### AMONG THE ELECTRICIANS.

The Electric Light in Foreign Countries.

A GALVANOMETRIC BATTERY.

Incandescent Lamps in Explosive Cases - Electric Railway - Sucz Canal to be Lighted-Electric Notes.

The Electric Light ip Other Lands.

Major E. C. Browne, an Englishman, riting about the acquisition of Burman by the British describes the effect upon the natives of the first exhibi-tion of the electric light. "A great ray of soft light," he says, "shoots across the heavens from horizon to horizon. A flood of light is east on a spot in the village, but it is off with more than lightning rapidity to illumine another. It leaps and bobs and bounces about the earth in most uncanny fashion. The village is illuminated. It visits every portion of it and seems to enter at the doors and windows. At first the people rush away, but finding that in many cases the light follows they throw themselves down with their faces to the earth. In a few minutes the village and river banks are cleared, and the terrified people take refuge in the bush or at the backs of houses. But this only lasts a very short time. Curiosity is stronger than prudence. So far the light has struck no one dead. Perhaps may be harmless, so the children, clinging to each other, venture into the glare then run to their mothers' arms screaming half with fear and half with delight. Some of the big boys then rush out, have a good stare, and having dared so much once more disappear. The ladies seem to gain confi dence next to the children. Their curiosity cannot be restrained any longer, so they get together in groups, hide their faces and scream and giggle. Some of the more cheeky ones actually put out their tongues at us and begin dancing and gyrating about. The men, last of all, moodily emerge from their cover, and still not half liking it walk cautiously about, and gradually the vil-

The Sucz Canal to Be Lighted.

Chambers' Journal: It will be remembered that a short time ago, in view of increasing the carrying capacity of the Suez canal, it was determined both to widen and deepen that international waterway, and also, if possible, to enable ships to continue their journey through it by night. A scheme has now been formulated to carry the lighting of the canal into operation. The system which has been selected after consideration of electricity, oil, and gas as light-producers, is that of compressed oil gas on buoys and fixed standards. The buoys lighted by Pintsch's oil gas has been well tested now in various parts of the world, and be made of sufficient capacity to hold a supply of gas for two months consecutive burning. A further pro-vision is found in the lighting of the ships themselves; and before the vessel is allowed to pass through the canal at night, the officers in charge must be satisfied that it contains the necessary lighting power. This is to consist of a powerful headlight, capable of throw-ing an electric beam for thirteen hundred yards. Each ship must also have another electric light suspended over its deck, which will give an all-round light fully two hundred yards in diameter. A very perfect system of signal-ing by means of lights of different colors and different positions is also comprised in the scheme. This system of lighting the canal may be looked upon as provisional until such time as it may widening and deepening of the channel.

### About Electric Railways. Electric railways are coming to the

front as one of the great and popular improvements of the age. An expert electric engineer said to a New York Telegram reporter recently.

Electricity is safe if properly handled but a man must know what he is about when he tackles the deadly wires.

There is no telling how soon an amateur may be sent into eternity without time to make his will. There is no more dangerous power known, in the hands of an experienced man, than electricity. It gives no warning and its effect is instantaneous. An experience of over twenty years has taught me the greatest caution.

As a motive power this agency is in its infancy. The motors now in use are very crude compared with what I expect will be developed within the next ten years; and yet wonderful progress has been made in six years.

"There contracts out for 200 miles of electrical railway now, and it may surprise you to know that there are already fully 176 miles of it in operation in the United States. All are street railways, and thirty-five more are contracted for. The Vanderpoel system, now controlled by the Thomas Houston company, of Boston, has about seventeen roads. There are seven roads running with the Sprague motor and seven with the Dafts. One of these is considered the best by electricians, as its motor is of the low potential order, and you can grasp the negative and positive poles of the battery without the least harm. Its principle is similar to that of the incandescent light. The high potential on the contrary is more dangerous than dynamite. the hands of an inexperienced man this motor is a dangerous agency. That electricity will some time be the motive power used on all the railroads of the country I have not the slightest doubt. However, the motors will have to be simplified and the system so perfeeted that its machinery can handled by a man little acquainted with their workings.

"Do you think storage batteries will prove effective in drawing heavy

"I think the principle could be so per feeted in time that it might be used in that way, but at present it is very crude. None but experienced men could handle Julian's motors, and I don't believe any one but Julian himself would get out all there is in them.

Cable Improvements. Cable telegraphy, which has remained practically in it original condition almost since the start, has not been entirely neglected by inventors. The object is to increase as much as possible the speed of transmission and to remove to causes which at times tend to interrupt transmission altogether. It was noted some time ago the replacing of the mouse mill and the static electrification of the ink by an electro-mag-notic device for vibrating the siphon. Mr. Delany, of New York, recognizes the difficulties that arises from sending signals into the cable in the formation of single letters, and has devised an arrangement in which all the letters, both dots and dashes, are transmitted from the same side of the battery, thus varying as little as possible, the charge of the cable at each signal, and in this way decreasing the time for the neutralization for reversed charges. The reare most promising. A test on a longer cable than that experimented with may

lead to a wider application of this

A Galvanometric Battery. The student in electricity is taught that the current flows from one pole of

battery through the external circuit to

other pole, and then across the liquid element of the cell to the first pole. This is easily demonstrated to nim as regards the external circuit by the aid of a galvanometer or electro magnet. But the existence of the current in the liquid cannot be so well shown, and usually no attempt is made to reveal its presence. To supply this defect in our educational apparatus, says Engineering, Mr. Conrad W. Cooke devised the exceedingly ingenious galvanometric battery which we illustrate. It is of the type of the Thomson reflecting instrument, but instead of the magnet being surrounded by a coiled copper conductor it is placed among the convolutions of four glass tubes. These tubes are filled with the liquid element of a galvanic cell, of which they form a part. At each end they are sealed into a glass vase; one vase contains a zinc rod and the other a carbon rod immersed in dilute acid, which also fills the tubes. Evidently, if the current flows from one electrode to the other, as it is supposed to do, it must traverse the four parallel glass tubes, and in so doing it will affect the magnet of the galvanometer. This is exactly what happens. When the external circuit is completed the mirror is deflected, and the spot of light which it reflects moves along the scale. This apparatus, which is a fine example of glass-blowing, is a notable addition to an educational laboratory.

Lighting New York Harbor.

From time to time the use of electric lights in and around New York harbor has excited much interest and comment says the Electrical World, and up to the present hour the only objection brought against the electric light for this purpose is that there was too much of it. The Hell Gate arcs no longer shine, because the pilots complained of their brilliancy, but those of Liberty are still with us, and those on the Brooklyn bridge, though screened westward. will continue to light up, as they alone can do, the great thoroughfare between the two cities. We are now glad to note that the incandescents are to be given a chance on the buoys in Gedney's channel, where the European electrician coming in from sea at night will find them bobbing up serenely and curtseying to give him a characteristic welcome.

Incandescent Lamps in Explosive

Cases. The very instructive experiments made by Lieutenant Hutchins, of New York, on the explosion of gases by rupturing incandescent lamps within them while it points to the evident necessity of protecting the lamps well in danger ous atmospheres seems to us at the same time to prove without a shadow of a doubt that they are the safest to employ in these very situations. The lamps experimented upon remained perfectly mert in the gases until ruptured, and hence the ordinary protection by suit-able screens and by making the bulb of thicker glass ought to answer fully all requirements for safety. Exception may be taken therefore to the conclusion reached by the experimenter that the incandescent lamp is dangerous for use on board ship in situations where explosive gas is liable to accumulate. It would certainly be difficute to devise an illuminant less dangerous in such situaions. If there is such an one, will the lieutenant kindly name it?

### IMPIETIES.

Bishop Tayler is called by the African chiefs "Old White-Man-Well-Digger-and-Long-Walker." Pastor to new convert. "Do you believe

in a literal and personal devil?" She yes, sir; I've been married five years." The bible says that no man can serve two masters, and yet there are sailors who serve three masters and get along better than i the vessel had but one mast.

The minister who preaches the shortest sermons is generally the one who gets the big salary; and in the wicked cities the ministers have generally found this out. "I'll do the best I can, sir," said the new convert humbly to the good pastor, "but you mustn't expect too much of me at first, I've been an auctioneer for the last tweive years."

Minister-Well, Bobby, I suppose you get prizes at school sometimes? Bobby—Never got any yet, sir. Minister—Why, how is that? Bobby (with an injured air)—It's be cause some other boy gets 'em.

In the midst of a fervent exhartation to sinners a Portland revivalist, who is by business an auctioneer, exclaimed: "Twenty-nine I've got; thirty, shall I have 'em! Bloss the Lord: Twenty-nine are saved. Who will come next! Shall I have thirty!"

While a minister at Wentworth, Dak., was making his closing prayer in a church, a large straped cat of the masculine gender walked up the aisle, coolly jumped on to the pulpit, squatted himself on the hible and reverently gazed at the minister until he had

New minister (sounding his man) -- I suppose you go to base bail games sometimes, do you not! Young parishioner (cau-tiously)—Well, yes, sir—once in a great while." New minister (enthusiastically)— Once in a great while, eh! Why, I go every time I get a chance, myself!

At a prayer meeting in a western town the pastor urged the people to ask and questions they would like to have answered. This prompted an old fellow to get up and remark "What I want to know is of an oath taken on a Bible which her the fust ten chapters of Gennysis kissed offen it is bindin'?"

The Rev. Myron Reed, of Colorado, who ran as the democratic congressional candi-date in that state two years ago, was once interrupted in the midstrof a public prayer by a man who shouted, "Louder!" Reed stopped short, looked at the interupter, and said coolly: "I was not addressing you sir. I was addressing the Almighty." Then he

went on with his prayer. Rev. Dr. Nourse, of Washington, D. C., is visiting the coast. He is a native of England. "The first wedding ceremony I ever per-formed," said Mr. Nourse, his eyes twinkling merrily, "was just us the clock struck 12 m. and you know a marriage is not legal in England after that hour, and my fee was a lot of geological specimens. This is the first time I eyer asked for bread and literally got

a stone in return. Last Sunday church-goers in a small town in the western part of Minnesota were not a little surprised when they had settled in their pews to see staring at them from the wall back of the preacher's desk the follow ing card, written with charcoal on a piece of white cotton cloth:

Members of this church will refrain from wiping their foreheads with red bandanas during services until after the next presidential election, as such an act would encourage democrats present to cheer for Grover Cleveland, and prove a serious interruption to the divine service. GEORGE SQUIRES, Pastor.

A New England clergyman tells this incident: "He preached a rousing missionary sermon and obtained the largest collection the church had ever given. One of the dea-cons, the richest man in the church, ex-pressed great pleasure at this result, and said that when he came to the place he was a peer boy working for 50 cents a day. He resolved to give \$i a year to the cause of for eign missions, and he would state for the en-couragement of his pastor that he had continued to give \$1 a year from that day to this." How many there are who do not in-crease their gifts as they increase in riches!

At a session of court held at Norris town, Pa., October 11, 1786, Philip Hoesnagle was found guilty of burglary, and it was with great difficulty that he was prevailed upon to accept hard labor in stead of hanging.

SLIPPING OVER THE BRINK.

Stories of People Who Have Reached the Limit.

A GALAXY OF CENTENARIANS.

A Vocalist at 105-Afraid of the Elevation - A Strange Spectacle -Three Old People at Troy-· Old Age Notes.

A Vocalist at 105.

Benjamin Moore of Tennyson, Ind., says an exchange, is hale and hearty at the age of 105 years. He was born in Rockingham county, N. C. He after-ward moved to Washington county, Ind., and in 1887 moved to Spencer county, Ind., where he now resides it Grass township. Last year he helped to dress hogs at the annual killingtime, and he chops stovewood and doe chores generally. He is living with his second wife, who is eighty-four years old and enjoying good health. At the age of 100 he and his wife walked nine miles to visit some friends. Mr. Moore, in his younger days, followed farming, and hauled cotton from North Carolina to Washington, Charleston, Philadelphia, and all those eastern cities except New York. He joined the M. E. church at the age of ninety-nine. He never voted for a republican but once, and that was for a friend for township trustee. He never was sick, and never used tobacco. His nerves are steady and his voice is good. When the writer visited him he saug a song of five verses in good style. He says he would still like to live, but is ready to go whenever the Lord shall call him.

Afraid of the Elevator. Mrs. Elizabeth Sands, of Baltimore, Md., was born in 1789. When only sixteen she was united in marriage to Mr. Peter Smick, a tinner, and the young couple lived in Annapolis until 1812, when the war broke out. Her husband, an athletic young fellow, entered the service, but instead of being provided with a gun, was employed making canteens of his own tinware. He contracted bilious fever and died.

The widow, with four children to look after, at once took charge of the business, but had a pretty hard time of it. She complains to this day that, though the soldiers occupied her premises and utilized her property, not a penny was ever given her by the government. Unlike the other old defenders, she was not granted a pension. After remaining a widow for eleven years, she married Thomas Sands. Now and then her granddaughter takes her along when she goes out shopping, but cannot persuade the old lady to enter an elevator She has sixteen grandchildren, thfrtynine great-grandchildren and nine great-great-children. Besides these there are ever so many nieces and nephews, grand, great-grand and great-great-grand.

A Century and Over. Stephen Gleason, the oldest resident of Fall River, Mass., died at the resi dence of his daughter, Mrs. Desmond. in the 103d year of his age. He was born in the county of Cork, Ireland, and came to this country forty years ago, then over 60 years old. He was of quiet disposition, and took no part in the exciting events which occurred in Ireland during his time. He left Ireland because his landlord. Sir Riggs Faulkner. raised his rent repeatedly, until he could no longer pay it, and he was driven from the house which he had occupied or three score years, and where his fathers had lived and died for generations before him. He was married sixty-five years ago, and his widow is 88 ears old. They had nine children, o whom six are now living. After coming here Gleason worked as a farm laborer until about fifteen years ago. For the past nine months his mind has been feeole, but he retained his bodily vigor, took long walks and attended church regularly. His hearing and eyesight were good. He was ill about three weeks. Shortly before his death his

A Strange Spectacle. The spectacle of an eighty year old bridegroom sued for the support of his seventy-two year old bride gave zest to the proceedings in the criminal court

reason returned.

recently in the town of Lebanon, Pa. The defendant was John Ruff, and his wife, the complainant, said he left her a month after marriage last March Ruff's lawyer tried to prove that the reason he refused to support his wife was that she had another hurband living. The court refused to allow this claim on the ground that twenty-five years' absence was presumable evidence that the former husband was dead. The venerable bridegroom was ordered to pay \$1 a week for his wife's support.

Poor Aunt Temple is Dead. Ald Aunt Temple Bass, aged 100 years. died in Macon, Ga. She has been with J. O. Torbett and family for a long time. She was the mother of four children twelve grandchildren and a number of great-grandchildren. When the Seminole war broke out in Florida, in 1835. Aunt Temple was living in Greene county, and well did she remember see ing the troops of that county depart for the seat of war. She was a faithful old servant of the ante-bellum type, and will be missed by those who knew her

The Three Old People of Troy. Margaret Emperor, an inmate of the poor house of Troy, N. Y., is 103 years old, but her condition is very feeble. She was born in Kerry, Ireland, in

Mrs. Deborah Powers is ninety-seven years old. Her husband started on a small scale the manufacture of oil cloth and one day a vessel filled with varnish boiled over and in attempting to extinguish the flames Mr. Powers was fa-tally burned. The widow took hold of the business and ran it successfully. It is now one of the largest oil cloth factories in the world.

Martha Waters was born in Massachusetts, August 15, 1789, and has passed most of her life in Troy. She is in fairly good health, and her mental faculties are unimpaired.

An Aged Citizen. The Pomeroy (Ohio) correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writes: Having learned that Annie Roush would reach her 101st birthday shortly, I de-termined to call on her. I found her living with a distant relative, who for a consideration has agreed to keep her as long as she lives. That she has a pleasant home is attested by her remark that "Mr.Bentz has been a 'star' man to me, and has treated me as well as a son

She was born at Morgantown, Pa. June 4, 1787. Fourteen years later, with her parents and brothers and sisters, came to a point in West Virginia eight miles above here, and a year later they went eight miles further up the river and crossed to the "U. S. of Ohio' and settled just below what is now called Letart, where she has ever since re-sided. The same year, 1802, she met and married Henry Roush, a sturdy German pioneer, and from the union thirteen children were born, the last

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### when Annie was nearly fifty years old. The ten daughters gave birth to 110 children, and the three sons to sixteen, making a total of 126 grandchildren of Aunt Annie. These have multiplied and replenished according to the bible injunction, so that to-day Aunt Annie s descendants will number fully 600 souls. of which there are twelve children of the sixth generation. Just think of it: She is a great-great-great-great-grandmother.

Aunt Annie has been in the "nurs-' business since she was able to rock a baby in the rude rocker made in the last years of the eighteenth century. Her mother died leaving five children younger than her, which she raised; then her own thirteen, and since her own flock has grown up she has nursed four grandchildren, and at present is mother to Mr. Bentz's youngest child, its mother having died while it was a little babe.

Aunt Annie is remarkably spry walks all around her home and to the neighbors, and before being taken sick. about eight weeks ago, she would walk as far as Letart village and back, a distance of over half a mile. Her eyesight is good, although her left eye is failing some since her illness.

She is enjoying second sight, it being twenty years since she wore glasses. he has never rode on a train, and furthermore, will not for any consideration travel by rail, as she values her life too highly to risk it on any road that does not use the "patent anti-collisioner" that permits two trains to pass

on one track at the same time.

Aunt Annie is looking much better now than a year ago, when she had her picture taken, even though just recov-ering from an attack of cold; and from present indications bids fair to live for several years.

### Old Age Notes. Juan Choc died last month in Guatemala at

the age of 120 years. The oldest woman in northwestern Ohio Mrs. Mary Massamore, aged 101 years and five month, died at Findlay. John Batchelder, the dependent father o

Samuel Batchelder, late of the Fifty-third Illinois infantry, is the oldest pensioner on the pay-rolls. He is 103 years of age. Cynthia, widow of the late Nathan Law rence, died at the home of her grandson, R. Lawrence, on her ninety-ninth year. ceased was born in Old Marlboro, Mass., and was a daughter of Thomas Baker, of that

"Uncle Ned" Malley, of Parkersburg, W. Va., is ninety-three years old and has no wasted opportunities to regret, as he has "never missed a horse race, dog fight of cocking main that came in his way" in the course of his somewhat protracted existence Mrs. Azubah F. Ryder, of Orrington, Me. vho is 104 years old, was one of sixteen girls to scatter flowers in the open grave at a memorial service of George Washington. She has a large and interesting correspondence with young and old persons all over the

There died in Louisiana the other day Mrs. Bullock, aged seventy-nine years, who, when six years old, when her parents were migrating from North Carolina to Tennes see, was captured by Cherokee Indians and cept among them for twelve years, when she was found and rescued by her father.

Smith Hitchens, familiarly known as Uncl is residence near Laurel Smith, died at his residence near Laurel,
Md., recently. He would have been a centenerian had he lived a few months longer.
He was the oldest man in Sussex county and
probably in the state. A few weeks prior to is demise the deceased cut a complete set of

Miss Jane Dutton, who died in Oakland, Cal., a few days are at the are of eighty-three years, was a 'Der. She went around the Horn in that year and established a boarding house in Sag Francisco, and when she died she was worth \$10,000. She was a New Hampshire spinster, and her property will go to some relatives there. At the hacienda of Rio Florido, in Mexico,

there lives a man till years old. His wife is in her 111th year. The owners of the hacienda and the people of the neighboring plantations anticipate the pleasure of giving this aged Indian couple a great many pre sents on the 100th anniversary of their wed Hendricks, a Choctaw Indian, aged 10s years, visited Denison, Tex., recently. He walks erect. He is deaf, but his eyesight is

very good. He speaks English imperfectly. He hunted until within the past ten years Last spring he rode to Turkahommr, a dis-tance of forty miles. He says that his health is good and he expects to live many years Mrs. Minnie Roush, of Pomeroy, O., who was 101 years old upon June 4, married at fifteen, bore seventeen children—ten daugh-

ters and seven sons, and has now living twelve descendants of the sixth generation, not to mention a great multitude of inter-mediate ones. Notwithstanding, she has few wrinkles and the use of all her faculties, is spry about the house, feeds the chickens, has never been on a railway train, and will tell you for hours most wondrous tales of pioneer

In the last half of the eighteenth century it appears to have been a capital crime for negroes to steal.

Smoke Seidenberg's Figure and the best 5-cent cigar in the world. Max Meyer & Co., wholesale depot.

# GOOL BARGAINS

Attend our great Semi-Annual Clearing and Mark-Down Sale, as everything has got to be sold, and gives persons of moderate means an opportunity to buy good reliable clothing and furnishing goods, for what you would have to pay for cheaper goods at other stores. Below are a few of our bargains.

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## THE LOVE LETTER.

"So you wont marry Hawkins Jessep," said Squire Bergamot, knitting his black evebrows together until they formed an omnious black bar across his forehead and nearly frightened his bright-eved daughter out of her senses. But Mary Bergamot stood bravely to the guns of her little citadel.

"No, father," she said, "Oh, how can you ask me, when you know that I don't love him and never can?" "'Never' is a long word," said the

"Yes, papa, I know that," said Mary,

'But, indeed, I mean it.' "You mean it, do you?" said the squire, in slow and measured tones. 'Now, let me tell you what! It isn't that you don't like Hawkins Jessup, but that you're goosey enough to go and fall love with that young idiot, George Mary turned very red.

"There's no use mincing matters," said the irate squire. "An artist, in-leed! Why doesn't he go into whitewashing and calcimining and earn a decent living?

"But, papa-" "Needn't attempt to argue with me miss!" said Squire Bergamot, sternly. I'll have none of it, and so I tell you. If George Lake comes into my house he'll be put out of it pretty quick! And

so you may tell him.

So saying, the squire strode angrily out of the house Mary looked after him with soft, sorrowful eyes. She was a delicate, oval-faced girl, with sunny brown hair and

rotund features, so unlike the rotund and positive squire's as light to dark ness. But, as she put down the iron with which she was "doing up" her father's shirts-Squire Bergamot would have thought it a crying sin to employ a laundress while his daughter enjoyed her ordinary health-she leaned up against the window where the sun-beams came through the tremulous veil of heart-shaped morning glory leaves and drew from her pocket a note. wrkten in a strong, masculine hand My Dearest Mary: I love you. Will you bromise to be my wife, in spite of all opposition? Will you tell me so with your own tion? Will you ten me as much lips. Ever yours, faithful to death.

George.

How her eyes glittered as she read and reread the short and simple lines, pressing them finally to her red lips.
"I do love him! I will be his wife,"
she murmured. "And I will tell him so the first opportunity I get. Only papa!"

A momentary cloud stole over her serone brow at this, but it was transient. "I don't believe in elopements," said Mary Bergamot, still riveting her eyes on the sheet of paper in her hand. never did. But if papa still persists in opposing our marriage I will leave my home and go out into the world hand in hand with George."

Just as this revolutionary thought passed through her mind the door creaked on its hinges. A heavy, well known footstep sounded on the threshold.
"It's papa!" cried Mary.

In her consternation our poor little

heroine could not find the entrance to her pocket ir the multitudinous folds of her dress. For a second she was in imminent danger of detection; then she hurriedly thrust the incendiary document into the yawning mouth of a paper bag of choice seed corn which hung by the kitchen window. At the next instant Squire Bergamot was in the room "Mary," said he. "go upstairs to the left-hand corner of my middle bureau

drawer and get me a clean pocket handkerchief." Mary went out with a dubious glance at the nail on which the bag of "early sugar corn" hung. When she returned

the room was empty, and Squire Bergamot was just climbing up into his lumber-box wagon in front of the picket "Bring it out here," said the squire.
"I'm going over to Miss Polly Pepper's
to get my empty cider cask. She might

had the sense to return it herself ?"

He stowed the handkerchief away in his pocket, and was just taking up the reins, when Mary rushed out, crimson to the very roots of her hair. "Father, that bag of seed corn." "Oh, it's all right .-- it's all right,"

said the squire placidly. "I promised a little to Miss Polly Pepper, and this is already shelled. "But, father," gasped poor Mary, "let me tie it up first."
"Nousense!" said the squire. "I jest

folded over the top and it'll go as snug as a thief in a mill, right-a-top of my Away he ratiled over the stony road as he spoke, and poor Mary ran back kitchen to cry herself into a

"Oh, my letter, my letter!" she sebbed; "why was I such an idiot as to put it there?" Miss Polly Pepper, a gaunt spinster

of a very uncertain age, and a very cortain infirmity of temper, opened the mg of seed corn as the squire drove off. 'Might a brought it before, "Promised it to us last fall. I do despise these folks that are always putting off things. Mercy upon us! What's this?" as she drew out the note; "some receipt that that shiftless Mary tucked away here to get out of the way? No it ain't. It's a love-letter!-and to me!-'My dearest Mary'-and it is signed 'George Washington Bergamot, that's his name. Well, I do declare! Ain't he far gone? 'All opposition.' I s'pose he means Mary and my two brothers-inlaw that thinks a woman over forty hain't no business to marry. But I'll see 'em furder afore I'll let 'em overturn my matrimonial prospects-see if I 'Tel him with my own lips.' Of course I will; I'll go right over there at once. Delays is dangerous! And if he

Miss Polly's flugers trembled as she took her little cork-screw curls out of their papers and put on a fresh collar

tied with a blue ribbon.
"Blue's the color of love," said she to herself with a simper, "and it was so romantic of my dear George to think of proposing to me in a bag of seed corn." The squire was at his supper when Miss Pepper walked in. a bite, won't "Set down and have"Mary, fetch a you?" said the squire.

Miss Pepper took advantage of the

momentary absence of her step-daughter elect to proceed to business. "George," cried she, almost hysteric ly, "I am yours!"

"Forever and ever!" cried the lady, flinging herself upon his coat-collar. "Are you crazy?" said the squire, jumping up. You asked me to be your wife," said Miss Polly, meltingly.

"I didn't!" "Then what does this mean, eh?" de-manded Miss Polly. "It's as clear a declaration of love as ever was writ and good ground to sue on."

The squire stared at the sheet o

paper as Miss Pepper waved it triumphantly over his head. "But I didn't write it," gasped he. "Then who did?" demanded Miss

Just at this moment, Mary, entering with fresh tea and a clean plate, caught sight of the letter.
"It's mine," she cried with a sudden

dyeing of the check and glitter of the eyes. "My letter? How dared you read it, Miss Pepper?"
"I got it out of the bag of seed corn," protested the spinster.
"And I put it there for safe-keeping,"

blushingly acknowledged Mary Bergamot. "Who wrote it?"sternly demanded the And Mary confessed.

"George Lake, papa." Miss Pepper went home crying bitterly with mortified pride and disappointed expectations. And the squire came to the conclusion that true love

would always have its way in spite of all dissenting parents. "Papa," said Mary, "may I have Gorge?" said the squire,

And that, in his case, passed for an affirmation. But the squire remains a widower still, and Miss Pepper's Miss Pepper's chances grow "smaller by degrees and beautifully less."

## The Pretty Waiter Girl.

Neat and natty and pert was she, (Ham and eggs and bread for me!) winsome her smile as a smile could be-(Pork and beans-have the pork well

Her dainty hand brushed the crumbs away, (Both kinds o' sauce on that apple dump!)
And my beating heart quick owned her sway—
(Potaters and greens along o' that rump!)

I fumbled the bill, but nothing could see;
(Roast turkey and stuff—dark meat, second joint!)
My eyes were on her, and hers were on me— (Plum pudding, another and plenty of oint!) "What will you have!" she broke the spell;

(A cup of tea and coffee without!) blushed and stammerod, my cyclids fell— (Pork and sausage and sauer kraut!) Then I seized her hand and whispered low; (Cabbage soup and a corn beef hash!)
"Get out, you fool! Come, let me go!"
(Onlon stewed and potato mash!)

In 1644, Mary, wife of Thomas Oliver, was souteneed to be publicly whipped for reproaching the magistrates; in 1646

she slandered the elders and was sen tenced to have a cleft stick put on her tongue for half an hour. She finally, in 1650, left the colony, after having caused much trouble in the church and to the