A REPORTER'S TRIP

CALPELLE & AL. BUNKER

THROUGH THE CITY BY NIGHT

The Different Places Visited and What Was Witnessed by the Pusher of Fabers' Favorite-An Interesting Statement of a New Case.

The life of a reporter on a daily paper is not one of the most happy lots. He is east into all kinds of company, from the highest to the lowest dregs of society. At one time he is called to attend an inquest, to "write up" the sudden death of a man, who for years was known to be a reliable railroader, a tesmister, or carpenter, if not perchance a bricklayer or even a compon laborer. On his way back to the office with his notes a friend says. "I can give you the name of a party to be married at a certain hour." In quest of news the reporter fluids a poor mother and several small children in a miserable kind of hovel and in a famishing condition. Promising to do all in his cower to relieve them the scribe wends his way again, when his monghts are turned to his note book. In an instant his eyes are cast on a memorandum which says: "A dog fight at—__at.p.m." Well, here comes the trial for the penul pusher. A leading minister is to preach a sermon from a text which he desires printed and the reporter has promised to do that work, as 500 marked copies of the paper containing that a rmen is to be mailed to the ministerial friends of the pastor.

"HERE IS A FRETTY MESS."

"BERE IS A PRETTY MESS."

A coroner's inquest, a starving family, a dog fight and a prominent divine segmon, all to be written up by the same person for the same paper published next morning. All of the above has happened within a couple of hours. The reporter makes the effort and by holding the "forms" for half an hour is successful and gets rid of his load of care, but such was not the case with the gentieman who makes the following interesting statement: "BERE IS A PRETTY MESS."

rid of his load of care, but such was not the case with the geatteman who makes the following interesting statement:

To the writer who met Mr. Wilhiam Crowder, a teamster located at the Farmer's Hotel, corner of 14th and Harney sits: "When I was in Denver some years ago," said Mr. Crowder, "I was embloyed by the Union Pacific Railroad Company as a laborer. It was warm weather and I was working without any coat on and became somewhat warm by the time I quit work. I started home with my coat off. A sudden gust of wind came up and before I knew it I was chillek through and took a severe cold and it settled in my face and head, which seemed to get very sore, and became so swollen that at times my friends would not resognize me. It pained havery much. My head would ache from morning until high and from night until morning. My howels were very costive for a number of years, and to tell the truth I camot remember when they were regular until recently. My appet is became very poor and I lost several pounds in weight.

COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT.

became very poor and I lost several pounds in weight.

I COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT, and when I arose in the morning I was as tired as I was before I retired at night. I would have some of the most horrible dreams imaginable. I also became low-spirited and despondent, and often wished I was dead. Things began to grow worse rapidly. The fail of the year came and I would take colds on the least exposure. My head would feel full, my nose stopped up and I would blow out hard chunks or scabs which seemed to be blood. They were putrid and emitted a bad odor, My breath was very offensive. I noticed after a while that I had a buzzing or ringing noise in my head, and my hearing seemed to be affected, as I could not hear so plainly as before. My car seemed to be sore, and sometimes discusaged, especially at night, when the pillow case would requently be soiled. I found the climate of Colorado did not agree with me and returned to Omaha where I have resided ever since,

"Well to make a love story short I found out."

"Well, to make a long story short I found out that my trouble was nothing more than catarrh and that it had become chronic, as my bronchial tubes were effected. I was troubled with a hackand that it had become chronic, as my brouchial tubes were effected. I was troubled with a hacking cough and would have to hawk and spit a greater part of the time in the morning. It was of no uncommon occurrence for me to gag and vomit before I could clear my throat. I read the advertisement of Drs. McCoy and Henry, and something more than a month ago I consulted with them and was surprised at the low price they agreed to furnish me with medicine and treat me for one month. They did not promise to care me, but said they would help me very materially. I began treatment and have only been treating for a little over one month and the remarkable change that has come over me is simply wonderful. I hear as well as I ever did, my nose does not stop up. I do not hawk and spit any more, my howels are as regular as clock work, my appetite excellent. I sleep soundly and do not have those horrible dreams any more, and feel better than I have felt for a number of years."

"I feel very grateful that I am so much better because I never expected to feel this well again, and have no hesitancy in giving my testimonial to the many already published by Drs. McCoy and Henry and freely recommend their treatment to those suffering from catarrh, as they cured me after several other doctors and numerous patent medicines failed."

As above stated Mr. Crowder can be found at Farmer's Hotel, corner 14th and Harney sts., where he will corrobborate the above.

FETID NASAL CATARRH.

Its Simptoms and What It Leads To-The Miserable Feelings, Etc.

This form of catarrh is essentially a disease of

This form of catarrh is essentially a disease of the nasal cavity proper, and does not extend to the vault of the pharynx. For awhile a dry catarrh may, and very frequently does, develop in that region as the result of structural changes within the tissues of the mucous membrane. The symptoms mainly consist in the accumulation in the nasal cavity of offensive masses and crusts, together with more or less of a fluid discharge. The nasal cavity thus obstructed the breathing is more or less difficult.

The sense of smell is impaired, if not entirely lost. The especial liability to take colds on the least exposure exists, and the susceptibility to changes of temperature and the influence of a damp atmosphere frequently causes thickening of the nasal mucous membrane. As the secretion goes on from the surface to the mucous membrane the masses are lifted from their bed, and still losing their moisture, large crusts are gradually built up from below, which mould themselves in its narrower portions in such a manner that the sufferer is unable to dislodge them, and they remain in position for days and even weeks. Their odor is offensive in the extreme as the result of this long retention, during which time the putrefactive changes are constantly going on. The sufferer may be entirely unconscions of the offensive breath, but others readily notice it and endeavor to shan the companionship of such persons.

To Face and Features.

There are many cases wherein fettid catarrh has done its destreying work in the masal passages, poisoning the breath, ruining the sense of smelling and faste, and perceptibly marring the features; sometimes, in long neglected or improperly treated cases giving them an appearance distorted, repulsive, almost deformed.

Much that is true has been said regarding the results of catarrh impairing the general health affecting the throat, lungs and stomach, and producing consumption and dyspepsa, or reaching the ears and causing deafness. But few persons realize how general are the destructiver results of

DOCTOR

J. CRESAP McCOY,

Late of Bellevue Hospital, New York,

AND

Dr. Columbus Henry

(Late of University of Pennsylvania)
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m. Sundays included.
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5.2

INCIDENTS. MATRIMONIAL

All for Gold - A Very Pretty Romance

MARRIAGE OF A CHINESE MAID.

A Hast's Marriage Followed by Desertion-A Postage Stamp Romance-A Wedding in a Snowbank.

All for Gold.

Boston Traceler.
They'll robe me in my bridal gown, Ah me, ah me! They'll robe me in my bridal gowa, The orange buds will be my crown. The white veil will go floating down; And I shall bear the splendor meet,

And wish it were my winding sheet, An me, an me: They'll twine white gems about my neck, Ab me, ch me! y'll twine white gems about my neck,

And I shall give no sign, no check, But well enough I, too, shall reck That down pearls are for my tears, The deadly opals for my tears, Ah me. ah me! They'il my my prayer book in my hand,

Ah me, sh me! The: 'Il lay my prayer book in my hand, While I shall caim and stately stand, And hear the organ pealing grand; And I shall neither faint nor fall, But live and smile on it through it all. Ah me, ah me!

They'll lead me to the altar rail, Ah me, ah me! They'll lead me to the altar rail, And my false lips will never fail, Nor my false heart never qualt; As I breathe o'er those words of old, And sell myself for love of gold, Ah me, ah me

A Pretty Romance.

Canandaigua (N. Y.) Correspondence New York World: There was a quiet wedding at the residence of PeterD. Kellogg, in South Bloomfield, this county, a few days ago, and because of an interesting romance that is attached to it, the affair has caused annoual dis-

Twenty-six years ago John W. Russell was the son of the wealthiest farmer in this neighborhood. He was a bright and promising young man. His father sent him to Columbia college to educate him for a lawyer. At the same time Helen Sherman, the daughter of "Uncle" Alonzo Sherman, was the acknowledged belle of the southern part of Ontario county. Her beauty, that of the blonde type, was a common remark and she had many admirers. For years Helen and John had been friends, and the friendship ripened into love, and in 1861, when John was at home on his first vacation from college, they be-came engaged to be married.

Russell returned to his studies in 1861, when the war fever was at its height, and one evening at a war meeting he enlisted in the army. He wrote long letters to his parents and his fiancee and started for the front. In December, 1862, Russell was captured by the confederates and lodged in Andersonville prison, where he was confined for seven months, and upon being released was attacked with brain fever For eight months he was an inmate of : union hospital at the south, and he made a narrow escape from death.

While Russell was in prison his father

died, and his estate having been found insolvent, his mother went to live with her brother in Philadelphia. Russell had not been heard from in many months, and he was mourned for at his home as dead. Helen's father was killed in an explosion on his farm at about the same time, and, with her mother, she removed to Youngstown, O. where the mother and daughter lived alone on their very slender income. the hospital in 1864 he had heard no news from South Bloomfield for a year and a half. He wrote home from Baltimore, and, getting no reply, he went to New York, and, getting some money from his old college friends, he started for Chicago, where he obtained work as a bookkeeper, and later went into the grain business. A fortune of \$35,000 was made in a few years, and he removed to Portland, Or., to engage in the lumber business, where he amassed a fortune of over \$300,000 before he was thirty-eight years old.

During a visit to Chicago last June Russell happened to pick up in a hotel one day an old copy of an Ontario county newspoper. It contained a local letter from his old home, South Bloomfield. He came upon a short pro-fessional card announcing that Miss Helen Sherman was a teacher of instrumental music at South Bloomfield. Russell started at once for his old home and called upon Helen Sherman, who was overcome with emotion when he made himself known.

Russell told of his love and in a few days they were again engaged.

Marriage of a Chinese Maiden. Says a Seattle (W. T.) Correspondent: Two square chests neatly covered with bright new canvas which was fastened at regular intervals with little brass. oblong buttons, were noticed a week ago, one on the other, all stamped and sealed ready for shipment to San Francisco, in the office of the Northern Pacitic express company away up here in Scattle, W. T. "Those trunks belong to Gee Hee's

daughter," volunteered the obliging agent, "and she is going down to San Francisco to be married. "Indeed! And who and where is Gee Hee?

"O, he is a wealthy merchant. You can find him over on Third street, in

Chinatown. After the lapse of a few days, when Gee Hee had about time to hear of his daughter's safe arrival in San Fran-cisco, I called upon him and enjoyed a pleasant talk, which was ended with the courtesy that the Chinaman, especially the wealthy Chinaman, never forgets—the presentation of a fine cigar. This merchant from China has been in Seattle for more than twenty years. He talks very fair English and is a shrewd financier. He talked without reserve about his family relations, and always answered questions about his daughter

with a happy and beaming face.

Little Fong Sen was born here in Scattle in 1871, and when she was a little over one year of age her parents went back to China. The mother was going to join wife "No. 1," because when Gee Hee returned he brought wife "No. 3" with him, and she still presides over his home in this city. The other two wives still live in China, with two or more children each, all of whom are being carefully provided for by the husband and father, who tries to visit

them at least once in every two years.

Baby Fong Seng did not go to China with her parents. She was taken as far as Victoria, British Columbia, and there she was placed in the keeping of trusted. friends, who continued to care for her for ten years. Then the father, on returning from one of his voyages to his old home, called for her and brought her to his own home. He brought with her a little servant girl who was only wo years older, and the two little China

tirls became inseparable. The daughter was now eleven years of age, and had come to that period in her life when, in the belief of her people, every virtuous girl must shut her-self away from the gaze of all human

beings except those of the immediate household. So for five years she did not leave the few rooms over the merchant's store which constituted her father's home. Pale and delicate Fong Sen grew, and was contented with her life. She knew no other. But one morning there came a sudden change. Her little servant-companion announced that she was going to be married to the merchant's trusted agent, but she would not leave Fong Sen; she would stay right along as though nothing had happened, only she was to be married. Fong Sen went to her father and told him she wanted to be married too. Her father, nothing loth, consented, and immediately began seeking a husband for her. He soon found one who met his ap-proval, and the daughter was informed that the husband was found, and preparations for the great occasion began without delay. Costly garments, made of the best of silk, were carefully and richly embroidered, valuable presents

of gold and precious stones were seleeted, and it seemed that the idea of ex-pense did not enter the father's mind. The only white persons allowed into the presence of Fong Sen during the five years of her maidenhood were two Sunday school missionery ladies. These ladies had spent much time and patience in teaching Ghee Hee and other China-men the mysteries of the English nouns and adjectives, and he did not forget When all was arranged for his daughter's departure he procured a closed carriage and drove with his daughters out to the homes of these ladies that she might pay them the courtesy of a farewell visit. The father then managed in some way to smuggle his daugh ter into her stateroom on the steamer. No one is known to have caught a

glimpse of her.
Fong Sen's husband is Jee Chong
Tun. He is wealthy, and talks and
writes very good English. He is an
agent of the Ding Yung company, one
of these influential farmers and oxof those influential, famous and ex-tremely wealthy concerns grouped under the name of "The Six Companies." Fong Sen, while she was reared in about the same way that all good and virtuous Chinese girls are reared, was fortunate in two things. She was not born in China and she had an elder sister. These prevented her from being maimed by having her feet wrapped tightly in fine cloth while in infancy, and kept so confined in order that she might be the fashionable daughter of rich parents, and all the world would

know it by her small feet. Gec Hee's eldest daughter is in China with one of his wives. She is eighteen years of age, and has waited two years for her father to come home to her so that she could be married. Next spring, if his business cares will not allow him to go back to China on a visit, he will rite his daughter a letter and she will be married, because when a Chinese maiden has passed the age of eighteen she is not wanted as a bride, or, in the language of Gee Hee himself, "Girl no mallied eighteen, she no good." This ddest daughter is a typical Chinese belle. She has very small and almost useless feet and a very wealthy father.

Married and Deserted in Haste. Some time ago Miss Annie Craft, aged nineteen, came to Kansas City on visit to her aunt. About a week later, or some reason unexplained, she in serted a personal in the Star asking for the acquaintance of some young gentle-Charles A. Brown, a clerk here son of a wealthy lady of Columbus, O. answered the personal and met the young lady by appointment. Love at first sight seems to have been the sequel, for, a week later, the young man pro-cured a marriage license for himself and Miss Craft, and on December 27 the two were quietly married at a Methodist parsonage. The girl went back to her hunt and remained there until last Mon-day, when she left, and going to Brown's parding house, surprised everyone b declaring that she was married and pro-

posed to live with her husband. On Friday night a brother of the young lady, living at Denver, came here and was horrified to learn that she had married on such short acquaint-He went at once to Brown's rooms, and a stormy scene followed. in which he threatened all manner of vengeance, but left without doing anything. Yesterday, however, Craft went to the house while Brown was away at his work, and by dint of mingled threats and persuasion, induced the bride to leave her husband. The girl is an orphan and of age, and Brown swears he will have his wife.

A Postage Stamp Romance.

Minneapolis Tribune: Charlie Holt. conductor on the motor line, has been having a little trouble lately in refer ence to the girl he left behind him. Charlie is engaged and has been for some time to a very estimable young lady living at Calais, Me., named Hattie Saunders. Arrangements were made for the young lady to come to Minneap olis as soon as Charlie's prospects were a little brighter and they would be married. Things were running along very smoothly until finally all letters from Charlie's betrothed ceased, and he thought she had forgotten him. Never theress he faithfully kept on writing, but strangely enough the letters pever reached their destination. Saturday Postmaster Aukeny received a letter of inquiry from the postmaster at Calais, which was referred to in Sunday's paper, asking the whereabouts of Charlie Holt, saying that Hattie Saunders had finally come to the conclusion that he had deserted her, as she had not received any letters, but had written a great many herself. They both were. Charlie was in despair and Hattie was in despair, each believing the other false. The young father made inquiries from end, lady's as did Charties relatives from here. Postmaster Ankeny was positive no let-ters had arrived here, because if they had they would have been delivered and besides no one here had an object in interrupting the letters. Charlie sent a telegram to his betrothed, however, and that straightened out and ex-plained everything. The trouble all originated at the other end, at Calais, where the mischief-making culprits were. It seems that some one-base villians, whoever they were-who either loved the fair Hattie or perhaps were in love with Charlie himself, had been securing and reading the letters of both parties, thereby endeavoring to break off the match and further their own ends. But now everything has been happily set aright, and the young lady will soon come out and two will be married, demonstrating that all's well that

Married in a Snowbank.

Olathe (Ill.) Special: News came to town this morning of a romantic marriage which took place on Christmas eve about eight miles west of here. The contracting parties were J. R. Brown, a lawyer of Havana, Ill., and Miss Amanda Walker, a young school teacher of the same place. The young lady's family were opposed to the match The young and sent her out here about two months ago to get her out of the way, but it is the old case of love laughs at locksmiths over again. She wrote to her lover, telling of her hiding place, and he wrote to her renewing undying devotion, but she never got the letters until her lover came here last week and took them to her in person to the number of two dozen. She was staying with her uncle, Henry Wagner, a well-to-do

farmer of Lexington township, and when the lover came here last Friday he called on her there, but meeting with a cold reception from the uncle he bent a hasty retreat for Olnthe. The next morning the young lady found a chance to send him a note containing the information that she would be at a certain church on Christmas eve, and if he would bring the license and a minister she would meet him there and be married. This was enough for the lover, who hired a team at 4 o'clock and set off with the probate judge to meet his affianced. They got to the church at 6 o'clock. The young lady, who had been occupied in-side fixing up a Christmas tree with goods sent by Santa Claus, met them at the door and got into the carriage. It was then dark, and the intention was to drive down the road a short distance have the knot tied, and the young lad then to return as though nothing unus ual had occurred, but they had gone only a short distance when the horses got frightened and ran away. There was a lively time for about a mile, but the driver theally pulled up in a snow bank six feet deep, where Judge Allen soon pronounced the now thoroughly frightened but happy couple man and wife, after which the party returned to the church, where the groom left his wife and came to Olathe. He returned last evening, but before going he left a check for his bride, with instructions to follow him as soon as she thought advisable, which will be as soon as she gets time to break the news to her mother and have the family wrath blow over.

CONNUBIALITIES.

A seventeen-year old girl in Winfield, Kau-sas, has been twice married and twice di-vorced, and will soon wed a third husband. A Petersburg, Va., patriarch, seventy-fiv years of age, is now reveling in his eighth wife, and is the happy father of thirty-six children.

Heiress-I am afraid that it is not for m that you come here so often, but for my money. Ardent wooer—You are cruel to say money. Ardent woocr—You are cruel to sa so. How can I get your money without get

Miss Alice Freeman, who recently married Prof. Palmer, of Harvard, is a western girl by birth. She is thirty years of age, dark, of medium height, with a nice figure, and is a

Miss Fait, daughter of the late archbishop of Canterbury, is to marry in February the Rev. John Ellison, son of the canon of that name. She is a highly accomplished and name. She is a h amiable young lady.

amiable young lady.

Miss Sallie Lighteap has eloped from Easton, Pa., with George D. McIlvaine, halfback on the foot-ball team of Lafayette college. Miss Lighteap's parents have persistently opposed the attentions which McIlvaine was paying to their daughter, but a college foot-ball player is not easily "downed."

There is a young lady in Kcokuk, Iowa, who is six feet four inches tall, and she is engaged to be married. The man who won her did it in these words:

her did it in these words: "Thy beauty set my soul aglow; I'd wed thee right or wrong; Man wants but little here below, But wants that little long.

Young Burten, of Georgia, distances all previous records in marrying. He is but twenty-two years of age and five women have already showed up marriage licenses proving themselves to have been married to him. Burton is said to have registered a vow to marry twenty-five women before he was Burton is said to have registered a vow to marry twenty-five women before he was twenty-five years old, and his record so far certainly indicates that he would have done it. One of two things is certain. Burton is very fascinating or marriageble women down south can be virtually picked off the bushes

EDUCATIONAL.

Mr. John Fiske is to lecture during the coming six weeks at the university of Penn-The trustees of Cornell university have

created a new professorship of horticulture in the department of agriculture. Mrs. Reuben Gaylord, of Omaha, has given \$1,000 to the Ladies' boarding hall, of Gates college, Nebraska. It will be called the Gay-lord Memorial hall. Miss Story, the daughter of a North of Ire-

arship of \$500 a year for five years, awarded by the Royal university of Ireland. Miss Francis Lord, for many years super-intendent of the kindergarten system in London, is the only woman save Queen Vic-toria who ever held a public office in England.

Bishop Keene, of Richmond, president of ington, says that the new university will be the greatest theological seminary in the world. the projected Catholic university at Wash-The winter term at Wellesly college has

opened with Helen A. Shafer as president. Miss Shafer is a woman of remarkable intellectual qualities. Her specialty is mathe-

favors athletics, and has himself put on the gloves now and then for a friendly encounter. "As a purely scientific amusement," he says, "there is no harm to be feared" from boxing. The Pennsylvania schoolmistress who was

boycotted by the scholars because she took the place of a favorite teacher, continues to draw her salary and puts in the time working slippers. It will be a decidedly slippery season when the boys return. Prof. William G. Hammond, formerly at

the head of the law department of the Iowa State university, and now dean of the St. Louis law school, has gone to Boston to deliver a course of lectures on the "History of he Common Law" at the Boston University Law school. Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, says the

school enrollment in Georgia has increased from 40,578 in 1871, white and black, to 309,594 in 1885. In 1871 the colored children in school numbered 6,654; in 1885 they num-bered 119,248, and he thinks they now numcer at least 140,000. A fight has been begun in Massachusetts against parochial schools that is likely to

against parochial schools that is likely to involve pretty much the whole state before it is finished. The state board of education claims that under the present system of in-spection of schools are not maintained up to the requirements imposed by law upon public schools of similar grades. Prof. Maria Mitchell resigned the chair of

astronomy in Vassar college on the plea that she needed rest; but the executive committee of the trustees did not accept the resignation and granted her indefinite leave of absence, her salary to go on until the annual meeting in June. At that time it is not unlikely the distinguished astronomer will be made professor emeritus. She is in her seventleth year and she had gained high rank in her science forty years ago while she has been professor of astronomy at Vassar since it was started in 1865.

A Thankful Man. Detroit Free Press: He walked the ength of the postoffice corridor twice, inquiring for the postmaster, and was finally recommended to the chief clerk.

asked: "Ah, sir, then you are the chief clerk? Yes, sir."

He had a letter in his hand, and he

"Have I made any mistake in the building? This is the postoffice. I take

"I should like to mail a letter." "Very well." "I suppose I can buy a stamp somewhere here? "You can, sir."

"And a letter will go out?" "Go to Chicago, will it?" "Ah! Thanks! Two cents, I be-

"Two cents." "If not over-weight?" "If not over-weight."

"Thanks. I will now buy a stamp and mail my letter. Much obliged, sir." "Oh. not at all."

"But I am, sir. I know a gentleman when I see one, and I assure you that your kindness has taken a great burden off my shoulders. Yes, sir, very much obliged, and I will reciprocate the favor

end of the bench raised his hand and FUNNY THINGS BY FUNNY MEN.

The Humorist Convinced that Leap Year is a Fraud.

SHE PRESENTED HER TICKET.

A Kentucky Story - Something Nice-

The Telephone Wrong-An Ode to the Sleet-A Great Lodge Man.

The Funny Man.

C. E. Benham in Harper's Magazine. Who is that man who sits and hites He is the funny man who writes

The weekly comic column By day he scarce can keep awake; At night he cannot rest, His meals he hardly dares take-He jests, he can't digest.

His hair, though not with years, is white, His cheek is wan and pale, And all with seeking day and night For jokes that are not stale

His jokes are few: the choicest one

Is when by luck a word Suggests to him a novel pun His readers haven't heard. And when a Yankee joke he sees

Perhaps he gains a moment's case

When every quip to death is done

The thought that chiefly makes him sigh Is that a time must come When jokes extinct like mammoths lie And jokers must be dumb.

And every crank is told; When men have printed every pun And every joke is old. When naught in heaven or earth or sea

Has not been turned to chaff, And not a single oddity Is left to make us laugh.

Convinced That Leap Year is a Fraud. Clytie-Harry, you must have noticed that you have grown very dear to me. -I-it is useles to longer conceal the truth, my darling—I love you!"

Harry (turns pale and trembles)—It is
so sudden. Miss Jones. Excuse my agi-

Clytie-Then you bid me hope, my angel! Oh, rapture! Harry (blushing coquettishly behind his whiskers)-I have not said that. Really, Miss Jones, I must refer you to ma.

tation, but I must have time to think.

Clytie-Cruel, cruel one! Why have you awakened this pleasing hope in my bosom if only to blast it? Consider, my love. Will nothing move you to mercy!
Bestow upon me this little hand and
make me the happiest of maidens.

Harry—Alas! I fear it cannut be. I

esteem you highly as a friend, Miss Jones but—forgive me if I pain you—I do not love you. (Holds out his hand.) But I will always be a brother to you. She throws herself with a despairing wail on his bosom, kisses him passion-ately and rushes out into dark, dark world, convinced that leap year is a fraud.

A Kentucky Story. W. H. B., in Chicago News, 'Twas a gentleman's game, And me and the major Sat into the same Just to pass away time, For we cared not a dime For the wager.

There was one at the board Amazingly silly; But he seemed to be stored With plenty of stuff For a good game o' bluff, Did this gillie.

He was one o' that kind

That told by his action The state of his mind. we knowed by his look Every hand that he took To a fraction. When it come to his play And we both had appraised him, He reckoned he'd stay,
But we knowed he was cooked
By the way that he looked,

So we raised him. Waal, he tilted us back, And me an' the major Sent in a whole stack
Just to learn the young fool That it wasn't a good rule

Then he reached for the pot As he looked in our faces, And said "Tell ye what, You want to look gruff When you're going to bluff With four aces."

Something Very Nice. "Have you anything very nice in a lady's wrap?" asked a handsome

"I'm looking."
"I vhas going home! I go pehind
my bar und take off my coat and shmile. In a few minutes a shentleman comes in. Vhas dis Carl Dunder? He vhas. voman of Colonel Knott yesterday. "Yes, madame," responded the Col-oneel absently. "Something very nice. Mr. Dunder, we haf a leedle poll tax on your head, und you doan' come oop mit It's my best girl. "That's her going out the door now. You ought—" The lady began to smile and the you..."
"And what?" Colonel recovered and blushed so red it took all the color out of his necktie. und I goes oafer mit der patrol box und sends for der wagon? I like you to

Frozen Up. Snow lies where late we saw the grass, The breezes chill the blood, The mercury nightly in the glass Falls with a sickening thud, The storm cloud skurries in the skies, The ocean flings its spray Upon the shores—there are no flies

On lazy men to-day.

The Telephone Gone Wrong. A subscriber to the telephone exchange asked to be placed in communication with his medical man. Subscriber—"My wife complains of a severe pain at the back of the neck and

occasional nausea. Doctor-"She must have got the maaria.

Subscriber-"What's best to At this moment the clerk at the central station alters the switch by mistake

and the unlucky husband receives the reply of a mechanical engineer in answer to the inquiries of a mill-owner. Enginer-"I believe the inside is lined with excoriations to a cosiderable thickness. Let her cool during the night, and in the morning before firing up take a hammer and lay about with it vigorously. Get a garden hose with strong pressure from the main and let it play freely on the parts affected." To his great surprise the doctor never

Oh, the Sleet. Washington Critic. Oh, the sleet, the beautiful sleet, Coating the pavements, smoothing

street: Putting a glare on the world below And making the walking very slow; Gliding. Sliding.

saw his client again.

As one inspired, Beautiful sleet you make us tired! Dropping a lady kerslop, kerchunk, Letting a gentleman down kerplunk; Gentleman swears in a manner absurd, Suffering woman says not a word, Beautiful sleet, from heaven above, Smooth as a hypocrite, fickle as love

What he Wanted to Know. "Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher, who had been impressing

upon the minds of her pupils the terrors future punishment, "if any of you have anything on your minds, any trouble that you would like to ask me about. I will gladly tell you all I can," There was no response for some time. At length a little fellow on the other

"Teacher, I've got a question."

A Dire Warning.

country maiden was just in the act o

boarding a train at the union station, when a P. R. R. brakeman stretched forth his strong right arm and said:

The lady turned red in the face and with an innocent smile answered:

ticket, sir."
"Well, well. You must let me see

sengers waiting," remarked the brake-

man, a little impatiently. The young lady placed her foot on the step of the

car and drew out from one of her black

hose a coupon ticket almost a yard

long. "That's it is, sir," said she with fal-

tering voice.

The brakeman gave the ticket a

hasty glance, assisted the young woman

to the ear platform, raised his hat in a polite bow, and was left to blush alone, while the other railroad boys laughed

Fitted for the Married State.

quest to marry my daughter do you think that you fully appreciate the great responsibility that will rest upon you? Do you think that you are fitted

"Yes, sir, I can confidently say that I

am. I have been practicing until I can

smell my way to a paregoric bottle the darkest night that ever was created.

A Great Lodge Man.

St. Paul Globe: First Dame-"Mrs. Crossly, my husband tells me that Mr.

rossly is very popular among the so-

ciety gentlemen."
Second Dame—"Yes, he is. If I do
say it, my husband is a great ledge

"Oh, yes, he goes down town to lodge about 7 o'clock every night and returns

home to lodge about the same time

Further Experience of Carl Dunder.

Detroit Free Press: "Sergeant," said Carl Dunder as he softly slid into

the Woodbridge street station yester-day, "mebbe I like you to explain some-

"I suppose you have been swindled

"Vhell, a shentleman comes along

two or three days ago mit fur on his ofercont. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. Mr. Dunder, you vhas known all oafer Cleveland, und

der shildrens cry for you. I gif ten thousand dollar if I vhas like you, but

dere whas only one Carl Dunder. Shake,

"And you shook?"
"Yhell, doan' I feel tickled dot some

haf some peer, und he tells me dot he lose all his money mit der depot by a tief. He doan' like to see his name in

der newspapers, und so he keeps shtill."
"And he wanted to borrow of you, of

"Oh, no. If I let him haf ten dollar

"Worth twenty-five cents," said the

vhas

sergeant, after an inspection. "That was a rank swindle. Anything else?"

shwindled, pecause dot mans almost cr

vhen he talks to me. Dis morning

some more stranger comes in. He hat a book und a pencil, und he says if I leaf dot package in der express office

one day longer he vhas soldt for oldt

horse. I doan't get some notice of dot

package, but he says it vhas a look oafer. It vhas a dollar to pay und I

I tell dot oxpress company to go mit Texas und keep dot package?"

"And so you paid and went to the of-

"Of course, und dere vhas no package

"Certainly not. He was a fraud.

der city hall. Der tax was \$1, und

"He vhas a corpse mit his neck proke

come oop mit der boys. If dere vha

some inquest you can shpeak for me dot I vhas out of my head mit my troubles.

Good-pye, sergeant! Look oudt vhen dot bell rings! Some hens vhas on!"

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

Whisky lowers the man and raises the

A question for newsboys—Does your mothers know your route!

poorly paid than a writer of poetry.

A righter of wrongs is as a rule even more

For the past two years everything has been at sixes and sevens. But this year we hope to streen matters out.

The warden of a state prison enjoys one great advantage—he always has his prisoners where the hair is short.

Some of our contemporaries are remarking

that in Kansas there is a postoffice named "Zero." Well, what of it? That is nothing

It is stated that electricity will put a piano out of tune. Some of the pianos in town,

judging from their tone, have been struck by lightning.

The man who imagines that his existence is necessary to the movement of the world is generally buried in a pine coffin without

A boycott has been instituted against a bakery over in St. Paul. This will probably create the biggest loaf ever known about the

What's the matter with having a "frog

catcher, on a locomotive as well as a "cow catcher." Frogs are more numerous by far than cows on the track.

The author of "beautiful snow." is ur

known; but whoever he may be it is evident that he did not live on a corner, and shovel on two sides of his house.

A big snake was found in the middle of a

solid log that was sawed into the other day. It is supposed that the tree grew on the site of an old whisky distillery.

Strange how many army deserters turn

out to be under age. The regular service must be to a certain extent a fountain of

For a sample of pure American humor

listen to the gentle landlady as she takes up the pitcher of skimmed milk and asks the new boarder if he will have cream in his

Smoking destroys the memory, says a sc

youth where the man becomes a boy again.

Anything else?"
"Yes! sergeant, look on me!"

"Vhell, dot was curious if I

on his diamond pin he takes him back in two days, Here whas dot pin."

pody in Cleveland hears of me?"

to bear such a burden?"

"Indeed!"

every morning.

thing to me.

oldt fellow!'

course?"

for me.

Quick.

trummings.

establishment.

again.

"Young man, before I grant your re-

at his expense. "I was a brute,"

"I don't like to-but-but-I have a

"Please let me see your ticket.

Cease all foibles, stop your capers, Humbly bow before the fates; Jam her bustle full of papers,

She is trying on her skates

oration in the fact that many people who smoke forget to buy their own cigars and to "Ef you was me and had a stubbed toe would ye tie it up with a rag with ar-nicker onto it, or would ye jes let it go?"

One reason why a dude will carry an um-brella with him him when the weather does not demand it has apparently been over-looked. It is because he doesn't know enough to come in when it rains.

Four sheep, a hog, and ten bushels of wheat settled an lowa breach-of-promise suit where \$25,000 damages were demanded. The law-yers got all but the hog, which died before they could drive it away. Said Brown: "The day I was married I quit chewing tobacco, and I tell you it was pretty hard on me that day, but in a day or two I was all right." "Ah, how's that!." Did Not Want to Show Her Ticket. Pittsburg Press: A very pretty little

'I commenced chewing again!' "Now," said old Borewell, after he had given an exhaustive criticism of American authors, "what, in brief, is your opinion of Howells and James!" "Sick of one and half a dozing of the other," auswered the friend as he fell down stairs.

friend as he fell down stairs.

"You needn't order me around sir!" said the washerwoman. "I'm not the hired girl. It's Bridget's place to look after the milk. I'm the laundry lady." "That doesn't scare me," said the man. "I'm the milk gentleman and I'm the P. W. G. R. K. of the U. O. G. G. and Most Eminent Past G. W. of the Ancient Order of M. X. Q. Z., and I want somebody to take this milk." "Yes, sir," said the whsherwoman meekly, as she went to find a crock. to find a crock.

John Alexander Duncan, Yale 1825, of London, England, has made Yale university a gift of \$20,000, "to be used for its best in-terests, as the authorities of the university may determine,"

A country minister who had been over-whelmed by a donation party chose for his text on the following Sunday: "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the amount of pathos he threw into that sormor moved even the cheir to tears.

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Anthes, Geo. & Co., 227 So., 10th,
Benning & Bunnell, 10to No., 10th,
Benning & Bunnell, 10to No., 10th,
Bell, Ed., 1847 Lake,
Bonner, W. T., 1230 Douglas,
Becht, Max, 15th and Harney,
Benner, H. J., 16th and Vinton,
Cottell & Cary, 1623 Farnam,
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Cavanaugh, P., 418 South 15th,
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Frank, M. J., Cozzens House,
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Hirt, M., 1620 South 16th,
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Liphsitz, J., 709 South 18th.
Lenz, C., 4184; South 16th.
Lang, A., 18th and Jones.
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Parr, M., 423 South 16th.
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Pryor, W. A., 1301 Park ave.
Redle, Wm., 1806 South 15th.
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Rehreid & Co., 2004 South 15th.
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Richard, Henry, 1017 Farmam.
Rogers, Frank, 312 South 15th.
Sweeney, J. L., South Omaha.
Saville, Dr., 1149 Saunders.
Shaefer, Aug., 16th and Corby,
Sobotker, C. H., South Omaha,
Schiller, J., 16th and Nicholas,
Spetman, J. H., 2613 Leavenworth,
Spaffard, T. W., 13th and Howard,
Stevens, H. H., 16th near Vinton,
Thompson, Geo., 16th and Manderson
Ovon Kroge & Pohl, 15th and Clark,
Walter, E., South 13th,
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Some poet, who is bound to taken time by DR. MCMENAMY, the forelock has sent us a poem on "Winter Courting." It is written in a gas metre. Cor. 13th and Dodge Sts. . OMAHA, NEB A Third ward saloon widow displays the sign "K. M. Q. Whisky." In this case the ardent initials doubtless mean, "Kill Me ${f Dr.OTTERBOURG}$



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