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Overcoats, \$12

All sizes, 34 to 44.

ROBINSON & GARMON

1311 Farnam St.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR IV.

He is to Make His Debut at the Close of the Year.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

The Promise She Made Her Husband and How She Has Kept It—A Juvenile on Comstock—Clara Belle's Letter.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—[Correspondence of the BEE]—A new John Jacob Astor is about to make his debut. He is to appear at an Astor ball before the end of the year. He is the fourth John Jacob Astor. He has just wound up his career as a student. To all appearances his scholastic life was conducted becomingly, so he has his name inscribed on an honored Harvard sheepskin to testify to the right to place the letters A. B. after his name. He is not the son of John Jacob Astor the third, but a son of that John Jacob's brother William. In spite of his family name and of the incredible millions that will be all his own when his father shall die off, the new John Jacob is not regarded with the hope of the family. His people got through anticipating great things for him when he was a young boy, and now that he has attained to man's estate, it is said that the loftiest ambition they have regarding him is that he will continue to do nothing except some day to marry a girl whose strength of character may prove effective in re-enriching the family blood. Young John Jacob is a tall, loose-jointed fellow, who would pass for a typical raw-boned rustic if it were not for his clothes; his forehead is of the retreating kind; his nose is his one redeeming feature, in that it is very large, but its shape is not suggestive of the strength that is said to go with big nasal organs. It is rather snubly and pronounced at the same time woefully ugly. His whole bearing is negative, and it is safe to say that, although he may never do anything to honor the name of Astor, he will never do anything to violently discredit it. He has had every advantage in opportunities for education that wealth could buy, and his road to learning has been made as royal as possible. He was early taken to the best of the well-known academy at Concord, N. H., where a speciality is made of preparing boys for college. He arrived at Harvard a little more than four years ago. Those who have been through Harvard declare that it would take a very, very dull man to fail of attaining the ordinary baccalaureate degree. Honors, or even honorable mention, requires special ability and hard work, but one sheepskin needs only faithfulness to the general orders of the institution to capture. Nevertheless...

YOUNG JOHN JACOB has the authority for claiming all the glory there may be in a Harvard diploma, and better yet, in a prospect, for he is an only son, and his prospective to half the entire Astor estate. He will be this winter's center of interest in society, and all the girls will delight to hover around his presence. He has no conversational powers, but does not seem to himself to rank absurdities, for he can say in a conversational way that it is a pleasant evening, or nasty weather, you know, and he can swing his feet through the air, or walk on a gait that is more than elegantly stylish. But better than brilliant rhetoric and dancing, he has money, barrels and barrels of it, and lots more where that came from. The glitter of his gold is unalloyed, and the taste of his tailor is recognized as unexceptionable. It is hard to do anything novel on Thanksgiving day, but the feat can be accomplished by those who put their minds to it—especially if those minds are not burdened with ordinary affairs of life. The thing was done at Tuxedo. The deviser of the scheme is unknown to fame, but the invention was used in the two or three score of very swell households which were filled on Thursday's holiday. The fashionable girls there went gunning earlier in the week, carrying silver mounted shotguns, embroidered gamebags, and did so much popping at birds that a reasonable number of songsters ceased to sing. The demonstration was made to take the places of turkeys as the chief dishes at the Thanksgiving dinners; beaux were especially invited to eat the game that had been shot by the belles, and a great deal was made of the combination of sentiment and gastronomy.

THINGS IN TOWN so far as the self-exhibitory society is concerned, will begin the rush early next month. The whole of Delaware's building has been engaged for the night of December 5 by Mrs. Newbould Morris. The public cafe and restaurant will be accessible to the usual customers until 1 o'clock in the morning, and until that hour Mrs. Newbould's guests will only use the three "upper" stories; but by the time the guests get hungry the outer doors will be shut entirely to common folks, and the walls will enclose only the swells and their servitors. The demonstration would be characterized as a splurge if Mrs. Newbould were very rich, or had not long held a commanding position "in society," but no such criticism will be made in this case, and the full ball of the season will be considered a strictly polite boom. Five other balls by various individuals and organizations in the Astor-Vanderbilt set will occur on the same premises in December.

Mrs. William Astor gave an elaborate charity party last week among her guests were eight girls, locally famous for beauty. They all belonged to families of money and pride, and were maidens altogether beyond reproach. Nevertheless, one of them is a subject of gossip in her own and other circles by reason of her professed infatuation of Kyle Bellow, an actor. None of her intimates believe that she cares a rap for the fellow, for if she did she would not avow her love so openly as she does. They rather incline to the theory that she is amusing herself, and gaining a piquant distinction, by a fad of her own exclusive making. Bellow is intellectual, but odd in appearance, with no claim to beauty; but for several years he has been Wallack's juvenile actor, and it has long been a tradition that the minut here at Wallack's is adored by FEMINE NEW YORK.

No notion could be false, and as to Bellow, he receives more than enough admiration. But this girl took it into her head to be a wild worshipper of him. She goes persistently to matinees where he performs; she has her carriage wait for her near enough to the doors to see in an emergency; she sends flowers to him in profusion, and, in other ways, she acts cleverly her role of Ada to his David Garrick. I don't think she ever met him, and I feel sure that were he to presume upon their intimacy, she would be as quick about right briskly. But a fashionable girl, being debarred from valuable employments, must have recourse to something nonsensically singular if she would be unique at all.

Mrs. James Brown Potter promised to her husband, just before her debut here as a professional actress, that she would never allow her mimic lover's of the stage to kiss her. That is what her acquaintances say, and the story is circumstantially proven before her audience. In the first place, which she was a heroine the courtship did not result in marriage, nor even in a sentimental surrender, and so the absence of kissing did not attract much attention. But it was different in the ensuing piece. There she was the intensely beloved wife of the hero and at the outset they were represented as meeting after months of separation. They rushed at each other, as husband and wife might naturally be expected to do, and kissed affectionately, they held passionate discourses for a quarter of an hour, and then they reluctantly parted again, but neither in the greeting nor the good-bye was a kiss exchanged. Mrs. Potter peers at the audience and a few carresses, but the lips of her supposed husband never touched her face. It was curious to observe how quickly the audience, even to the least unsophisticated, took note of the lack of a reasonable action in connection with that point which buzzed all over the house. But a kiss is NOT A LONG FELT WANT in "Siegfried," the Wagner opera sung this week before expressly fashionable people at their magnificent Metropolitan. Take out your watch and see how long a time forty-two seconds make. Probably you can't hold your breath for that space. Well Brunnhilde receives from Siegfried a kiss forty-two seconds long by the watch. There is never any variation about it, because the exact duration is fixed by the notes of the music, and is not left to the professional judgment or personal preference of the singers. The opera presents a story common to the German version of the Siegfried myth, which is projected by the song of a bird. Siegfried cuts his way through Wotan's spear, which bars his way, ascends to the rock on which Brunnhilde lives in her magic sleep, penetrates the bars of fire and kisses her in consistency. Doubtless Wagner reasoned that a good long kiss would be necessary for such a purpose, but the beaux and belles of New York society seem to regard the dramatic incident with more than morbid curiosity. They bring their glasses to bear upon it, and seemingly strive to settle the question whether the lips of Lilli Lehmann and Alvary, the soprano and tenor concerned in it, actually do any kissing while certainly held closely together. The Christmas card business is booming, as usual at this time of the year. The cards come in battalions from London, or platoons from Boston, and are recruited by the million here in New York. A great chromo man, who advertises for designs and pays prices of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250 for first, second, and third best. In that way he secured a multitude for a nominal price. One of his triumphant competitors tells me that he has ordered all the prices to be "prize." That was when the manufacturer put all the cards on exhibition and let visitors vote. The artist bought admission tickets by the hundreds and got people to go to vote for his work, which, he will say, has 999 in its name, and no other indication being allowed. But the faithful representative of 999 went in, took a look, and neglected to vote. A bunch of tickets intended to swell the chances of 999 was found, and the manager saw that 999 had gone, so he ordered the artist to make another card that had only five votes—those of the artist's wife, mother-in-law, and two other aunts. In one afternoon the magic 999 caught half a hundred votes for the miserable little device, and thus the firm outwitted the efforts of high art.

This year the cards are of the usual esthetic type. Moony looking women, with the bulk of the home, and craning their necks in snow storms for cheap ulsters, or bottles of rheumatic liniment. Children say funny things. A little mite heard the grown folks discussing the recent action of Comstock in making an art gallery. Mamma remarked that her copy of the Greek slave wasn't safe on the drawing room table. No one dreamed that the four-year-old Effie understood why, till she tumbled in with a collection of Christmas cards and insisted that her mother should put them away to keep them from.

THAT "COMSTOCK MAN." "What would Mr. Comstock want your cards for?" asked papa. "To 's'it a no' book in on 'em little boys and the intelligent child."

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street," sung out the conductor; "change here for the cable car direct to Riverside Park and Grant's tomb." Up jumped the sight-seeing country people and hurried off upon the platform. Just as the car started the old man rushed after the receding train shouting: "Just throw me off my teeth. I left 'em on the window seat. For mercy sake! My teeth!" Dismay sat on the faces of the two women, but no word appeared on the soul of the last carman, and he jerked the cord. The train stood still. "Jump on an' get your blamed teeth," said he, "an' keep 'em in yer head another time." CLARA BELLE.

"BARON" NELKEN AS A COURIER.

A Noted European Guide Now a Resident of Omaha. Mr. Joseph Nelken, whom his friends have nicknamed the "Baron," from the fact that several years of his life have been spent in the company of dukes, lords, counts and marquises, has a most interesting history and an extended tale of his adventures and travels would fill a large volume. Mr. Nelken was seen by a BEE reporter yesterday and asked to relate some of the more important incidents of his career. Mr. Nelken spent several years in England, France, Italy, Russia and Belgium, and was employed by many of the most prominent tourists as a courier. The gentleman speaks five modern languages and by his familiarity with all the principal cities of Europe proved to be a most valuable companion.

In 1873, during the Vienna exposition he was employed by Colonel Mann (inventor of the Mann boudoir car) and with a wife and two children, Mr. Mann was introducing the first of this character ever seen in Europe and was the first conductor who ever had charge of a sleeping car between Paris and Cologne, and between Berlin and Paris. Colonel Mann was very successful and made large contracts with several railroad companies. In 1874, George Pullman came to Paris and also engaged the services of Mr. Nelken. Mr. Pullman had come to Europe to exhibit to railroad companies his sleeping car. The first magnate to ride in the Pullman car was Baron Alfred de Rothschild. The journey was from Paris to the first station outside of the city. Several well known railroad men and other principal capitalists were among the party. Several other trips were made and then Mr. Pullman and party went to Turin, Italy. By his employer's orders Mr. Nelken issued tickets at this city for inspection of the car and the desire to see it was so great that a general tour of the country was made and Rome was finally reached. The present King Humbert, then a prince, visited the car with his staff, and under the guidance of Mr. Nelken, made a thorough inspection. The prince asked a thousand questions concerning it and before leaving expressed himself as well pleased. Vienna, St. Petersburg, and all the other principal cities of Europe were visited in turn. When in St. Petersburg Mr. Nelken had several opportunities of seeing the white czar, who was so cruelly murdered by the explosion of a military bomb.

In 1876 Mr. Nelken was employed as street courier at the Grand hotel in Paris during the exposition. Among the prominent visitors he chaperoned during that time were Admiral Casey, of the U. S. Navy, and the Hon. Charles John W. Fernald, proprietor of the Philadelphia Press; Lord Alfred Paget and many other European aristocrats.

"In 1880," continued Mr. Nelken, "I attended the exposition in Brussels and organized the first excursion from that city to the battlefield of Waterloo. The former mode of visiting that historical spot was by means of an old-fashioned coach, for which each passenger had to pay a sum of five francs, and the fare to \$1. This also included a historical review made by myself. Since that excursion the fare has remained \$1."

"Did you ever run across George Francis Train, Mr. Nelken?" "Oh yes. The first time was in Dublin in 1868. I was standing near the postoffice in Sackville street, when he passed by. I inquired who he was, and was informed that he was an American name Train, and that he had come over to try and save three Fenians condemned to be hanged at Manchester, England. In 1871 I was in Paris during the commune and there Mr. Train again, and I met him there during the National column notwithstanding the vigorous protests. Mr. Train always seemed to be trying to do some good. The last time I met him was in this city, a few weeks ago, and he was inquiring in behalf of the Chicago anarchists."

Mr. Nelken stated that he had only lived in Omaha one year, but intended to make this city his permanent home and would be pleased at any time to furnish more information. He has been on a tour with any information he may possess.

TERRIBLE LION FIGHT. New York Sun: Early yesterday morning there was a fearful lion fight in the Jubilee Exhibition at Liverpool, Delmonico, the most plucky tamer of beasts, has been triffing in a cage with three big forest lions. Five more lions, of a different kind, but very big also, arrived Monday from Africa and were put at once into the big cage with the three already there. When he had done, Mlle. Kora, his partner, went in with the lions and took a little dog. This was repeated during the day, and the lions were too much stunned by the noise and confusion to do anything else. Shortly after midnight, however, the menagerie was filled with a frightful roaring and a servant rushed into the big iron cage rocking and the eight lions fighting furiously, rolled up into a huge ball, from which the blood-stained fur was flying in all directions. The huge beasts rolling over and over, biting pieces out of each other with a ferocity that was sickening. The new arrivals were the first to be killed. The tamer, who had been in possession, the tamer arrived half clad and found his lions bleeding fearfully, but still fighting. The appearance of Delmonico with a red hot iron produced no effect, and all but the lion which continued crouched sullenly down. One of these two hot iron was used, even when applied to raw flesh. The lions responded only by tearing away at each other more fiercely. At last Delmonico entered the cage, but as he was about to shut himself in. He next opened a door communicating with a second cage and drove into it the six lions that had been looking on. The two contestants paid no attention to him, while he stood there the big forest lion, who had been defending his home against the five strangers, rolled over on his back, growled faintly, and died as the other seized him by the throat. There was a shout on the part of the tamer, and a piece of skin large enough to make a glove. Curiously enough, not one of the lions had his tail bitten off, which seems to indicate that some code exists among lions which prevents them from making each other ridiculous.

IN THE FUNNY MAN'S DOMAIN.

Utility of the Bustle—Healthful Outdoor Sports.

THE OLD MAN PLAYED TOO.

Old Father Time—Freedom of Speech Protected—The Stock Replenished—A New Colonel—Wit and Humor.

Utility of the Bustle.

THE CATASTROPHE. Her ma said her boots were too high in the heel. One day while out walking she stepped on a nail. Of mamma and uttering an ear piercing squeal. She frantically clutched at the air.

SHE IS SAVED. Her bustle was rubber, inflated of course. And it turned out to be of her safety the source. For when she sat down on the sidewalk with her feet. She bounded right back to her feet.

THE MORAL. In the foregoing maidens who stylish boots wear. The moral still easily find: When sidewalks are icy, or out of repair, A bustle of rubber, inflated with air, Is handy to carry behind.

Ah, These Healthy Outdoor Sports. Chicago Inter-Ocean: Mamma, reading morning paper: "My dear, I see Jack made a run through the whole opposing team, scored another touch down just at 4:27, was jumped on by the entire Princeton eleven, and finally taken off the field unconscious with three ribs and breastbone broken."

Great Scott! Mary, but the boy can't train for a case like this, this winter, and he'll be shut out of the team when they take to the water in the spring. By jove, Mary, I'd rather be squeezed on wheat than have Jack confined to his books all winter. "But, my dear, this was Jack's touch-down that won the game." "Is that so? Great Scott! then, like Montcalm at Quebec, I die happy. Another muffin, Mary. These fall sports are simply glorious. But Jack must take more rest and recuperation. It is so easy for a fellow with Jack's herculean constitution to break down under too much work. Only three ribs, you say?" "And the breastbone." "Great Scott! but this is good news."

Old Father Time. Oh, a wonderful man is Old Father Time, As he deals out the dole of the years, With his scythe and glass and his locks of rime. And his measure of smiles and tears, We speed his course when our days are young. And the cares of life are few, But a different cry escapes our tongue When our notes are nearly done.

Freedom of Speech Protected. Detroit Free Press: A Detroit lawyer who had a case before one of the township justices, subjected a witness to much brow beating and wound up with: "Were you ever in jail?" "Ask me another question of the sort I'll lick you until you can't holler," was the prompt response. "Your honor," began the lawyer, "I demand that—" "And if he can't I'll help him!" interrupted the justice, as he began to push up his sleeves.

He Could and He Couldn't. He could talk of art and artists in a manner of an intense amateur. He could draw a perfect fly. But he couldn't paint a fence.

A Musical Family. The McSpilkens family is one of the most fashionable in Austin. The old man, however, is not as nice as he ought to be, but the rest of the family are highly accomplished. Somebody was speaking of them the other day and he remarked how they all played on some instrument. "What does the old lady play?" asked a bystander. "She plays on the piano." "And the youngest daughter?" "She plays on the harp?" "And the next daughter?" "She is very proficient on the guitar." "And the boy?" "He plays on the fiddle." "Well, does the old man play?" "You bet he does. He plays the staving game of draw poker in Travis county."

The Stock Replenished. Detroit Free Press: A Detroit lawyer who has traveled extensively, and who has seen "Marie Antoinette watch" in the pawn shops of New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago and other places, stepped into a local pawnshop yesterday and asked for three balls. "How happens it that you haven't Marie Antoinette's watch here?" "Haven't I got it? George George?" "Well," answered a voice from the rear end of the store, "where is our Marie Antoinette's watch?" "Sold it day before yesterday." "Oh, you did. That's all right. Please call next week, my friend, and we shall have a new supply."

Thought It Was a New Colonel. Maryville (Mo.) Republican: One of the funniest bulls we have seen for a long time is the one made by the Kansas City Journal in publishing the proceedings of the Baptist association. It says: "Rev. Biting, of Philadelphia, handed an address in the interests of Colonel Portage." It should have been "colporteur." The religious editor must have been absent, and the baseball editor in charge.

A Change of Heart. "Young man," inquired the apostle, "have you ever experienced religion?" "I came very near it once, sir," was the young man's response. "I used to help a pretty girl hold up a hymn book every Sunday morning in church, and I was getting so good that I fairly neglected my business. But one night I caught her flirting with an usher. I put a ten-dollar bill in the contribution box, and I haven't been to church since."

What's in a Name? One of the home managers of a home for destitute colored children went to the institution the other day to see how things were going on, and found a youngster, as black as the inside of a coal mine, tied to a bed-post with his hands behind him. "What's that boy tied up for?" she asked the attendant. "For lying, ma'am; he is the worst lying nigger I ever saw." "What's his name?" "George Washington, ma'am," was the paralyzing reply.

What Caused It. Colonel Guff—I see, Mr. Lard, that you are charging me 45 and 50 cents a pound for butter now. What is this high price owing to? Mr. Lard—Well, it is chiefly owing

GREAT SPECIAL SALE OF DOMESTICS!

We will put on sale Thursday, Dec. 1st, the following Special Bargains in Domestic: 3 Cases Best Standard Prints at 8c per yard, worth 7c. These Prints can be seen in the window or if you will visit our store we will give you samples with pleasure. 2 Cases Arnold's Best Century Cloths, sold by all at 10c; Special Price for Thursday, 6 1-2c. 20 Pieces Colored Canton Flannels, worth 12 1-2c; Thursday's Special Price \$1 3c. 25 Cases Batting, same quality sold elsewhere for 18c; our Price for Thursday 12 1-2c. We Solicit you to visit our store and examine these goods before day of sale.

THOMPSON, BELDEN & CO.,

1319 FARNAM STREET. Will open promptly at 8 a. m.

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Elegant Plush Parlor Suits, Solid Antique Oak, Bedroom Sets, Patent Rockers, Lounges, Mattresses, SAFES.

ALL AT AUCTION. PRICES ON EASY PAYMENTS

Pianos and Organs,

At Wholesale Prices

Call Early and Avoid the Rush.

New York Storage Company,

Cor. Capitol Avenue and 15th Sts.

Over Bennett's New Store.

to me, Colonel Guff, and I should feel very much obliged if you could make it convenient to pay up.

Cotton is All-Dun Picked. It's givine up ter town an' spen' my money— Cotton is all dun picked; I's gwinter eat bread an' 'lasses an' honey— Cotton is all dun picked. I'vecked mighty hard while de sun was hot— Cotton is all dun picked. An' I've arned all de money what I hab got— Cotton is all dun picked. White man sits on de fence an' fingers— Cotton is all dun picked. He's got a mighty knacker fur ter cheat po' niggers— Cotton is all dun picked. An'er rake away de leaves, and we'll all hab a dance— Make a nigger's mouf go clip, clap, clap, Jes han' ter de ole man a mighty big place. Make er nigger's mouf go flip, flap, flap.

San Francisco Girls Won't Stand It. San Francisco Report: I'll stand on my dress and who pokes me with his cane. I'll keep my temper when the car stops on a muddy crossing, and when the conductor hugs me on the off the step. I'll not murmur when four small children rub tatty fingers on my dress and patent leather tips off my shoes. I'll not glare when the man reaches on his woman whose feathers cut out the actors' legs. I'll miss a particular boat with serenity. I'll refrain from profanity when brand new kid gloves pull white in the soams. I'll struggle on through life without a silver-handled umbrella. I'll go to society tableaux. I'll bottle up my envy when another girl gets a better-looking escort. I'll be bridesmaid for my dearest foe. I'll button up my lips over a spiteful story, and I'll patiently endure scalds when I crave sensibility. But I will not speak to a man with a short pipe in his mouth. It may be English and tony. Then let England have it. It isn't San Franciscany and polite. And San Francisco's daughters don't want it, in fact, won't have it nor the fellows who go with it. We girls have decided on that.

What Helped Him Out. Her father was against the marriage set; He did not like the youth; that's what h said. But as they loved they oft in secret met, And to elope they both determined. But pa suspected and he kept an eye, A keen espionage, upon the pair; They knew it, and the maid began to sigh, And mope and fret—the lover to despair. But fate is fate, the orientals say, And this, just now, we're not inclined to doubt. When lovers have resolved to run away, There's something will occur to help them out. What's written's written, what's to be will be. Fate decreed that it should be a match, And so they got away one night when he Was winding up his Waterbury watch.

A Well-Matched Couple. "Your husband is something of an antiquary, isn't he?" asked a caller of Mrs. Snuggs. "No, I don't think he is," was the

reply. "I don't think he can tell one kind of an ant from another. When They Don't Get a Fair Show." "I see the N. M. C. A. is going to hold a week of prayer for young men," observed the horse editor. "Well, they need it," replied the snake editor; "the church fair season has opened."

The Solution of It. Texas Strangers: They had been engaged only fifteen years, but it seemed a long time for her, and she was growing restless. "Darling," she said in the gentlest accents, "our betrothal has been very sweet, has it not?" "It has, it has indeed, my own." "But it has been very long, don't you think?" "Yes, it has been pretty middlin' long," he rejoined. "I was thinking, dearest," she continued, playing with his watch chain and casting down her eyes, "that our betrothal is nearly old enough now to go out and work for its living. Couldn't we have it learn a trade, or get it a clerical, or put it out at interest, or do something with it so that we might realize something on it? It has been hanging about home so long, burning gas and coal, and now it is nearly full grown. It seems like a shame to have it doing nothing so long?" "But my love—"

"And just think," she interrupted, "in six years more it will have a vote. I don't care so much about myself (raising her eyes), but pa and ma are kicking like steers. What would you suggest?" "We might get married." "That's so. I never thought of that." They are going to marry Christmas

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