An Etching-Mrs. Dodge on Plighted Troths.

A ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE'

A Dime Museum Love Affair-After Many Years-American Girls After Titles-Lapland and American Marriages.

A Seasonable Etching. M. M. in Puck. satin gown All broidered With pearls, fair, pure and white; Clasped close by diamonds bright: A dainty glove

That creeps above The elbow's dimpled charm; A snowy throat; Not far remote, A shoulder soft and warm; Some lillies pressed

Up to her breast; A smile that hides a tear; A tiny foot A sea of laces near. A well-bread crush: A well-bread crusa A solemn hush; A promise to obey; A golden band, A fluttering hand;

A little wish 't was nay. An organ's strain, A three-yard train A fragrant, rose-strewn path; A fond caress, Eyes that confess The utmost trust one hath;

A kiss, a smile-Kind words the while-Some good advice, A shower of rice

Plighting Troths.

Mrs. Dodge gives in Harper's Baznar some kind and motherly advice on the subject of engagements, which young men and women may profit by. She deprecates the haste and apparent nonchalance with which troths are seemingly often plighted and as readily broken, and speaking from the standpoint of a "good middle aged lady," who may perhaps be looking on the little drama, savs: In her eyes a contract is a contract.

and her engagement of marriage would be binding according to her belief, simply as a contract; and although she might find it absolutely necessary at last that it should be broken, she would reach that point only after long delay and hesitancy and reluctancy, and never as she would tear off a faded corsage bought and fling it to the gutter driving home from the ball. For a girl to have broken an engagement of marriage is in her eyes not at all a trifling thing, but something that causes the girl to be looked at askance, either as a per-son of unstable mind and disleyal faith, or as one whose character had been found wanting by her lover on her further acquaintance. In her day, when a young lady broke her engagement, or had it broken for her, she went into retirement for a season like a young widow, and did not brazen it out as if she had done no more than promise to go to a pienie and had then thought better of it. There seems to the quiet if critical onlooker a singular profanity about the business, and she feels this the most in remarking the carcless way in which the engagement is formed, as if one rushed into the holy of holies and, without removing shoes from one's feet.

Better, an infinity of times, she confesses, are all the broken engagements in the world beforehand, than broken marriage and divorce afterward. But in her code of morals there should be neither. The very idea of marriage should be approached with as much reverence as an altar, and the observer feels it possible that neither youth nor maiden would advance so gaily upon the sacred adytum had he or she any idea of the holiness of the shrine within. In some countries, she remembers, the betrothal is felt to be nearly as binding, as formal, ceremonial and religious an act as the marriage itself, as the marriage which, in one form of religious belief at least, is regarded as sacrament; and in some parts of our country she knows that the affair is so modestly conducted that an engagement is never spoken of until preparations are making for the wedding, although this may be going as much too far on the other side. And while this is beyond the censor's strictest idea, she would yet have a little of the church-going feeling about the maiden's heart in accepting her lover, and she would have the affair taken so seriously that no lover should be received as such just for the convenience of the season's pleasure and attendance, just to lift the reproach from vanity, or because Soand-So had a lover, but received only when he had come to stay, and where he was so worthy that the intention was

Could Not Have His Wife.

Kansas City Correspondence St. Louis Post-Dispatch: "He has never seen his wife!" This was the statement which fell on the ears of the Post-Dispatch correspondent as he was slowly walking down West Sixth street. Two gentle-men were standing in a doorway, en-gaged in conversation, and it was the remark of a tall, well-fed, elderly gen-

tleman which was heard. The idea certainly savored of the queer, and the curious correspondent stopped, determined to find out, if possible, the story of the man who never saw his wife. The tale was drawn out, and a strange one it proved to be. A gentleman who was not blind, who was in full possession of all his faculties, and who had been married for over two years, had never seen his wife. We will call him Frank Green. Were

his real name known many a friend and many a business acquaintance would start in surprise. Likewise we will call the lady in the case Miss Black, for it would be decidedly unpleasant for her high connections in this city, and it would afford too much gossip at the club, were her true name used. Miss Hortense Black was once the idol of society here, for she was beauti-ful, intellectual and refined. She moved in the highest circles, and no fashionable entertainment was considered a success without her presence. Admirers she had by the score, rich and poor, handsome and homely, but none did she favor. In July, 1885, in company with her parents, who seemed to take pleasure in indulging her in every capcice but who had some wild notions of a high marriage for her, she went north and stopped for two weeks in the pleasant city of St. Paul. On the last day of her stay there while riding from one of the resorts in the city she lost her portmantenu, which contained nearly \$100 in money and a half dozen cabinet photographs of herself. The next morning in the principal papers she offered \$10 reward for the return of the article, and before 9 o'clock it was sent up to her room with a handsome little note,

INCIDENTS OF THE ALTAR, saying that the finder did not care for the \$10, but begged to retain as his reward one of the pictures. She could not well refuse the request under the circumstances and replied that he was welcome to the reward he asked.

ordinarily, but she gazed at the hand

some, intelligent face of the picture

and-the letter was answered. Other

letters followed, and, strange as it may

seem, the girl who had refused her

hanp to many an old friend and many a wealthy and highly connected one, promised Frank Green, whom she had

never seen and knew nothing about, that she would marry him on the sec-ond Wednesday in October if he came

for her. After the letter had gone she told her parents all, and begged their forgiveness. They were highly indig-nant at the course of their daughter,

and Mr. Black declared that he would

meet the gentleman from St. Paul at

the door upon his arrival and order

him from the house. True to his word, on the evening of the second Wednes-day in October he and his wife waited

patiently for Mr. Green, while Miss Hortense was ordered to remain in her

room under penalty of provoking the direst parental anger. Frank Green of St. Paul came. He was young, attractive, well dressed and courtly in

manners. He carried papers which spoke high recommendation, and which would have gained him entrance to the

most select companies; but stern old

Mr. Black met his every advance with

a frown, and the young man was ordered to quit the place and not

"The manner you have taken to win

my daughter shows that you are no part of a gentleman, sir," exclaimed Mr.

Black in angry tones. "If you were what you should be your very first visit

here would not be to take away the sun-

shine of the house. Marry my daughter to-night? I am astonished

at your impudence. Go! she is not for

But love knows more ways than one

The old servants loved their beautiful

young mistress, and they could not re-fuse her when she asked for a note that

was handed in from the back door, al-

though they shook their heads gravely.

They said nothing in regard to the note

to the master, but when, an hour later,

as the shades of night were falling. Miss

Hortense, heavily veiled, took a side

door from the house and was ushered

into a waiting carriage by a stranger,

they felt it necessary to speak, and Mr

and Mrs. Black were at once informed

Oh, the sensation of that hour! Mr.

Black hurried out and saw the carriage

going at a lively gait down the street.

A hack was passing, and, entering it, he gave a hurried order to overtake the

carriage ahead. But the task was not

so easily accomplished. The runaway couple managed to elude the irate par-

ent for a time, and the latter never

such a disgrace affair as this. Could they ever hold up their heads again?

they traveled the continent for two

long years, Frank Green in the mean-

gaged in a most prosperous business, but ever mourning for his lost wife—the

wife he had never seen. Ho knew not

where she was, only that she was not

in America. He was true to his mar-riage vows, and he never doubted that

the girl whose picture had so captured

his heart was true to hers. He won-dered sometimes that she did not write

to him, and then he thought of the

strict watch which doubtless was kept

upon her every movement and prevent-

ing even a line reaching him. The

days would have been an eternity to

him. Yet he never lost hope entirely

And Hortense Green, far away in a

almost more than she could bear. Noth-

ing cheered her, and day by day the pallor deepened on her cheeks, and she

presented a striking contrast to her

former self, when she was called "the sunshine of the house." At first she tried to see her wrong and do as her

parents wished, forget the man who had

been the cause of all the trouble. But

in vain; they had been made one flesh,

one blood, and so it seemed to her.

She could not forget him, and separation fonly "made the heart grow fonder." Then she chafed at the course

of her parents, and entreated them to take her back to him. But they became

angry and commanded her never to

mention his name again. Time passed

slowly indeed to all. They visited the most popular resorts in the world and

viewed all the scenes and places of in-

terest, but the three were little amused;

time found them much charged. At

touched by the appearance of their daughter, and her evident misery. Mr.

Black found that his business interests

in Kansas City required his personal attention, and he decided to return with

his family at once and to relent toward the young husband, if he should be sat-

issed that he was respectable and really loved his daughter. It occurred to him

that if two years could not make the

two forget each other a longer time

could not, and, taking pity on poor Hor-tense, the old man resolved to try a

different course and make the best of it

Two years to a day after they left

more found themselves in their hand-

and all, and appointed a time for re-uniting the lovers. When the time

came there was rejoicing in the Black

household. Hortense was pale, but her eyes were bright, and a look of joyful expectation was on her face. The mother watched her furtively, and spoke to her in the kindest tones, which

were reciprocated. The father was

Frank Green came in. Mr. Black shook his hands. Mrs. Black bowed

cordially. Then the young husband was formally presented to the young wife—the wife he had never seen until

that moment. "Mrs. Green, Mr. Green," spoken in a choking voice by the father. One instant they stood rending each other's faces, and on! the

look of unutterable relief and joy and love that was exchanged. One instant

-bowing in acknowledgment of the in-

troduction, then their hands met, their

bosoms heaved with emotion and two | few moments as it would be if it took

nervous and talked little.

some old home. Mr. Black hunted up

son-in-law, found him exemplary

City they came back and once

he could.

the hearts of the parents were

that some day she would return to him,

come in full measure.

remaining in Kansas City, en-

of the circumstance.

That day the family left St. Paul and This was the meeting. n a few weeks returned home to Kansas To-day there is not a happier couple in Kansas City than young Mr. and Mrs. Miss Hortense had not been home a week when she received a letter from the finder of the portmanteau, containing a likeness of himself, and such words as are supposed to be written or uttered only on long acquaintance. She would never have replied

"Frank!"

"Hortense!"

Green. Theirs indeed was a strange love affair. The parents, it is safe to say, will never regret that they relented. for they are now more than pleased with their handsome son-in-law.

Although but a few short weeks have

words were breathed almost simulta-

He put one arm around her and kissed

er and she sobbed for a moment on his

clapsed since the latter found his longlost bride, the young couple are already settled in one of the richest houses on the East Side.

A Dime Museum Romance. Philadelphia North American: A wedding will take place shortly which promises to be a big affair. The pon-derous "Jersey Lily," who is now on ex-hibition at the Ninth and Arch dime museum, is to be married to a young carpenter who lives in Conshohocken Recently the Lily got possession of the photograph of a young man with blonde hair and blue eyes. The face captivated her and she entreated Manager Brandenburg to send for the original, which he did. It was a case of love at first sight. Since then the lovelorn car penter has been a daily visitor at the museum.

"So you are to be married." said a re porter to the fair bride yesterday. "Yes, sir. I think the young man ever so nice. Even though he's a caryoung man. After we're married he's going to build me a house. Won't that

The wedding will take place at the bride's residence in Trenton.

Waited Twenty-one Years. Chevenne Leader: One of the pleasantest men in the territorial council is George W. Carleton, whose home is in Hillard, and who represents Uinta county. Mr. Carleton is one of the few nembers from out of town, in either house who is accompanied by his wife. Both are well along toward middle life. but they have only been married a few

months. Thereby hangs a story. Mr. Carleton is one of the very oldest old timers. He first reached Uinta early in the sixties and was a government official and recognized gentile at a time when it was a popular belief among the Mormons that there were no good gentiles on this side of the Styx. He was soon singled out as an uncompromising foe of the polygamists. It was dering this time that he first met and fell in love with Miss Snow, a daughter of Judge Snow, a judge of the district court. They were engaged, but things soon got so exceedingly hot that Mr. Carleton, to maintain his existence on the face of the earth, found it very advisable to remove from Utah.

He finally drifted into Uinta county ultimately became station agent at Hillard and is now a contractor in getting out railroad ties. Mr. Carleton, it appears, met opposition to his suit from other than Mormon sources. So.strange as it may appear, things remained in statu quo for a period of twenty-one overtook them until a justice had pro-nounced the last word that made them years, Miss Snow meantime became he father's clerk and was admitted to the

man and wife. Miss Hortense still wore her heavy veil, and it was not re-Last fall fate threw the old-time lovers moved until after the trying scenes together again when their hopes bore which followed. Her father, with a fruition in marriage. There is not now in Wyoming a happier couple or a wrathful curse, took her from her huscouple more esteemed or respected by band, drove with her rapidly home and confined her in her room. Never had their neighbors. the proud Black family conceived of

American Girls Marrying Titles, London World: Another American By morning Mr. and Mrs. Black had girl is about to marry a title and regild formed plans for the future. They would take their wayward daughter a noble coat of arms. In the course of the present season Miss Winnaretta abroad at once, and she should never Singer will exchange a plebeian appellation for that of the Duchesse Decazes Miss Singer is the daughter of the famous sewing machine manufacturer whose widow now bears the title of Duchesse de Camposelice. This title Mrs. Singer bought from the pope by way of a New Year's present for her second husband, who began life as a baritone. The Duc de Camposelice died last spring in Paris, where he was highly esteemed as a melomaniac. The Camposelices were simple, hospitable people. There love of high-sounding titles was harmless, unobtrusive foible Miss Singer is a painter of considerable been remarked in salon exhibitions. Another member of the English aristoctime dragged slowly enough to the young husband. Were it not that he lost himself much in business these racy is about to bring a bride from the United States. Nice is the scene of the engagement, the lovers being Mr. Horace Walpole, nephew and heir of Lord Orford, and Miss Louisa Corbin of New and the happiness so long denied would York, niece of Mr. Austin Corbin. The marriage, which is to take place in London, will be one of the fashionable foreign land, grew scrrowful and pale. She had loved, and her punishment was events of May. The Corbin family win-ters at Cannes. The lady is said to have great expectations.

> And So They Were Married. New York Journal: John Mather, a young New York artist, has captured the prize beauty of Killingworth, Conn., and the \$20,000 dowry that goes with it. The couple eloped a few days ago. John Cummings, a wealthy New Yorker, learned last spring that a young man was courting his daughter, and while he didn't know the youth he took a dislike to him and decided to retire

> to the rural shades of North Killing-Last July Mather appeared on the scene, sketch-book and easel in hand, represented that he wanted to at Cumming's house. He secured board of Cumming's house. Summer drifted into autumn, and the artist wanted to stay in order to sketch the scenery in all its autumnal grandeur, and by the time he had got the grandeur down fine on canvas he wanted to see what sort of artistic material the place afforded in its winter coat, so John stayed

> Early this week Mather and the young lady, Miss Sadie Cummings, apseared before the parson without the old man's consent, and after they were made one went back and told all about it. Like the typically austere parent is the conventional society play the father relented, forgave the happy couple and gave his daughter her dowry of \$20,000,

just as he had intended to do. It transpires that Sadie had communicated her whereabouts to young Mather as soon as she arrived last spring, and the artist's visit was part of an arranged plan.

Lapland and American Marriages. It takes sixteen days for a Laplander to marry the girl of his choice. How the bride and groom of our land would suffer were they compelled to stand before the minister sixteen days and repeatedly assure that worthy person that they would be true to each other! The moments that one is obliged to stand up in front of a large congrega-tion at such a time seems like an age. The man's knees will grow weak and wabble in spite of all he can do, while the dear girl at his side feels as weak as a kitten (the writer has had the sensation described by competent authorities). Sixteen long days of this would drive the most hardy person crazy, and even if the loving couple did escape with sound intellect their nerves would be so shattered that life would be a burden. However, there is one thing cer-The knot is tied just as tight in a tain.

sixteen days, and it is cheaper. If a man paid a minister for sixteen days' work at the rate he usually pays for those few blessed minutes he would not have enough to go to keeping house on, to say nothing of his wedding tour.

Just Married. They had been married three weeks and had just gone to housekeeping. He was starting to town one morning and she followed him to the door. They

had their arms wrapped around each other, and she was saying: "Oh, Clarence, do you think it possible that the day can ever come when we shall part in anger?"

"Why, no, little puss," he said. "Of course not; what put that foolish idea into my little birdie's head, ch?" "Oh, nothing, dearest. I was only thinking how perfectly dreadful it would be if one of us should speak harshly to

the other. "Well, don't think of such wicked, utterly impossible things any more," he said. "We can never, never quar-

"I know it, darling. Good-bye, you dear old precious, good-bye, and—oh, wait a second, Clarence: I've written a note to mamma; can't you run round to the house and leave it for her some

time to-day. "Why, yes, dearie; if I have time."

"If you have time! Oh, Clarence."
"What is it, little girlie?" "Oh, to say if you 'have time' to do almost the very first errand your little wife asks you to do." "Well, well, dearie; I'm awfully busy

"Too busy to please me? Oh, Clarence, you hurt my feelings so." "Why, child, I—"

"I'm not a child, Clarence; I'm a married woman, and I-"There, there, my pet. I—"
"No, no, Clarence, if I was your p-pet you'd t-t-ry to-to-

"But Mabel, do be reasonable." "Go on, Clarence, go on; break my heart. "Stuff and nonsense!"

"Oh, o-o-oh! "What have I said or done?" "As if you need to ask! But go. Hate me if you will, Clarence, I—" "This is rank nonsense!"

"I'll go back to mamma, if you want me to. She loved me, if you don't." "You must be crazy!"

"Oh, yes, sneer at me, ridicule me. Perhaps you had better strike me!" He bangs the door, goes down the steps with a jump and faces off, muttering something about women being the queerest creatures.

Of course, they'll make up at night. and they'll have such a little tiff in the years to come; and when they are old "We've lived together hey'll sny: forty-five years, and never-no. never-spoken a cross word to each other in

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

Don't praise the physician before the bil

The railroads are beginning the year with a bad wreckord. A man is known a great deal nowadays by

The older we grow the more we see how little other people know. It is an easy thing to be a philosopher, but it is hard to make it pay.

It requires some nerve to have the courage of another man's convictions Nothing so vividly reminds us of the brevity of life as a thirty-day note.

The pen is a mighty engine, and it some-times runs away with the engineer.

Some people go to Florida to spend the winter—and all they can make in summer. The ice crop in the upper part of the state, it is thought, has been touched by the frost. If low associations corrupt good morals,our rmometer has got to elevate itself-or

There is more difference between cheap

A new industry is making whisky from old ags. As whisky makes rags, this is a sort of The reason why some people never grow old is because they do all their growing when

they are young. When a fire in the kitchen stove goes out often leaves undone those things which it should have done. We don't see what hope Dakota has of get-

ting into the union after starting that last blizzard on its way. Solomon, when he gave his famous judg-ment, was the first man who ever proposed to split the difference.

It is as dangerous to interfere between a philanthropist and his philanthropy as be-tween a dog and its bone. The man who fails to advertise in dull times is on a par with the fellow who refuses to eat because his stomach is empty.

A great many inventions are being made to kill people easily, but what is worse wanted is someting that will enable us all to live We are informed that Russia will not take

the initiative. It is certainly reassuring to know that there is something that Russia does not want. "Too much absorbed in his business," was the comment of a newspaper on the death of a brewer who was found drowned in a tank

of his own beer. Some people are passionately fond of doughnuts. Others never eat any part of the doughnut except the hole. These people seldom have dyspepsia.

It is said that Jay Gould enjoyed the nove sensation of a short balloon trip in Paris, He's got the earth, and he probably went up to take a look at the sky.

"Do not laugh at the anties of your cat," said Michel de Moutaigne, the great philosobic essayist; "for aught you can tell, he may be laughing at you." It is a singular fact that when two young

men meet they address each other, "How are you, old man!" and that when two old fel-lows meet they say, "My boy," "You can live within your income if yo

try," says the wise man. Yes, but how to live without an income is the puzzle that bothers a great many good men just now. Some people are so sanguine in this work that they think they can plant a handful of seed in a snowdrift and gather a carload of strawberries the day after the first thaw. Discretion is defined as that part of valor

which enables one to keep a safe distance be tween oneself and trouble. Policemen mani fest its possession in a most unusual degree A sportsman is a man who spends all day away from his business, \$2 for shot and pow-der and comes home at night tired, hungry and ugly, dragging a 14 cent rabbit by the

It is about an even thing between man and the orange peel. Sometimes the man throws the orange peel into the gutter, and some times the orange peel throws the man into

The withdrawal of William Andrew Jack son Sparks and Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, we're inclined to believe must leave the interior department almost without as "How is that feud between Colonel Blood

and Major Bluegrass getting on! Are they as bitter as ever!" "Oh, no; the whole thin is happily ended," "I'm glad to hear that." "Yes, they killed each other." The newest entertainment in fashionable society in Washington is a "soiree hypnotique." The host and the guests all mesmer ize one another and then imagine that they

are having the best time on record. There are shrewd, careful men in this country who are bound to crowd the weak to the wall. One of them bought Horace Greeley's autograph at a sale the other day, and within half an hour bulldozed a Chinese laundryman into delivering six shirts and a dozen collars

Undue exposure to cold winds, rain, bright light or malaria, may bring on inflammation and soreness of the eyes. Dr. J. H. McLean's strengthening Eye Salve will subdue the inflammation cool and soothe the nerves, and strengthen weak and failing Eye Sight.

Another Case of Didn't Know-Very Encouraging.

WINKLE'S DRINK,

Cupid In the Eating House-Why He Sat Down-Always Prepared-A Standing Army - Leap Year Poetry.

Another Case of "Didn't Know." With jaunty step he walked along
And proud and manly bearing;
He seemed, while mingling with the throng, Just out to take an airing.

The snow slide came as suddenly As comes a clap of thunder, And just at the moment he Alone was passing under. Twas with a fierce, a savage air

He rose and thus exploded: I knew, by jings, the roof was there, But didn't know 'twas loaded!"

Very Encouraging. "Doctor, do you think I shall re-cover?" "I don't think anything about it; I know it." And pulling a paper out of his pocket he hands it to the patient. "Here are the statistics relative to your case. You see that one out of every one hundred is cured." "Well?" every one hundred is cured.

asks the sick man, nearly frightened to
"Well! you're the hundredth I've treated; the

other ninety-nine I lost. Cupid in the Restaurant.

She is pretty and a witty Dimple tumbles in her chin; She is fickle and 'twould tickle She is prosy, but the rosy

Color in her downy cheeks, And her fruity, winsome beauty, Rather stuns me when she speaks, She is fetching and a catching

Winner aids her graceful way, With a neat air, when I eat there She will pass the time of day; And I order on the border

Of a bankrupt at her back, Fancy dishes, for she wishes To increase my luncheon check. Will she titter, or will bitter

Grief be silenced with a tear. When I've carried hints I'm married To her fragile pinky car! Ah, I fear me she will hear me

With a startled, frightened look, And with smiling ways beguiling Go to work to eatch the cook!

He Sat Down.

The curtain had gone down on the first act, when a bullet-headed man, who had come in ten minutes late and disturbed a dozen people to get to a chair in the center of the row, got up It was time for beer. He had been in there twenty-two minutes by the watch and was suffering untold agonies for glass of lager. He started to put on his overcoat, when the strange lady at his side inquired: "Going out?"

"Yes m.

"Coming back after you get a drink?" "Well, I came prepared. I have two bottles-one with whisky and the other with beer. Which will you take?" W-w-what!" he stammered as he looked down upon her with bulging eyes, and gradually his arms fell, his overcoat sank down on the railing in front of him, and he dropped into his seat with a thud that jarred everybody in the row.

Always Prepared. "Did you ever have a lady hand you a ead quarter?" was asked of a car conductor yesterday.

"Nicely dressed, high-toned ladies?" "Just so. There were several on this line who used to hand me lead quar-

thing to them?" There was no need. I always had four lead nickles ready to return for

A Prize For the Answer. When lovely woman stoops to folly And buys a remnant strip of braid, What charms can soothe her melancholy

On learning she can't match the shade? Rip Van Winkle's Drink Discovered. He hung to the lamp post with one hand while he finally succeeded in get-ting a letter into the box with the other. He had just braced up for a walk away when an officer came along and wished him "a Happy New Year."

"Shame to you," was the reply. "Sheems funny don't 'er?" "What?"

"Why, zhis New Year. Ole 1987 ish gone f'rever.

"You mean 1887."
"Whaz? Whaz zhat? Is 'er 1887?" "Of course.

"Zhen I am lost! Just mailed letter to my girl. Dated it 1987. Told her I'll be up to-morrow." "But she'll reason that you mistook

the year."
"No, 'er won't-no, sir! She'll reason zhat I was drunk, and zhat ends me! Shay!"
"Well?"

"Funny, isn't 'er? Only three glasses of beer, and got ahead a hundred years! Wonder where I'd been I I got stone blind?"

Leap Year Poetry. Weshington Critic.
We do not hesitate to st8,

That 1888 Is something very choice and gr8, For ladies who desire to mas.

And when they meet their proper fs,
You bet we don't exaggers. When boldly we assevers That not a woman will be 18 In gobbling up the tempting b8.

He Was.

Detroit Free Press: He was a belated citizen going home. As he turned into High street from Beaubien, a pedestrian suddenly confronted him and

"Mister, if you will please be so kind as to to tell me what time it is I'd

"Just striking one!" was the reply, as the belated shot out with his right and knocked the fellow into the gutter. The victim crawled out after a period of mactivity, gathered a big ball of snow for his nose to bleed on, and mut-tered to himself: "Wasn't I in luck that it wasn't just striking 'leven or twelve!'

"A Standing Army."
"What is the standing army of the United States?" asked the teacher. "It are the men," replied the smart boy who came in last term, "who hang on to the straps in the street cars!" the principal sat up that night until the moon went down trying to decide whether he should mark that boy zero, minus, and lick him, or ten plus, and give him a toy pistol.

He Had Caught Her Idea Anyhow Washington Critic: An up-town Presbyterian Sunday school teacher has a way of expressing approximation by using the adverb principally, as "principally this" or "principally that," and she has an imitative scholar, the son of a congressman. Last Sunday she had "Do you always tell the truth,

"Always, miss," he responded promptly. "Allways, Tommy?" she inquired doubtingly. ... Well, principally always," he re-

plied, and she let him go.

IN THE FUNNY MAN'S DOMAIN. We Are Just Now Clearing Out Our MID WINTER STOCK OF

And in order that there will be no mistake about it we have made a

HORIZONTAL REDUCTION

all'round. Prices have found a level and the man who sells goods cheaper than we do for the next thirty day, will have to sell below cost.

Men's fine all wool, regular made, shirts and drawers, both white and scarlet, W. G. Medlicott & Co's. best goods, at \$2.25 each, educed from \$3. Men's scarlet all wool, regular made, shirts and drawers, at \$2 each, reduced

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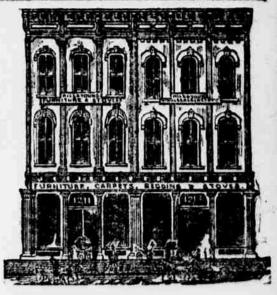
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