows united in the veins of the ablest in the land. Take Bush's Peerage, that great Domesday book of the British. Its latest and forty-ninth edition will show how many of the high families of England are united by the closest ties with the wealthiest Hebrew families, and it records to what supreme dignities the heads of the latter have reached. Lord Rothschild has become a peer of the realm; Goldsmid, Jessel, the late master of rolls; Montefiore, the rich centenarian, and Solomon were created baronets within the last twenty years; the foreign titles of Baron Lousada and Baron de Worms have been recognized; Ellis, Magnus Sarron and others were knighted, the latter for buiding a hospital at Calcutta and erecting a statue to the prince consort in England. Blum Pasha is a C. B., and Collins Levey a G. C. M. G.

Of the nobility some families are of Jewish extraction, others have contracted Jewish alliances. Among the former are the Herschells, raised to the peerage in 1886, and the Lopes and Samuelsons, created baronets in 1882 and 1884. Sir Francis Head is a descendant of Moses Mendes, who had married the daughter and heiress of another Sir Francis Head, and whose sons bore their mother's name. A granddaughter of Moses became Mrs. Herbert, sister-in-law of the earl of Carnarvon. A woman of another branch of the Mendeses married Admiral Keith Stewart, brother of the seventeenth earl of Galloway, and her great-granddaughter is the present marchioness of Tweeddale. Viscountess Galway belongs to the same family; so did in a direct line the well known Lord Houghton.

The wife of the Earl of March, heir to the dukedom of Richmond and Gordon, is the daughter of Percy Ricardo. Another Jewish family, Abuoientes of Gideon, has intermarried with the British nobility, and Mr. Childers is both on his mother's and father's side a descendent of the celebrated Sampson Gideon, who, after having formerly adjured Judaism, registered in his will the desire of being buried in a Jewish cemetery by the side of his Hebrew ancestors.

The Countess of Desart is a Bishoffsheim; the countess Orkney was the widow of Baron de Samuel; the duchess of St. Albans is a daughter of Ralph Bernal Osborne; the countess of Rosebery of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and her son, Lold Dalmeny, bears the Hebraic names of Meyer. Lady Coutts Lindsay is the daughter of a certain Hannah Rothschild, married to the Right Honorable Henry Fitsroy, brother of Lord Southampton; Lady Charles Du Cane is the granddaughter of Louis Goldsmith, author of the "Crimes of Cabinets," and Lady Owen Lanyon was the daughter of Mr. Joseph Levy, of the Daily Telegraph.

There are two examples of the fusion of royal and Jewish blood in these patrican houses. The duke of Richmond and Gordon and Viscount Gage quarter their escutcheon with the arms of the Plansgenets in virtue of their descent from King Edward I. The families of St. Albans and Southampton have likewise a royal, if more irregular origin. In France we see the De Vismes, who claim to descend from the sovereign house of Ponthies having Jewish blood by marriage. The Lousaies in England claim relationship by an alliance with the reigning family of Great Britain.

It must be remarked that with many members of the Rothschild family in England and abroad, the strong aversion to intermarrying with christians, the jealousy of seeing their wealth pass into alien hands, does not prevent them from including Catholic and Protestant poor in their charities. M. de Bleichroeder, the Berlin financier, the friend of the emperor, the constant visitor of Bismarck, whose daughter is engaged to a Prussian officer, makes no distinction in his charities, and is blessed by all denominations. In closing the list of the English houses allied to the Semetic race, we must not forget the earls of Lisburn and the barons of Walpole. M. DE S.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

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Cess Pools and Vaults thoroughly cleaned by the

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Orders promptly filled.

HIS WIFE DID IT.

The Ex-City Lamplighter Furnishes a Somewhat Remarkable Narrative.

How He Found Omaha and Its Surroundings Eight Years Ago—Notable Chapter from His Own Experience—A Deaf Man Who Hears.

"Eight years ago," remarked Mr. W. G. Henshaw, at his home, corner of Saunders and Manderson streets, to a reporter, "I came to Omaha from New York city. Eight years. It is astonishing what changes have taken place in this city and the surrounding county since that time. Eight years ago this city was but a town of about 15,000 inhabitants. To-day it numbers close to 100,000. Eight years ago the county hereabouts was sparsely settled; to-day within a circle of two hundred miles about Omaha are nearly two hundred towns, more than is contained in the whole Russian empire."

Mr. Henshaw was standing before his comfortable home which he was fortunate enough to buy while Omaha lots were still selling at town prices, and since which by industry Mr. Henshaw has enhanced its value by the erection of a substantial home. Few men in Omaha are better known than

MR. W. G. HENSHAW.

He was city lamplighter for a number of years and is now employed by the Barber Asphalt Paving company.

"For the last sixteen years," he continued to the reporter, "I have had an uphill time in order to keep at my work. While a boy and living at my father's country residence on Long Island Sound, New York, I made a practice of going in swimming from ten to twenty times a day when the weather was suitable, by this means I developed catarrh in its worst form. My throat and head was stopped up at times. I coughed and hawked up phlegm, had to blow my nose constantly, I had a constant dull feeling in my head, roaring in the ears, then I got deaf gradualy but so surely that

I BECAME MUCH ALARMED.

This was not all. I found that I talked through my nose, and at night I could not breathe through my nostrils at all. I saw a doctor and he told me I had a tumor growing in my nose caused by the catarrh, which he called a polypus. I tried all manner of remedies to no avail, and when six weeks ago I caught a fresh cold, which caused the catarrh to go down on my lungs, my condition was not only annoying, but greatly alarmed my wife. Why, sir, I felt at times like choking, then I coughed so much I could not sleep at night. I would have violent spells of coughing which would cause me to vomit.

"As I said before, my condition so alarmed my wife that on the 15th of this month she insisted that I go and consult a doctor next day. I was loth to stop work, but at last consented, and last Monday I consulted Dr. J. Cresap McCoy, Ramge Block, this city, who said he could cure me. This I was willing to believe, but did not dream of how quick part of my troubles could be relieved. Why, sir, he removed this entire polypus in two or three minutes; here, you see it in the bottle I have, and then made an application to my diseased throat. I breathed through my nose at once, something I have not done in years. I have been on constant treatment since, and now have in a large measure regained my sense of smell. I have not been able to smell anything before for eight years. My catarrh is greatly benefitted, my hearing is coming around all right, and I am certain the doctor will soon have me as well as I ever was. I went home Monday from the doctor's office and slept all night a quiet sleep, something I have not done for so long a time I can't remember. My strength and desire for work has returned. I don't get up in the morning feeling as tired as before I went to bed, as I used to do. I feel like a restored man."

Mr. Henshaw is well known about town, and the truth of his story can easily be verified by calling upon or addressing him at his address above given.

LEADS TO CONSUMPTION.

Interesting Evidence of a Condition Not to Be Trifled With.

When catarrh has existed in the head and the upper part of the throat for any length of time—tre patient living in a district where people are subject to catarrhal affection—and the disease has been left uncured, the catarrh invariably, sometimes slowly, extends down the windpipe and into the bronchial tubes, which tubes convey the air to the different parts of the lungs. The tubes become affected from the swelling and the mucous arising from catarrh, and, in some instances, become plugged up, so that the air cannot get in as freely as it should. Shortness of breath follows, and the patient breathes with labor and difficulty.

In either case there is a sound of crackling and wheezing inside the chest. At this stage of the disease the breathing is usually more rapid than when in health. The patient has also hot dashes over his body.

The pain which accompanies this condition is of a dull character, felt in the chest, behind the breast bone, or under the shoulder blade. The pain may come and go—last few days and then be absent for several others. The cough that occurs in the first stages of bronchial catarrh is dry, comes on at intervals, hacking in character, and is usually most troublesome in the morning on rising, or going to bed at night and it may be in the first evidence of the disease extending into the lungs.

Sometimes there are fits of coughing induced by the tough mucus so violent as to cause vomiting. Later on the mucus that is raised, is found to contain small particles of yellow matter, which indicates that the small tubes in the lungs are now affected. With this there are often streaks of blood mixed with the mucus. In some cases the patient becomes very pale, has fever, and expectorates before any cough appears.

In some cases small masses of cheesy substance are spit up, which, when pressed between the fingers, emit a bad odor. In other cases, particles of a hard, chalky nature are spit up. The raising of cheesy or chalky lumps indicate serious mishief at work in the lungs.

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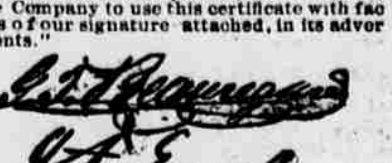

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We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in The Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

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CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

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1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000....	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000....	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000....	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000....	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000....	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000....	20,000
50 "	500....	25,000
100 "	300....	30,000
200 "	200....	40,000
500 "	100....	50,000
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100 " "	100....	10,000
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For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, express money orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by express (at our expense) addessed M. A. DAUPHIN, NEW ORLEANS, LA., Or M. A. DAUPHIN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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