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CHANGED TO
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On account of having the Foster Lacing Hooks, many inferior Gloves are being sold as the "Foster" to parties who believe them to be the Genuine Foster quality, which is a superior French Real Kid Glove, made with special care in our own manufactory at Grenoble, France.

To enable purchasers to distinguish the difference, we have changed our trade mark, and shall hereafter stamp all of our best quality

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The ladies of Omaha and vicinity are cordially invited to attend our opening on MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, of a large and elegant stock of FANCY DRY GOODS.

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Mrs. Beaman, the lady who had the fine exhibit at the county fair will be with us to teach fancy work.

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FORTUNES MADE QUICKLY.

The Comstock Millionaires—An Interesting Sketch.

SENATOR JONES' TWO FORTUNES

The Ups and Downs of William Sharon—Senator Hearst's Rapid Rise to Great Wealth—Adolph Sutro and His Family.

In a previous article, written by George H. Fitch in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, were given sketches of the representative railway and bonanza kings of the Pacific coast—men whose wealth, made within twenty years, rivals the fortunes of the Astors, the slow accumulation of over a century. In the following article will be found sketches of other Pacific coast millionaires whose careers offer good subjects to the writer of romance, so rapid has been their advance from poverty to enormous wealth.

Shakespeare's pithy saying in regard to the tide that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, is often quoted to illustrate the rise to fame or wealth of great men; but Senator Jones, of Nevada, is an example of a man who has twice seized this tide at its flood; who has lost an imperial fortune without apparent regret, and is now again on the way to great wealth. Jones is an Englishman of Welsh descent, who came to this country when very young. With three brothers he left Cleveland, Ohio, in the spring of 1850 for the new El Dorado of the Pacific. He tried mining in several counties of California, but made no great success, and it was not until he went to the Comstock lode in 1867 that his star began to rise. Like Sharon he was among the luckiest of the original investors in the Nevada silver mines. His mining experience in California stood him in good stead, and he was soon superintendent of a number of valuable mines, among others the Crown Point and Kentuck.

In this position he showed the qualities that have made him one of the most popular men in Nevada. During a great fire in the Yellow Jacket mine it became necessary, to prevent the spread of the flames to the connecting mines, that some one should go down to the eight-hundred foot level of the Crown Point and cut the air pipes. The superintendent, with a boy to hold a candle, was lowered in the cage and performed the dangerous work. This made him the hero of the mines; the establishment of eight hours as a day's work rounded out his popularity.

When the first great bonanza was struck in the Crown Point mine, it brought millions to Superintendent Jones. He and Sharon divided most of this wealth between them, but Jones had not his partner's faculty of clinging to his money. With a warm imagination he saw, like Mulberry Sellers, millions in every promising scheme that was unfolded before him. Inventors and prospectors besieged him. He tried to develop mines in Mono, Inyo and Kern counties in California. He lavished money like a prince. He spent nearly a million on the Sumner mine in Kern county, and took out nothing but water. Water sometimes brings a fortune to a mining man when it is cleverly mixed with stock but the water that Jones struck had to be pumped out, and for two years he kept the largest pumping works on the coast going day and night, only to find that when the mine was drained there was nothing in it. Another million was sunk in southern Utah in a mine that never paid one cent on the dollar.

The Inyo mines next absorbed his attention and with his usual prodigality he started in to connect them with tidewater. He built twenty miles of a narrow-gauge railroad from Santa Monica, the seaport of Los Angeles, toward Independence, the capital of Inyo county. The railroad never got any farther than Los Angeles, and the tourist to-day marvels at the word "Independence" on the side of these cars. Jones' fortune was gone and the mines had "petered out" by the time the railroad was in operation, and soon after the Southern Pacific octopus absorbed it. He also spent several millions in San Francisco in costly buildings and manufacturing enterprises. When his wealth slipped from him, he accepted his loss philosophically. He was then in the United States senate, where he has gained a reputation as one of the leaders of the bi-metallists.

About eight years ago he with some others invested a few thousands in the Treadwell mine at Douglas Island in Alaska. The stock was hawked about the streets in San Francisco, but no one had any confidence in the far northern territory. The mine proved a veritable bonanza to its owners. A huge stamp-mill has been erected, and for several years Jones' share has netted him from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and there is enough ore in sight to yield the same revenue for years to come. So Senator Jones may yet regain his lost wealth. He is still in his prime, of magnificent physique and undiminished vigor. Of all the Comstock millionaires he is the only one who has shown a genius for national affairs, or who has developed any ability as an orator and a writer.

The late William Sharon was known chiefly as a Comstock millionaire, a United States senator from Nevada, and the defendant in one of the greatest divorce cases in American legal annals. He came to California with none of this world's goods; he accumulated a fortune of $15,000,000; yet he left this world for the unknown country from which none return with an estate valued at $450. This astonishing result was due to the fact that he made over his estate months before to his heirs, in order to defeat the court decision that ordered him to pay alimony to the woman who claimed to be his wife.

The story of Jones' fortune is that of Sharon's also. He made his first great "stake" in Crown Point and Belcher. From that time on it was like the record of the gathering mass of a great snowball. There were occasional checks to its advancement and growth, but these were only temporary. Sharon had the genius for the manipulation of mines which brings wealth into the manager's pocket. He controlled for years a half score of mines out of which he made large profits, while the stockholders received nothing but the liberty to pay assessments. Sharon was intimately associated with William R. Ralston, and when the crash came in the Bank of California Sharon was the man who took the dead financier's estate and entered upon the legal fight with the creditors. Many predicted that the burden would swamp him, but he managed finally to reach firm ground; and by his shrewd management he actually plucked profit out of the tangle of involved interests. He built many houses in this city, and he carried on at a profit enterprises that had been a dead loss to the more generous Ralston. Sharon was small of stature, and his only striking feature was his eye, in which gleamed cunning, courage and power. His last years were clouded with the divorce suit brought by Sarah Althea Hill. Her case was based on a marriage certificate which she claimed, and which the court held, was genuine; but the supreme court reversed this decision. The bitter legal fight, which was continued for many months, cost Sharon not less than a quarter of a million, and when it was decided that he must pay the woman council fees and alimony, he stripped himself of his millions in order that she might not secure any of his wealth. He left a memorial which ought to keep his name green, in a bequest of $50,000 for a children's play-ground at the Golden Gate park in San Francisco.

One of the most successful mining men on the Pacific coast is George Hearst, recently elected by the democrats as United States senator from California. Hearst is a plain old Missourian, of small education and no polish of manners. He has spent most of his life in rough mining camps. Upon mines and quartz mining his judgment is almost infallible. For ten years after he crossed the plains from Missouri he suffered the hardships of mining life with few of its rewards. Finally, in 1859, he journeyed in the winter to the Comstock lode, then just discovered. The value of the new "black ore" he discovered from assays, and getting all the capital he could command he invested it in the Ophir mine. Five years saw him a millionaire, and since then he has touched nothing that did not turn into gold. He owns the richest mine in Montana, he has valuable mines in Utah, Idaho, Nevada and Mexico.

When he began to appear as a power, Haggin and Tevis invited him to become an associate with them. Thus he has acquired large interests in California lands. He is a man slow of speech and of action. He hesitates over a decision, but he can be rapid when the occasion calls for prompt action. Thus he had been negotiating for a large Mexican ranch just over the border, which had been allowed to go to ruin because it was on the trail that Geronimo always used when on one of his periodical raids. Hearst got early intelligence of the capture of the Apache chief and secured the land at about twenty cents an acre. For $200,000 he obtained a body of rich land that is worth to-day several millions.

Many amusing stories are related of Hearst's peculiarities; but with all his oddities he commands respect for his honesty and loyalty to friends, two traits not conspicuous among mining millionaires. His generosity to the democratic party in California led to his elevation to the senate. He has strong political ambition, but his advisers have usually been badly selected. Thus, when he was placed in nomination for governor of California, he made a speech so full of learned words and florid rhetoric that everyone knew it had been written for him. It fell flat, and General Stoneman secured the nomination. But after the result was announced Hearst came forward and in simple, plain language declared that he would work for the candidate sincerely and faithfully. His speech was the event of the convention, and one of the audience called out, "Uncle George, if you had talked that way before the vote, you would have got the nomination!"

Senator Hearst's wealth is estimated at fifteen million dollars and his income at eighty thousand dollars a month. He has just made a present to his only son of a newspaper in San Francisco. The young man has a strong taste for journalism, and an almost unexampled opportunity for gratifying it.

The name of Adolph Sutro will always be connected with the great tunnel which he constructed for draining the lower levels of the Comstock mines and which is one of the wonders of modern engineering. Little is known of his career, as he is reticent about his life. He is a Hebrew, of French birth, and he evidently enjoyed good educational advantages, as he speaks many of the modern European languages and is also familiar with Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He was very poor when he came to California more than a quarter of a century ago. There are tales that he peddled Yankee notions about the streets of San Fransisco, but in this he had good company, as one of the present justices of the United States supreme court pieced out a scanty law practice in the same way.

It was in 1864, while on the Comstock lode, that he conceived the great project of boring a tunnel which would tap all the deep mines and thus furnish drainage and pure air. Sutro formed a tunnel company, made contracts with the mining companies to receive a certain royalty on every ton of ore extracted after the tunnel was finished, and then crossed the Atlantic to get funds for the vast enterprise. When the big bonanzas were struck, Sutro began to encounter a storm of opposition, as it was seen at once what an enormous revenue the tunnel would draw from the mines. For years he made the fight single-handed, which would have broken any ordinary man. Finally, in 1878, after nine years of work, the tunnel was completed at a cost, with interest, of $6,500,000. Then the mining companies, which had nearly exhausted their paying ore, refused to pay the stipulated royalty. Sutro at once closed the tunnel, the mines were flooded, and soon a compromise was made. The bulk of the stock of the tunnel company is held in Europe, and has never paid interest. Sutro, however, made the fortune out of it that his genius and persistence deserved. He has invested most of his money in San Francisco real estate, which has increased greatly in value within the last ten years.

In his frequent trips to Europe Mr. Sutro found it a recreation to gather rare and valuable books and manuscripts, and when he retired from mining these formed the nucleus of a great library. For the past five years he has been adding to this library, until now it numbers between 60,000 and 70,000 volumes, many of them unique, and a large number of oriental manuscripts, including the original leather sheets of Hebraic text from which the ingenious Shappira made up his spurious book of Deuteronomy. Mr. Sutro's plan is to establish a free library in San Francisco that shall be second to none in the world in the departments of history and science. In connection with it will be a museum for the display of Egyptian and other curiosities. Besides four well authenticated mummies of hoar antiquity, he has a boat discovered in an Egyptian tomb, of the time of Abraham. The California legislature, which has just ended its session, passed a bill giving Mr. Sutro full power to establish this library. Its site will probably be on the heights overlooking the famous Seal Rocks and the Pacific ocean—a beautiful spot that the millionaire has already converted into a great pleasure ground.

In common with ex-Senator Fair, wealth brought contention into the Sutro family. For several years the divided household lived in one large residence in San Francisco, Sutro entering at one door and his wife at another, the children sharing the time between the parents. Of late years Sutro has lived in in his cottage by the ocean with his handsome daughters of whom he is justly proud. In appearance he is a striking man, with the eye of an eagle, and a nose which bears out the semblance to the king of birds. With a skin as deeply bronzed as Stanley's, and with his snowy white hair and beard, he looks more like an Oriental sheik than an American. They call him "The Assyrian" on the Comstock, and it is easy to see how the title fits him.

"Lucky" Baldwin is a California millionaire, who has gained a national reputation by his victories on the American turf. He will divide the honors this year with young Haggin, and some predict that his stable will rank first among the winners of the great races. Like most of his fellow millionaires, he came to the Pacific coast very poor. The ox-train of which he formed a part was besieged by Apaches for two weeks in the Humboldt valley, but nearly all escaped without injury. Brick-making was the first thing that he turned his hand o. From that he drifted into the mining-stock market, and his shrewdness and nerve soon brought him to the front. He was dubbed "Lucky" because he never failed in a deal. He made a careful investigation of all the Comstock mines that he was allowed to enter, and, as the result of his work, he invested all his coin in Crown Point and Belcher. The same boom that brought wealth to Sharon enriched him. But he did not remain in the Comstock. He saw a richer field in the San Francisco stock market, where he joined hands with James R. Keene, and the two conspirators planned the campaign in Ophir stock that broke the Bank of California, and transferred to Baldwin's account $4,500,000. Keene cleared up nearly as much, and, flushed with triumph, went to New York to work the Wall street money kings; three years saw him stripped of every dollar.

Baldwin remained on the Pacific coast and was content to supply timber and crush ore for the mines that were now on assessments. He bought the great Santa Anita ranch near Los Angeles, and to it he added many other purchases, so that now he owns a principality in this fertile southern valley, of seventy thousand acres, on which is his celebrated breeding stable. He built the second largest hotel in San Francisco with a theater in one wing; he owns a large strip of the shore of Lake Tahoe, in the Sierras, with a beautiful summer hotel; he works valuable mines in Inyo county; he has acres of real estate in San Francisco; he makes more brandy and wine on his southern ranch than any one else in the state; he grows enough wheat to charter entire ships for Liverpool, and every year he shears 10,000 sheep. He estimates his wealth at $20,000,000 and his income at a round million a year.

Baldwin has had large experience with women, having been married three times, not to mention morganatic alliance that cannot be numbered. The latter have given him much trouble. He has been shot by a fair young cousin who charged him with her ruin; he has been sued by a young southern beauty for breach of promise, and the case is still in the courts; he has had other adventures, out of which he has always managed to escape unscathed in person, if not in pocket. His last wife is young enough to be his daughter, but though the old millionaire's locks are white and his face is scarred with the lines plowed by his hard life, he still walks with a jaunty step, and he drives his thoroughbred four-in-hand with the skill and nerve of youth.

Behind the Scenes.

Herman Merivale.

(To "M. P.," aged 13; after taking her "behind the scenes at the Standard theatre.)

Little Maudie! little maidie,
Tell me what you think it means;
Tell me what you thought, young lady,
Of your peep behind the scenes.
Was it worth the fuss and riot,
Just for pleasing me and you?
Shouldn't we be better quiet
For that wasted hour or two?
Reading books and storing knowledge
Bothering our little brains—
Growing wise at school and college—
That alone is worth the pains.
Can there ever, could there ever,
Anything so silly be,
As to fancy you are clever
To invent a fancy sea?
Pasteboard rocks and mackintoshes,
Spread to keep the people dry,
When the nonsense-water washes
Up into the nonsense-sky—
And a great big stupid curtain
Falls between two sets of fools!
Such a waste of time, for certain,
Ought to be against the rules—
Yet your eyes grew bright and brighter,
And your blood came fast and warm,
And you set your small teeth tighter,
As you watched the painted storm.
Can you let such make-believing
Make you laugh and make you cry,
Sometimes joying, sometimes grieving?
Never mind, dear, so do I!
Was it very silly? clearly
All of us were nothing loth;
All nice people, Maud, are merely
Children of a larger growth.
So then, as you're growing older,
Let the wise folk have their say;
Chilly souls alone grow colder
When they're sitting at a play.
"Play" is work, my girl; to merit
There above no little gain,
If it ease a single spirit
Of a single hour of pain.
Little Maudie! little maidie,
Let the heart's wild flowers grow wild;
Over all things, be a lady,
But—to God—remain a child.

OUR WARRIORS AT HOME.

General James A. Wilson lives in Boston.

General T. J. Wood lives at Dayton, O.

General Alfred Pleasonton lives in Philadelphia.

General H. J. Hunt is in the service at Washington.

General Don Carlos Buell is pension agent at Louisville.

General John G. Parke is superintendent of West Point.

General N. P. Banks is United States marshal, Boston.

General John Pope was retired last year as major general.

General Alexander S. Webb is president of the City college.

General D. M. Gregg, the cavalryman, is in regular service.

General Charles H. Devens is judge of superior court at Boston.

General Lew Wallace lives at Indianapolis, and is writing books.

General W. W. Averell, the cavalry leader, is at home in Bath, N. Y.

General Daniel Butterfield resides in New York, and is a capitalist.

General W. F. Smith lives in New York and is a celebrated engineer.

General Horatio G. Wright is on the retired list and lives in Washington.

General John C. Robinson is on the retired list and lives at Binghampton.

General Joseph B. Carr engineers a chain cable manufactory at Troy, N. Y.

General Wesley Merritt, also a gallant cavalry general, is in regular service.

General John F. Hartranft, ex-governor of Pennsylvania, lives in Philadelphia.

General William B. Franklin is president of a manufacturing company at Hartford.

General A. V. Kautz, the cavalryman, is in Nebraska, colonel of the Eighth infantry.

General John C. Fremont is president of a mining company, with an office in New York.

General George Stoneman, ex-governor of California, owns large grazing lands in that state.

General O. B. Willcox is brigadier-general, commanding a department in the Missouri division.

General H. A. Barnum practices law in New York and suffers constantly from severe army wounds.

General Q. A. Gillmore is in the regular engineer service and now at army headquarters in New York.

General W. T. Sherman resides in New York. He was retired as general, and that office does not now exist.

General Franz Sigel is pension agent at New York. He was a German soldier who volunteered in the war.

General Nelson A. Miles is brigadier-general U. S. A., commanding department of Arizona, division of the Pacific.

General J. J. Bartlett, who received Lee's arms at Appomattox, is commissioner of pensions at Washington.

General George Crook is brigadier-general U. S. A., commanding the department of the Platte, division of Missouri.

General O. O. Howard is major-general U. S. A., commanding the division of the Pacific. He lost an arm at Fair Oaks.

General John Gibbon is brigadier-general U. S. A., commanding the department of the Columbia, division of the Pacific.

General John M. Schofield is major-general commanding the division of the Atlantic, the principal subordinate command.

General Abner Doubleday is on the retired list and lives at Mendham, N. J. He opened Sumter's guns on Moultrie in April, 1861.

General Alfred H. Terry is major-general commanding the division of the Missouri, the central division of the army. He was a volunteer soldier, not trained to arms.

General H. W. Slocum lives in Brooklyn and is engaged in business enterprises. He was a graduate in civil life in 1861, became major-general of volunteers, and resigned in 1866.

General Philip H. Sheridan is lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief under the president. A special act will be necessary to make him general. He is one of the four leading generals who were in service when the war began, the others being Meade, Thomas and Buell.

IMPIETIES.

Why is it that so many worthy clergymen disregard a great law of nature, and expand their sermons as the weather grows colder?

The family bible has been brought out from its long retirement and is now doing service as a blotter for pressing autumn leaves.

Some day, when Ignatius Donnelly hasn't anything to do, he might sit down and figure it out that the forbidden fruit was a banana, and that Adam's fall was caused by the skin.

Last Sunday a clergyman in Hartford, Conn., was speaking to children regarding the benefits of a temperate life. "Why," said he, "the strongest man that ever lived never tasted liquor. Who can tell me the name of the strongest man?" "John L. Sullivan," came instantly from a little fellow in the infant department of the Sunday school.

A clergyman officiated at the funeral of a man whose widow was a spiritualist. Scarcely were the exercises concluded when she began to berate the minister in a masculine tone of voice. To reassure him, a bystander informed him that the spirit of her husband was holding forth. Our friend says that in all his experience it was the only time he was ever "sassed by a corpse."

"Parson Jinglejaw, why is it that your pulpit facilities are of so crude a nature? Can't your congregation afford you anything better than a barrel to preach from?" "Dat affa'r am jes' a pruff ob de meanness of some perfessers er de gospel. Parson Widemouf ax me t'oder day if I wouldn't isgchange pulpits wid 'im. I wanter commodate 'im, an' so I sont my janitor down wid my pulpit on a wheelbarrer ter make de change—an' I wanter say dat my pulpit war oner dese whitewosh frigerators—an' blame if he didn't sen' back dat bar'l. Tell yer now some krischins iz jes' too scan'lous mean ter live."

"Dearly beloved," said the pastor of an Oakland, Cal., church, "for the past week my heart has been torn by conflicting emotions. I have long labored among you, and if I could have my will here is where I would die. But I recently received a call to care for a flock in Los Angeles, and I have wrestled with the Lord in prayer, to know whether it was His will that I should proceed to that new field of duty. I——" At that moment the clerk tip-toed softly forward and handed the pastor a brief note from the treasurer. As the good shepherd read it his brow cleared. "Brethren," he continued, the Lord has vouchsafed an answer to my prayer. I see an inward light which convinces me that it is the Divine pleasure that I should continue to labor among this people whose spiritual interests have been dear to me for so many years."

Majorie's Kiss.

Walter C. Learned.

Majorie laughs and climbs on my knee,
And I kiss her and she kisses me.
I kiss her, but I don't much care,
Because, although she is charming and fair,
Majorie's only three.

But there will come a time, I ween,
When, if I tell her of this little scene,
She will smile and prettily blush, and then
I shall long to kiss her again,
When Majorie's seventeen.

The Last Lover.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Come thou, the last, best lover!
For life hath been a rover
From vision unto vision—the highest heart could see.
I seek the truest lover!
No less than he can move her,
Whose human faith did perish of its constancy.

Oh, come, thou awful lover!
Draw near, and close the cover
The trembling lips that one not to any cry but this:
Death is the dearest lover!
Death is the kindest lover!
Nor can the breaking heart trust any troth but his.

SINGULARITIES.

A dog owned near Boston chews gum.

A crow is living in Ohio aged about thirty-five years.

The lake of Merjelan, in Switzerland, has disappeared.

Annie Mercer, of Missauke county, Mich., is over six feet tall, though only twelve years old.

A mud turtle with "1820" burned on its back was recently found in Horse creek, Madison county, Ill.

A man in Maine has a hen which is sure death on a mouse. He claims that she often catches several a day.

Near Coal Canyon, Cal., is a mammoth fig tree measuring 102 inches in circumference four feet from the ground. It has four immense branches, each of which exceeds fifty inches in circumference.

A ten-inch lizard was found in the mail from England at the New York postoffice. It was directed to a place in Indiana. The little beast had crossed the ocean in a tightly-closed cigar box, but became as lively as could be when air was given him.

The oldest turtle has been captured at Westerly, R. I., on the farm of J. F. Stillman. On its back were these words: "M. B., 1796; P. S. (Peleg Saunders), 1823, also 1826; N. S. (Nathan Saunders), 1837; H. S. B., 1847." The cuttings were distinct, except the first one, which is of a faint, photographic character.

In the town of Marlboro, Conn., there is a girl eight years of age, that has a long list of living ancestors—a father and mother, two grandmothers, two grandfathers, three great grandmothers, two great-grandfathers, and one great-great-grandmother, the latter being nearly 100 years old.

An orange grower near Lake Eustis, Florida, found on one of his trees a fruit that seemed to be about two-thirds orange and one-third Japan persimmon. The latter resembles a full-grown and ripe red pepper. He dug down to the roots of the orange tree and there found the living root of a Japan persimmon tree twined among the orange-tree roots.

James Williamson, of Toronto, O., captured a live crow in his cornfield. While carrying it home he was attacked by hundreds of other crows. He first tried to run away, then he made a vigorous attempt to defend himself with a club; next he sought shelter in a shed, where the besieging crows kept him a prisoner for more than an hour.

This particular specimen (of tarantula) came to Atlanta with a bunch of bananas consigned to a commission merchant. It was captured after some difficulty and placed in a large glass jar filled with alcohol. The commission merchant kept it for two days on exhibition in his store, and then he concluded to take it to a friend at the Whitehall drug store. On the way the jar or bottle dropped and was broken into many pieces, and notwithstanding the two days' incarceration in alcohol, the tarantula walked off as if nothing had ever happened.

OLD PEOPLE.

Mrs. Phœbe Travis, aged one hundred and four, is the oldest woman in western New York. She never sat on Washington's knee, nor indeed, did she ever see him, but she distinctly remembers his death and the gloom it cast over the country.

Mrs. Lucy Lord Luther, who died at Hadlyme, Conn., on Wednesday, at the age of one hundred and three years and nine months, was the oldest person on the pension roll, having drawn a monthly allowance as the widow of a soldier of the war of 1812.

E. C. Loomis, of Burlington, Vt., is one of the best preserved men in New England. Recently he celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary of his wedding. He still resides in the house he was married in, never having removed from it. The venerable mansion once sheltered Prince Edward, duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, for three days in 1798.

Mr. D. H. Chamberlain, who died at the Old Gentlemen's home in Boston recently, aged eighty years, was identified with many of the leading mechanical inventions of the past fifty years—the repeating rifle, the hand and power planer, the spring roll for window curtains, the hook and eye machine, the kerosene lamp burner, and the lettered wheel hand stamp.

Edmond Montgomery recently died on Nick Jordan's place, near the county line of Schley, Ga., aged 102 years. He was an African chief of the Askari tribe, and was taken to Virginia from Africa in 1807, when he was a stalwart young man. He had a large family in Virginia, and when he died he left his third wife and twenty-five children in Georgia. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren are unknown and unnumbered.

One of the oldest Cherokees in the nation died near Paul's Valley, Cherokee nation, on last Thursday, aged 102. His name was Jim Flyhigh. He came to the Cherokee country from Georgia in a very early day, and has lived here continuously ever since then. He used to tell many startling tales in connection with early Indian warfare, and at his death many marks were still visible, caused by wounds received in battle.

William Legg, better known as "Uncle Billy," living near Benjamin, in this (Lewis) county, Mo., has passed his ninety-fifth mile-stone. He was born in Botetourt county, Va., August 25, 1792. He lived with his father until the war of 1812 broke out, when he enlisted under Colonel Richard Johnson, of Kentucky, May 19, 1813. He was in the battle of Thames, October 5, 1813, saw Tecumseh when he fell, and thinks Colonel Johnson killed him. He lost his horse in that battle, and says "Uncle Sam" has never paid him for it yet.

Mrs. Rebecca Cary, of College Hill, Hamilton county, Ohio, is probably the oldest woman in the southern part of that state. She was born in New York, August 19, 1790, and most of her faculties are still well preserved. Mrs. Cary is the mother of General Samuel F. Cary, the well known temperance and greenback advocate. She has great-great-grand children fifteen years old. The venerable woman has a very retentive memory, and can recall all the incidents of her girlhood days. She has never taken a dose of medicine in her life or consulted a physician.

There died on September 25, at her residence in Oakland, Cal., Mrs. Susannah Brown, a colored woman, who claimed to be 110 years old. She was born, according to her story, in Maryland in 1777, but removed some years afterwards to Washington, where she lived for nearly ninety years. She said she remembered perfectly the inauguration of Washington in 1789 in New York. She was then a child of twelve years, and in the throng in the street she stood no show of seeing anything, when a kindly man lifted her on his shoulders and she saw over the heads of the crowd. She boasted that she had seen every president inaugurated down to Grant in his second term. In 1873 she came to Oakland to live.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

The man who is bright
May not always b-right.

Sing a song of cipher,
There's a wondrous key
Which makes a simple epitaph
A thing of mystery.

There may be nothing new in this world, but there's a heap that's fresh.

The Englishman who said that hugging was "'armless," was wrong. It is 'arnful.

The man who carries a brick in his hat will never own a block of the same material.

Mrs. Langtry's new play "As in a Looking Glass," was probably selected after considerable reflection.

Some fellows think it a dry joke to steal another man's umbrella on a rainy day. It isn't, though.

If you happen to see a telegraph wire lying on the ground, you will find it a very safe thing to let alone.

The peal of the breakfast bell doesn't always bring a man down, but the peel of a banana will do it every time.

Joshua stopped the sun, but it would have puzzled him to stop a bob-tailed street car after it had passed him a rod.

Jay Gould is quietly buying large tracts of western land. All he wants is the land that jines his'n.

A leading tailor makes all his trousers without pockets. His customers have no use for them after paying for the clothes.

If some of the keys of a piano were utalized to lock it up, this world would be a little brighter.

"Where are the biggest sponges in the world found?" asks a correspondent. They are found occupying thrones and free-lunch tables.

"Let us have tax on luxuries," cried a public speaker, and when he found three carpet tacks in his huckleberry pie that noon he was satisfied.

California was thirty-seven years old last Friday. She has sowed more wild oats and had a bigger time generally than any other state of her age.

The man who borrows $5 from you and neglects to return it is often thought to have a poor memory, when, in fact, the man is poor and not the memory.

In this enlightened age, true greatness consists in smoking three dozen twenty-five-cent cigars a day, and having a signature that nobody can read.

A human skeleton which was placed in the hallway of the medical college at Los Angeles for the purpose, as explained, of scaring burglars has been stolen.

Bunco Steerer (to stranger)—"Isn't this my old friend Perkins, of Perkinsville?" Stranger—"No, sir, my name is Skinem. I'm a real estate dealer, and I've some seven-room flats, with bath, steam heated, hardwood finish, bell-boy and——" The bunco steerer shouts "Police!"

Old people suffer much from disorders of the urinary organs, and are always gratified at the wonderful effects of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm in banishing threir troubles. $1.00 per bottle.

She Said that I Was Dreaming.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

The amber beams were flitting
From the meadow newly-mown—
My love and I were sitting
In the waning light alone.
I told her of my passion,
And the hope I had at stake;
She said that I was dreaming—
Ah, let me never wake!

The mellow glow grew dimmer;
I clasped her hand in mine;
The stars began to glimmer
Above the drowsy pine.
I said their beams were shining
The brighter for her sake;
She told me I was dreaming—
Ah, let me never wake.

I felt her fingers tremble;
Shy teardrops I could see;
Her heart could not dissemble
The love she bore for me.
I whispered: "Were you faithless,
Sweetheart, my heart would break;
If loving is but dreaming
Ah, let us never wake!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Marie Rose intends to shortly visit America.

The Edwin Booth-Lawrence Barrett company drew $7,500 in two performances in Minneapolis.

Mierzwinski, the tenor, will visit the United States the coming winter.

Wilson Barrett has obtained control of another London theatre—the Globe.

Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson, the new Swedish singer, was recently presented with a fifty-foot whale by her admirers at Bergen.

Robert Planquette, composer of "Les Cloches de Corneville," has just completed a new three-act comic opera, entitled "Surcouf."

Miss Emma Thursby, in excellent health, returned from France last week with her sister, after an absence from her native shores of more than a year.

Managers of London theatres are said to have offered to contribute $50,000 per annum toward the expenses of theatre supervision by a government department.

The Grand opera house, Pittsburg, is somewhat in advance of its contemporaries in that it has a pair of opera glasses attached by a gilt chain to every parquet seat in the house.

"Dolores," which is Sardou's noble drama of "Patrie" done over as a spectacle under the keen, colorful eye of Mr Bolossy Kiralfy, will be presented in New York city early in November.

Wagner has invaded South America. "Der Fliegende Hollander," under the more harmonious title, of course, of "Il Vascello Fantasma," having just now been given for the first time at Buenos Ayres.

Teresina E. Tua, the violinist, has left Berlin for New York, where she will make her debut at Chickering hall on October 17. She will make a two-years tour of the United States, giving 225 concerts, for which she will receive $20,000, exclusive of traveling and hotel expenses.

The latest addition to the Gerster concert company is Mme. Hastreiter, with whom Mr. Abbey signed articles of agreement. Mme. Gerster's reappearance, however, will not take place at the New York Metropolitan opera house November 10, as has been announced, but about a fortnight later, the prima donna having cabled Mr. Abbey of her inability to arrive here before the 20th of that month.

Mme. Nilsson's two passions are tapestry and fans. Most of the former she has picked up for herself, and she has some rare and beautiful bits, but the fans are mostly gifts. One of them was given to her in St. Petersburg by a Russian prince, and is a copy of the famous fan of the queen of Oude. It is white silk, embroidered with pearls and emeralds, the sticks of gold and ivory set with small rubies, and the monograms in diamonds.

A tenor singer has just made his appearance at Berlin in Bellini's "Norma." His nom de theatre is Riccardo, but he is a Hungarian by birth, and his real name is Pal k. He is said to possess the much coveted C sharp. He was a very successful animal portrait painter, but one day he discovered he possessed a voice, and as he believed, dramatic talent. He made his first appearance at Breslau, whence he received an engagement for the opera house in Berlin.

Helena Modjeska, the foremost actress on our stage, began her annual tour at the Tabor opera house, Denver, Col. Her repertory this season will include seven of Shakespeare's works. She will act Juliet, Julia, Isabella, Imogen, Rosalind, Viola and Beatrice. Mme. Modjeska's list of plays also includes "Mary Stuart," "Adrienne," and Westland Marston's "Donna Diana; or, Love's Masque," adapted from the German.

BRIGHT LITTLE FOLKS.

A little three-year-old girl, when her mother was trying to get her to sleep one summer evening, began to ask questions about a noise outside. When told that it was caused by a cricket, she wisely remarked, "Mamma, I think it ought to be oiled."

A little four-year-old Louisville girl had her first dream, and was exulting upon the new-found experience and telling it out, when her mother said: "Jennie, tell mamma your dream?" "O! I shaw, mamma; you were lying right by me, and you ought to know."

Parent—"Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?" Johnny—"I dunno." "I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is he who sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?" "The teacher."

"Ma," remonstrated Bobby, "When I was at grandma's she let me have two pieces of pie." "Well, she ought not to have done so, Bobby," said his mother. "I think two pieces of pie are too much for little boys. The older you grow, Bobby, the more wisdom you will gain." Bobby was silent, but only for a moment. "Well, ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are.

"Mamma," said Flossie, "I think that little girls ought to wear bustles instead of little dies."

"Why, Flossie?"

"'Cause little girls have to be spanked."

Robert: Gimme some pie, Mamma (peevishly): Gimme some pie! What else do you say? Robert: And curry up about it.

Mabel has a great desire to have a little sister, which she has been told would cost $25, and to that end she hoards the nickles and dimes that escape the peanut and candy man. A short time since she went with her mother to do some shopping. During the conversation in regard to goods and prices Mabel caught the expression "$24." "Why, mamma," said she in a voice by no means below a whisper, "$24! It would cost only $1 more to buy a baby."