SOME THINGS ABOUT WOMEN.

The Bravest of Battles—Provision for the Girls.

TWO BRAVE NEBRASKA LASSES.

A Plucky Western Girl—A Pretty Car Conductor—A Baby Among the Strong-Minded—Don'ts.

The Bravest of Battles.

Joaquin Miller,

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of eloquent men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield—
But bravely and silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But, oh, these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Provide Something for the Girls.

All over Germany exist what are called sparcassen (savings banks), which correspond in a measure to the endowment plan of the American insurance companies. The best known is the Wilhelmscasse, named after the emperor, who is its patron. At the birth of a girl the father and mother insure her (kaufen sie ein) in such a casse for as much as they are able to bestow every year on the future of their new-born baby girl. The amount is paid annually. The casse lays out the money in behalf of the insured, at interest, chiefly in real estate. In this way the money accumulates, and at eighteen, or her majority, the girl is the possessor of a snug little capital. This will serve her to study any favored profession, go to some good conservatory, or start in business; and last, but not least, buy her trousseau, if she has a chance to follow woman's truest mission! Now, why cannot well-to-do American women establish such a way of providing for their less fortunate sisters? What a blessed gift from a godmother to a poor little girl such an insurance would be. I truly believe it would give zeal and encouragement to many true, poor parent, if by this small economy they could help to provide for their dear ones. It is better than a life insurance, for it takes away the "sting of death"; all may live and enjoy the fruit of their economy! How much better such a yearly outlay would be, for people in moderate circumstances, than in costly toys and extravagant dress, by which children are brought up to expectations.

Brave Nebraska Girls.

New York Sun: A gentleman who had just returned from a land inspecting tour in the northwest in speaking of his experiences a few evenings ago, related a story which shall be given here in his own words.

Said he: "We—there was a party of four—had reached the limit of the stage line at a little frontier town named Broken Bow, but our destination was the valley of the Middle Loup river, a 150 miles further into the unsettled prairie, where the only thing to attract the eye from the monotony of the endless succession of hills and valleys was an occasional flock of prairie chickens or a deer, which startled from his couch in the grass, after a moment of wild curiosity, would bound gracefully away over the crest of the nearest rising ground. The day we left Broken Bow, after several hours of travel, we passed a neat white school house, where some half dozen sturdy children were gazing out of the open door unrebuked, for a passing vehicle was a subject of much comment and conjecture in that sparse settlement, and could not go unheeded. Behind the children and scarcely less interested than they, stood their teacher, a blooming, healthy-looking girl of about twenty-two years, I judged, and there was something in her manner and refined face that was in striking contrast to the rude surroundings and unbroken prairie. The presence of the pupils could be accounted for by recalling two or three sod huts within a few miles, but we couldn't be satisfied with consigning this fair girl to such an origin.

"At last we appealed to our driver, who had not heeded our conversation, for some solution to the mystery, thinking that, as a resident of Broken Bow, he might be acquainted with the circumstances, and we were not mistaken.

"It was learned from him that several years ago two plucky girls came to the 'Bow,' as Broken Bow is usually called, which was at that time composed of but two or three houses, and was the extreme limit of habitation. They came from Vermont, but with undaunted resolution they expended their small supply of cash in exploring the wilderness and in securing the necessary homestead papers and in erecting a sod hut. Then they began housekeeping, and the rigors of the long bitter winter came on. How they struggled and the privations they endured will never be known, and through all those brave girls kept a cheerful hopefulness that was positively heroic.

The following summer a few other settlers ventured to take claims in the region, and, with true American instinct, their first care after building shelter for their families, was the erection of a tiny schoolhouse, with sod walls four feet thick. The natural drift of circumstances led to one of the pioneer girls being chosen as the first theacher, and thus their almost exhausted purse was replenished. By means of hard labor they had, during this first summer, raised enough food stuffs to last, with close economy, until the following spring, and then with the money earned in teaching, a small team of bronchos and some farming implements were purchased, and prosperity began to seem a thing of the near future, and to no longer be a creation of their brave hopes. Years hurried on, and the little schoolhouse of sod gave place to a more imposing structure of wood, but the girl from Vermont, with her stern New England training, still led the children through the winding labyrinths of fractions and across the chaotic wilderness of orthography.

The farm began to have a value, and an occasional speculator would survey the 320 broad acres, for each girl took a claim, and propose to pay a sum for it that would make the eyes of the owner sparkle, but all inducements were in vain, and this summer when we passed the school house and heard the history of the courageous girls from the lips of the prosaic guide, that farm would have sold for enough cash to have taken the sisters back to the old Green Mountain state and have bought them besides a neat little home among their childhood friends.

"But they have no inclination to return to the rocks and barren fields of New England except for an occasional visit, and propose to broaden and improve their possessions until wealth brings them comfort and leisure, and the country about them is filled with an intelligent and industrious population.

A Plucky Western Girl.

Washington Letter: A Minnesota girl married a government clerk four years ago and came to Washington to live. She was a buxom lass from Douglas county, and as intelligent as she was muscular and wholesome to look upon. Her husband loved her very hard for a while, as young husbands will; but he soon went the way of all government clerks and fell in love with a bottle and then with another woman. The Minnesota lass sat down and cried a good cry—just because it is a woman's duty to shed a few tears over the erring—but as soon as the proper amount of bawling had been done she stopped. She then braced up and commenced to study medicine. She attended medical lectures while the indifferent husband wasted his time and his substance in riotous living. Last spring she was graduated in medicine and now has her shingle out. She has picked up considerable practice during the past few months and bids fair to become a celebrity. She is too modest to have her name used publicly as yet, but it will soon be necessary. Her husband has not paid any rent for two months past, but she has done so. The house is now leased to her. One of these evenings that husband will come rolling home and be met with a few affectionate words and a club, and he will be homeless. Then the name of this independent young lady will appear, and many will know and recognize this picture.

Don'ts For Girls.

Don't be slangy.

Don't be affected.

Don't giggle and talk loud on the cars.

Don't endeavor to seem what you are not.

Don't be rude to your mother and place your opinion above hers. She knew something even before you were born.

Don't be a flirt, and if so inclined strive with all your might against becoming one.

Don't whisper at entertainments. The stage performance may be far more preferable to your neighbor than your own.

Don't say cutting things to your acquaintances. They may forgive, but they will never forget.

Don't be careless in your selection of gentlemen friends! Discountenance all familiarities; be dignified, but kind and considerate.

Don't, on the spur of the moment, be led into doing whatever will lower your self-respect and cause you regret forever after! For regret is a worm that insidiously destroys the rose-coloured petals of happiness.

Don't tell your secrets! The wise woman, the woman we all revere, does not publish her affairs among the townspeople.

A Baby Among the Strong-Minded.

The Vermont W. C. T. U., at its thirteenth annual meeting, witnessed a pretty incident. Mrs. Phœbe Stone Beeman came into the meeting while the votes were taking, with her sixteen month old baby. Every mother of them welcomed the baby, Lelia Stone Beeman. An escort was sent. The baby was brought to the platform. She looked smiling over the convention. Miss Willard took her in her arms, and moved that "the white-ribbon baby be made a delegate to this convention." She passed to Mrs. Greene's arms, who said: "My department of kindergarten has received a baptism." Forthwith they elected Mrs. Beeman secretary. Who fears that women who vote will cease to care for children?

A Connecticut Girl as a Car Conductor

Ansonia Sentinel: An Ansonia young lady had occasion to act as conductor on one of the street cars one day last week, under peculiar circumstances. In company with another young lady she was riding from Birmingham, by mistake in depositing fares for both, dropped a quarter of a dollar into the box from whence no change comes. The quarter jingled against the glass sides with an unusually loud sound that caused the driver to take his eyes off the road for an instant and glance in the direction of the fare box. As his optics caught sight of the quarter settling itself down the glass toboggan, they also noticed an outstretched hand belonging to the young lady and his ears heard the sound of "change please." The Jehu explained away all thoughts that the young lady had of ever getting her fifteen cents change, and told her the best way he saw was for her to collect three fares from the passengers as they entered the car. Accordingly the young lady, as any sensible person would do, bided her time, and from a trio who boarded the car collected the amount of her deficiency, thus balancing herself with the company's treasury.

She Threw a Cat at Him.

Philadelphia Record: The inability of a woman to throw anything so that it will hit the object at which she aims was rather queerly demonstrated in a London street the other evening. A young person of sixteen who was walking along with a cat in her arms was suddenly seized with a desire to throw something at a young man of her acquaintance, and, for lack of a better projectile, caught pussy by the tail and flung her at him. Of course the young man was unharmed, a cat went through a shop window, the S. F. T. P. O. C. T. A. took up the matter, about six policemen were required to arrest the girl, and she found herself with a fine and costs of 18s. to pay, unless she preferred fourteen days imprisonment. Next time she will know her limitations and will lay the cat in the young man's arms, pull its tail, see him duly punished and save her money.

Pretty Girls in Hard Places.

New York Correspondence Kansas City Times: There has been created in New York city a class of young ladies who work for a living as telegraphers, typewriters, secretaries, and other intellectual occupations. Because several scandals have become notorious among them, careless tongues wag recklessly, but as a rule they are just about the nicest, loveliest girls in town. A philanthropic matron of millions said to me: "Half the stories these girls tell are of the test their characters are put to, the approaches they must forever guard against, the insults they must forever pocket or digest. One young woman I know of secured a place as secretary to a lawyer on one day, the next day he flung his arms around her and kissed her. Another had to carry manuscript to an office every now and then, and one day the white-haired head of the place avowed he loved her. He said he was unhappily married but he hoped that would provoke her sympathy and not her dislike. An employe of the customs service, not so far from here as to be out of this state, was sent to search a suspected woman smuggler, and when she undertook her task the smuggler proved to be a man—a very keen-witted practical humorist. One concern in town, which employs hundreds of girls, put detectives on the sidewalk to prevent them from being insulted out of doors by persons waiting for them to come out. The detectives would be more useful inside the building. But the subject makes me wax warm as I ponder over it, and as the things which I know about women's work beside man pour in on my intellect like a young Niagara. You would also be indignant could you know the sum of torture girls put up with to keep the floorwalkers and superintendents from falsely representing them and getting them discharged, the armor they have to wear to keep employers in their places, the things they have to hear and to see in silence, knowing there is no redress but to throw up their livings."

Where the American Woman Fails.

Harper's Bazar: It seems impossible that an American woman, with the dowry of quick intelligence and imitative faculty which she possesses, which make her if she chooses so clever an artist, so skilful a musician, so honorable in her desire for the higher education, so well dressed and so bien posée, as she almost immediately becomes after contact with the world, should remain so oblivious of the evident proprieties which she shocks at home and abroad by her conduct in public places; yet here is where she fails.

She talks and laughs at the opera when an artist is singing. She behaves worse at a matinee than any other woman in the world. She crowds, shoves, shows temper and a lack of good feeling. An American does not in her opera box always behave quietly and like a lady. She gets up, turns her back on the audience, adjusts her dress, laughs and talks audibly to her cavalier. She has no sense of the etiquette of public places, If she were a man she would be hissed, and once or twice in the history of mankind she has been hissed, and she should be more frequently hissed, until she learns to respect the feelings of others. The absence of reverence, that atmosphere in which many women are brought up, makes her commit these vulgar sins in public. She is impatient of advice and angry at the implied doubt of her knowledge. To a woman who is frivolous and made up of vulgar vanity, it may be very agreeable to see men stare at her from the pit as she makes herself conspicuous at the opera. It may repay her to see herself in the columns of the newspapers as a fast, loud, young married belle. But when she goes to a European opera house she receives an intimation from the police that she must behave better or be put out.

Foreigners say that decorum in public is not a peculiarity of American women. The American owes this patriotic duty to his flag. He should aim at correcting all public exhibitions of bad manners, such as loud talking in a private box, no matter by whom done. The more prominent the social position of the woman the greater the offense. She has had an opportunity to know better. Bad manners may be the outcropping of ignorance and of vulgarity, or they may be the assumption of the noveau riche, who pretend in that way to show their power. They must remember that it was by such presumption that certain French ladies were brought to the guillotine in 1797 and later on, and that there is a guillotine called public opinion which may behead them some day. Americans can do everything well; why cannot they learn to behave decently in public places? Why should not an American woman be low-voiced, thoroughbred, quiet, polite and well dressed, as well as beautiful.

English critics say that the American young man of fashion is too dead-and-alive, and the young women too noisy. An American girl does too much as she pleases. She becomes the most pampered of wives or the most independent of spinsters. She can be author, artist, teacher, doctor or lawyer, as she thinks fit, and she can everywhere be respected. But when she behaves outrageously in public places, making everyone around her uncomfortable, she must expect to be hissed; and if in Europe, she must know that her position will not be respected. American society is very patient, it tolerates eccentricity in woman, but it is getting impatient of loud talking at the opera, high hats, and late comers, horsy girls, and women who dress like men, who at watering places and by the sea show no knowledge of etiquette of public places.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Plush is coming into fashion again.

Enamel is being largely used in jewelry.

Felt hats are exceedingly fashionable this season.

Moire is again the rage for gowns and garnitures.

Monkey fur will again be popular for muffs and capes.

Puffed sleeves will no longer be seen on the streets.

One hand in the dough is worth two feet in the dance.

A girl who powders may well be said to bloom like a flour.

Black trimmings are the fashion of the moment in colored fabrics.

The long pile furs are best for boas and for bands on long wraps.

New winter mantles are frequently in red-ingoat shape with visite sleeves.

The average length of the seal coat is twenty-three or twenty-four inches.

The thing that a woman always knows best is how some other woman ought to dress.

Sixty-one women in all have made the ascent of Mount Blanc. Of those only three were Americans.

Wraps, long or short, are not as yet worn trimmed with furs, but they will be as the season advances.

Velvet round hats in the Boulanger shape are of high favor. They are nearly covered with ostrich plumes.

Mlle. Aimee wore a $40 corset with every dress, and had a maid servant to lace her corsets up.

The Indiana Woman's Prison and Reformatory near Indianapolis is managed exclusively by women.

They say that Ella Wheeler Wilcox generally writes her verses in the dark—by their own light, presumably.

Now that they have commenced to call it "ladies' suffrage," cook and chambermaids will hardly favor it.

The newest seal turbans have high comical crowns, flat on the top, and edged with a brim of ottor or beaver.

Two American girls have been licensed as telegraph operators at San Luis Potosi, the first women operators in Mexico.

For the coming gay season are in process of construction, both here and abroad, what are called "art toilets," after old models by English painters.

A new style of sleeve is full down to the bend of the arm, slightly drooping just under the elbow, and finished by a deep plain wristband.

The woman who can't make a gang of desperate burglars out of a tree-trunk and a couple of street-light shadows on the sidewalk never was married.

The styles for the winter seem to be principally distinguished by revivals of past fashions, among which the polonaise is probably the most marked example.

"No girl gets along well without a mother," says a moral contemporary. This may be true, but hereabouts girls work harder to get mothers-in-law than they do to get mothers.

Mrs. Joseph Keppler, wife of the Puck artist has a diamond broock set with large stones which revolve for eight hours. It is wound up like a watch, and the effect is dazzling.

Red hosiery is again fashionable with Parisiennes, and also the beautiful quadrille stockings, such as black cross-barred with gold, blue with red, or suede with blue or plum.

A new cloth, called "Himalaya," has a long, soft fleece, like that on Himalaya shawls, and is very effective, either as trimming or as the lower skirt under a wool polonaise.

Plain silks, and especialy black silks, are still much in favor, and the convenient fashion of wearing a jacket bodice of different material from the skirt is likely to maintain its ground.

The tiny puff curl combs of tortoise shell are out in gold and silver tops. Their straight tops are finished in filigree or frosted work set with a row of small brilliants or other gems.

The novelties and colorings in ostrich plumes are worthy of attention. The shaded and two-toned effects are particularly elegant, and will no doubt be extremely popular.

An Iowa girl who was voted the handsomest girl in the county fainted away three times in succession when the joyful news was brought to her. A different man caught her each time.

A lady interfered with an impatient driver in Lynn and started a stubborn, balky horse attached to a heavily loaded coal wagon by giving the animal four apples and then simply saying, "Come along."

Wide breton vests are pretty for youthful dresses. They are now made to reach only to the waist line, being embroidered across the top like a yoke, and draped at the waist by a soft sash or a stiff-pointed belt.

"Just think," said Mrs. Walkin to her modiste, "the very next day after my new black suit was sent home I was called to go out of town to a funeral." "Wasn't that nice!" was the absent-minded reply.

Set of furs, consisting of a cape or large collar, deep cuffs and a muff to match, are brought out for young ladies wear in all the fashionable furs, seal, beaver, fox, lynx, caracal, and the gray Australian opossum.

Plain silk velvets are largely imported and will be used for entire costumes, and also for coats and basques, with fine wool skirts for day wear, and for low bodices with those of silk or lace for dress occasions.

Pearls are the favorite stones worn now. The ear-rings are enormous, but invariably composed of a single round ball. It cannot be too large, with as trifling and insignificant a setting as your jeweler can make.

A woman at the Summit County (Ohio) Infirmary is slowly but surely turning black. She is seemingly in good health, and the physicians are unable to ascribe a reason for the gradual change of color.

Lorgnettes framed in repousse and etched silver are in big demand, as are the lorgnetts in silver cases. Opera glasses in silver cases are equally fashionable and will figure conspicuously this season at all places of amusement.

In ladies' pocketbooks the newest style is the medium long, narrow leather one, slightly curved at the bottom so as to render it convenient to clasp in the hand. These pocketbooks are trimmed with pieced work in silver.

A worthy old lady offers the following advice to girls: "Whenever a fellow pops the question don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face and commence talking about the furniture."

The paper upon which the fashionable belles of to-day trace their large English scrawls is either of the finest cream-laid mat satin, or going to quite another extreme, consists of the coarsest grocery-paper sort, dark-colored and rough-finished.

For late autumn traveling gowns are Gobelin blue, nuns' gray, and golden fawn-colored cloths, garnished with braiding or soutache bands in applique, and combined with moire or corded silk of a deeper shade. The skirts to these are plain, and when braided are nearly covered with this trimming in fine Arabesque patterns.

High collars on dresses are going out of vogue, except for those intended for street, out of door, and travelling wear. Indoor dresses are made to be worn with large falling collars of lace, while a dog collar of ribbon or velvet, lace ann bead trimmed is fastened round the neck with a jewelled pin or fancy buckle.

In every dress dark velvet bodice will again be worn over airy skirts of lace, tulle and crepe lisse. Many of these are cut low, with drapery of lace or other diaphanous fabric, over the shoulders, and very effective toilets show the tulle skirts laid with bands of velvets corresponding with the bodice; these bands arranged to simulate stripes. The V-shaped or square cut openings in full dress bodice, instead of being left severely plain, with a simple pleating of lace inside, are now draped with folds of crepe lisse or silk gauze; this much resembling a fichu or berth.

Two young women from the east have secured 100 acres each of government land on Butte Creek, California, at $1 an acre, and have gone to work to build a tenement and live upon the land, as the law requires. They have planted fruit trees, from which they will early realize handsome profits through ready sales. One of the ladies is a fine painter of flowers, and her pictures and descriptions will be sold to a publisher of Christmas books. They camped all summer and find themselves in splendid health.

English walking gloves of finely-dressed dog-skin or Swedish kid, to wear with promenade costumes, are produced in most of the cloth shades, for matching the toilet. There are golden tans, both light and dark, browns in various handsome tones, deep copper colors, olives, dead leaf, mahogany, orange yellow, and vandyke browns, with a lot of reddest tan in the color. These fasten smoothly over the wrist by four buttons, and are made with pique-stitched seams, and embroidered on the backs with stitchings of black silk or that of a darker shade than the glove itself.

IMPIETIES.

Minister—And there were "Giants" in those days. Young lady (to New York base baller, in a whisper)—I wonder what clubs defeated them!

When a Harlem minister mentioned "death on the pale horse" in his sermon half the men looked around the church for red-headed girls.

Minister—And do you like to go to church with your papa and mamma, Bobby?" Bobby (inclined to be non-committal)—Well, I guess I like it as well as pa does.

A Lowell clergyman denounces baseball from the pulpit. It is suspected that he must have tried to umpire a matched game somewhere during his summer vacations.

A religious weekly says: "The man who whistles hardly ever swears." It is different with the men who hears him. The latter hardly ever does anything else at such times.

By decree of fashion Sam Jones is deprived of his spider-legged dudes, those inspirations of his fertile wit. He will now have to preach against the extravagant waste of raw material.

The rain falls on the just as well as the unjust. On a wet Sunday, however, the churchman gets wet going to church. The base ball man postpones the game and keeps himself dry.

It may be a little sacrilegious to speak of it, but the fact remains that the miracle of turning water into wine is frequently performed right in this country and in these modern days.

A clergyman on a sultry afternoon paused in his sermon and said: "I saw an advertisement last week for 500 sleepers for a railroad. I think I could supply at least fifty, and recommend them as good and sound.

Miss Belle Hunt, who is traveling through the interior of Kentucky as an evangelist of the Sam Jones pattern, told an audience at Nicholasville that as they had come to the meeting to have fun there would be no preaching, and that they were on the road to hell.

A minister down east took for his text a few Sundays ago Isaiah Ix., 4, and then preached on "What I Saw in Omaha." Do you know, we always thought that Isaiah had Omaha right in his mind about all the time he was prophesying! This is hard lines on Council Bluffs and Sioux City, but maybe some commentators may be found who will favor those cities, unless, indeed, Dakota should get onto the revision first.

"Good Monday marnin', Mrs. O'Raherty. An' was ye to church yiste'day?" "Troth, an' Mrs. O'Flaherty, does ye think I'd be stayin' at home on sich a beautiful day as was yiste'day and the new foll sthoiles out? If ye want to see sthoile ye must go to church on a purty day; an' I declare to goodness I was kept so busy obsarvin' this an' that bonnet an' sich that I could naither pray nor listen to the praycher. An' for a wonder I didn't see one woman aslape doorin' the entire sarmon, so busy was they all lookin' at aich other's new fixin's. Mary Ann was disappointed in her new hat an' she didn't go; but she'll be there, tank, God next Sunday an' knock the shine aff all av thim."

BRIGHT LITTLE FOLKS.

"What kind of boys go to heaven?" asked the superintendent. "Dead boys," yelled a member of the infant class.

"Why, Nettie, you have put your shoes on the wrong feet." "What will I do, mamma? They're all the feet I have got."

"No, darling," said a Burlington mother to a sick child, "the doctor says I musn't read to you." "Then, mamma," begged the little one, "won't you please read to yourself out loud?"

Mother (to four year)—If your dolly has been so naughty as you say, Flossie, why don't you give her a good whipping? Flossie (thoughtfully)—'Cause I don't b'lieve in that sort of thing.

An Auburn miss of three summers saw a funeral procession the other day and earnestly asked her mother if the man on top of the hearse was the one who killed the people he carried inside it.

"Mama, said a little one of four, whose father pays very little attention to the dinner hour, "Papa is just like the moon, isn't he?" "Why, my dear?" "Bedause he comes a little later every night."

A West side three-year-old showed an appreciation of things the other day. "Won't you give me a kiss, dear?" coaxed a lady. "I don't want to," said the little one. "Oh, give the lady a kiss, Florence," said her father. "Oo kiss her, papa, oo like to,"

A small American damsel of four years being once chided by a grown-up sister for talking of marriage—with the admonition that little girls should not think of getting married—replied, with the utmost amazement at her elder sister's ignorance: "Why, I thought about it when I was only two!"

"Mamma," said a little six-year-old girl the other day, "I'm so tired and sleepy. I wish you would put me to bed right now." "Why, my dear, what makes you so worn out tonight?" "Oh, it's 'cause we've been playing Buffalo Bill all day, and I've been the buffalo."

"Mamma, can't Fred stop talking and go to sleep? I've said my prayers six times now, and I don't want to talk any more, and have to say it again." "Can't you talk without saying your prayers over again?" replied Eddie's mamma. "No, mama; doesn't the prayer say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?' If we lie down to sleep we don't talk, do we?"

Little Mabel, five years old, is not so young but that she has picked up some knowledge of the ways of the world. She said to her mother the other day, after a fit of deep musing: "Say, mamma, who was papa before he married us, anyway?" "Who was papa? Why he was the same man that he is now." "Yes; but what was he to you? Was he just a man that you mashed?"

A little four-year-old chubby faced boy sat clenching his fingers around a silver dollar at the Sunday school service at the Methodist Episcopal church in Tyrone, Pa., on Sunday, and later reluctantly surrendered it to a person who collected the contributions to the church fund, saying afterward: "I didn't wan't to give it to Mr. B—; I wanted to give it to the Lord."

Jamie's mother took him to a Christian convention and he was so much impressed that he was a very good boy for several days after. One day he was very restless and had to be corrected several times. After his ma had talked with him seriously for some naughty action he exclaimed: "I guess you will have to take me to another convention, won't you mamma?"

A young financier, aged 4, who was given 5 cents for every mouse caught in a small trap, finally asked leave to spend the proceeds. The nurse was told to go wherever he led her, to see what he proposed buying. He passed all the toy and candy shops, but paused before a hardware store and, pointing to the window, exclaimed triumphantly: "I buy more mousetrap, Fanny!"

Our little three year old is fond of oranges. One day, when he had eaten a large one he came to mamma and wanted more. "How many are there in the dish?" asked mamma. He counted them. "Just three," he said. "Very well," was the reply, "there is one for papa, one for mamma, and one for you. You can have one." He ate it, and then wanted another. "How many are left?" asked mamma. "Just two," he replied, "one for papa and one for me." "But where is mine?" said the astonished mother. "Oh," he replied, quickly, "I've eaten it."

It was at a Sundayschool exhibition, and the superintendent was showing off the results of his labors. During the exercises he asked the children who could tell him anything about Peter. No one answered. The question was repeated several times, till finally a little girl held up her hand. "Well, my dear," said the superintendent, "that's right; I am glad to see there is one little girl who will put these larger boys and girls to shame." The little girl came forward to the platform, and was told to tell the audience what she knew of Peter. She put her finger in her mouth, and, looking very smiling, said:

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
Put her in a pumpkin shell,
And then he kept her very well."

Amid the roar that followed she hurried gaily to her seat.

"My dear young friend," he said solemnly, "if you are so fond of beer at your age, what do you suppose you will be when you reach your prime?" "A politician," responded the youth.

THE NEW YORK AND OMAHA CLOTHING CO.

Are very busy this week unpacking new winter goods, and placing them before their customers, who are confident of getting the best when purchased at THE NEW YORK AND OMAHA. They are having a great run on their NOBBY CHEVIOT SUITS AT $10 to $16.50. These suits have no equal either in style or price in this city. You can buy a good WORSTED OVERCOAT FOR $6.50, or an EXTRA FINE ONE FOR $15 to $25.

As to UNDERWEAR, you can get a suit all the way from $1 to $3.50, and higher, including the very best importations. If your boy needs a hat 25c will buy one at the NEW YORK AND OMAHA, and 100 other styles ranging in price from 50c up to $5.

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A REGULAR GRADUATE IN MEDICINE AND SPECIAL PRACTITIONER. Authorized to treat all Chronic, Nervous and "Special Diseases."

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(PRIVATE DISEASES)

(Whether caused by Imprudence, Excess or Contagion) Seminal Weakness, (night losses) Sexual Debility, (loss of sexual power), Nervous Debility, Blood Disorders, etc. Curable cases guaranteed or money refunded. Charges low. Thousands of cases cured. Age and experience are important. All medicines especially prepared for each individual case.

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FREE.—All our printed literature embracing a Symptom List, on which to get a full history of disease, etc., for 4 cents in Stamps. State your case, send for terms and trial treatment. Secrecy observed either in person or by mail. OFFICE HOURS—9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays included. CONSULTING ROOM, NO. 4.

SINGULARITIES.

An Evart (Mich.) woman has a duck that has four wings.

A woman in Castile, N. Y., opened a head of cabbage from her garden one day last week, and found a bird's egg imbedded in the center of the head.

There is a cotton plant at Narcoossee, Fla., which is over five feet across the branches and has from 350 to 400 blooms, buds, and balls. It contains cotton in all its stages, and from the swelling bud to the mature article itself.

A coyote in Walla Walla was attacked by an immense hawk that hit him fair on the back of the head, The coyote would duck its head, then make a snap at the hawk, but could not reach it, and at the end of twenty minutes was literally pecked to death.

A twelve-year-old lad living in Maine dreamed that he stood by the death-bed of his mother in Boston, she then being on a visit to that city. Thirty-three years after the dream was fulfilled, not only as to the event and locality, but as to certain minor details in the chamber of death.

A mule during the great flood in April, 1886, in Autauga county, Alabama, floated with the tide and lodged in an oak tree near the McNeal Smith landing. When the waters went down the mule was left lodged in the tree. The bones and skines, dried out by the wind and sunshine, are there yet, and at a distance still look exactly like a mule hanging in a tree.

William Bernshouse, of Hammonton, N. J., has two broods of young partridges running about his barnyard. The eggs were found in the woods where the mother birds had made their nests, and were taken home and put under hens and hatched successfully. Thus far the young birds have given no signs of a longing for bush life and perfect freedom.

One of the most remarkable cases in medical annals, as summarized in a French journal, has reference to a six-fingered family, covering five generations and including twenty-seven individuals. The first instance in this line was that of a man, born in 1752, who had six toes on one foot; in the second generation a son with six toes on one foot and a daughter normal; third generation, this daughter had five children, including one son and two daughters each having six fingers on each hand; of the fourth generation, the daughter last mentioned had eight children, including one son and two daughters each having six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot; of the fifth generation, a daughter had three children, including a son doubly deformed like his mother, and a son with six fingers on each hand, the feet being normal. Moreover, one of the two daughters of the fourth generation—with only the hands affected—had eight children, several of whom were normally developed, but the rest were deformed as follows: One daughter had an osseous thickening of the digital extremity and on the outer border of the fifth metacarpal; one son had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot; and another son had six fingers on each hand.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

A rolling pin gathers a good deal of dough.

Small ideas and big words make a painful combination.

There are no rounds of drinks in the ladder of success.

The man who carries a long head is never a headlong fellow.

The man who wants the earth or nothing generally gets away with the latter.

It is sometimes easier to tell all you know than to conceal what you don't know.

It is better to have an aching back from labor, than an empty stomach from laziness.

Any man can cut coupons, but a man who can cut a good pair of trousers is hard to find.

If you have not an enemy in the world make this entry in your diary: "I am not very much of a fellow."

A case is reported of an eccentric and humane gentleman down town chloroforming raw oysters before eating them on the half-shell.

The Georgia exhibitions are opened with electricity. If Kentucky were to have one, it would doubtless be opened with a corkscrew.

"No, my son, a mouse does not grow into a rat any more than a dude ever becomes a man. Quite a different race in either case."

We learn that a train was run a distance of thirty-eight miles through Texas one day last week and was never robbed at all. It was a gravel-train.

California has an electrical girl, and when she rubs her hands together they emit flashes. A fellow should think at least twice before he asks for one of those hands.

A cold-blooded scientist has undertaken to give an analysis of a kiss. A little practical experience will give a clearer idea of the subject than volumes of analysis.

Shoemakers may die, but it isn't proper to say that they breathe their last. You can't be too careful when using the English language. It wasn't made to jump on.

No man can hope to win the love and respect of his fellow beings, who refers to a milch cow. The man so lost to honor as to use that word, would not hesitate to speak of a silch dress.

"Is the sense of smelling more pleasing than the sense of tasting?" was the subject before a western debating club in a barroom. Uncle Joe was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him deliver himself. Walking up to the barkeeper he called for a hot whiskey punch and drank it off with great gusto; then turning to his opponent he handed the empty glass to the leading disputant and thundered out: "Now smell it, you varmint!" It is needless to add that Uncle Joe "brought down the house," and also the decision for the negative.

Lily Langtry is going to be married—at least that is the revised gossip in New York

Proprietor Omaha Business College,

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School Bond Proclamation.

IN pursuance of a resolution duly adopted by the Board of Education of the School District in Omaha, in the county of Douglas, in the state of Nebraska, notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of said school district, that at the general election to be held Tuesday, November 8th, 1887, the following question and proposition will be submitted to a vote of the electors of said district, to-wit:

"Shall consent and authority be given to the Board of Education of the School District in Omaha, in the county of Douglas, in the state of Nebraska, to issue the bonds of said school district, in the sum of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars ($200,000), the said bonds to be 200 in number, of the denomination of $1,000.00 each, dated January 1st, 1888, and to bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, payable semi-annually at Kountze Brothers', bankers, New York, principal to become due in twenty years from the date thereof. The proceeds arising from the sale of said bonds to be used in the purchase of school sites for said district, and the erection of school buildings as follows:

PURCHASING SCHOOL SITES.

One site on Hamilton street near Eureka street at the estimated cost of $5,000.00.

One site on 30th and Jackson streets at the estimated cost of $8,500.00.

One site in West Side Addition at the estimated cost of $2,000.00.

One site in Ambler Place Addition at the estimated cost of $3,000.00.

One site corner 9th street near Bancroft at the estimated cost of $6,000.00.

One site on 14th street near Park Forrest Addition at the estimated cost of $2,500.00.

One site corner of 5th street and Hickory street at the estimated cost of $7,000.00.

One site corner of Franklin street and 35th, at the estimated cost of $8,500.00.

ERECTING SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

One school building on 25th near Mason street, at the estimated cost of $40,000.00.

One school building on 22nd street near Nicholas street, at the estimated cost of $40,000.00.

One school building on 9th street near Bancroft, at the estimated cost of $25,000.00.

One school building on Hamilton street near Eureka street, at the estimated cost of $25,000.00.

One school building in Lake's addition, at the estimated cost of $32,500.00.

All votes "Yes" on said proposition will be regarded and considered as authorizing the issue of said bonds, and all votes "No" shall be regarded and considered as against issuing said bonds.

Also, the following question and proposition will, in like manner, be submitted:

"Shall said Board of Education in addition to the aforesaid proposed expenditure for the purchase of school sites and the erection of school buildings from the proceeds of said bonds, be authorized to expend the following sums, to be realized from the sale of school property now belonging to said school district, and not required for the use thereof, as follows, to-wit:

For an addition to High School building, the sum of $50,000.00.

For school building on Boulevard street near 21st street, the sum of $25,000.00.

All votes "Yes" on said proposition will be regarded and considered as authorizing said proposed expenditure, and all votes "No" shall be regarded as against said proposed expenditure.

By order of the Board of Education of the School District in Omaha, in the county of Douglas, in the state of Nebraska.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of said School Board to be affixed, this 29th day of October, A. D. 1887.

[L. S.] H. T. CLARKE, President.

Attest: J. B. PIPER, Secretary. 677-693