GENERAL BEN HARRISON

The Standard Bearer of the Republican Party.

A Short Non-Political Sketch of the Candidates of the Republican and Democratic Parties. The Candidacy of an Omaha Man.

Now that the convention of both great political parties have been held and we have the candidates, the political pot will be boiling until next November. Nearly fifty years ago the grandfather of the present republican candidate was elected president and held office one month, dying in office at the end of that time. The present Mr. Harrison is a man well known to the people of the United States, being what is termed a self made man, born in the humble walks of life he has, by his untiring energy and unapproachable integrity, risen to the top of the ladder of fame. The candidate for vice president on the republican ticket is also a well known man, having been in public life for a long time. Of the candidates of the democratic party Mr. Cleveland has been president for nearly four years and it is unnecessary to say anything of him as he is well known, as is also Mr. Thurman, who has been in public life for a long time, having been a United States senator for one term and held numerous offices. There is yet another candidate of whom we wish to speak, one who is not nearly so well known as the four mentioned above, but who passed through his term as a candidate and is now a happy man. The gentleman in question is

CHARLES CARLSON 811 FARNAM STREET.

a stone mason in the employ of Judge Haskell. Mr. Carlson has been a resident of Omaha for about one year, and prior to that time was a resident of Iowa, and for about six months past had quite an experience which we will give in his own way.

Last fall I caught a severe cold, which bothered me a great deal, causing me to cough continually, until at last I commenced to raise large quantities of blood at every coughing spell. I felt tired, drowsy, and depressed in spirits; soon my breathing became short and my chest would sometimes feel as if it was bound tight by somthing. I would go to sleep as usual, when I would wake up with wheezing. I would be in bed and open the windows, and with my mouth wide open gasp for breath. I would often sneeze and run at the nose; my face would become very red, my eyes prominent, and the perspiration break out all over my body; my breathing would be short jerking, and could be heard all over the room; my feet and hands would be cold, and I often felt as if I would never come out of it. Sometimes these spells would only last a few minutes, at other times perhaps an hour or more. When I would begin to cough the tightness would let up, especially after I had raised quite a quantity of very tenacious mucus. I consulted quite a number of physicians, who only gave me temporary relief. I had often read Dr McCoy's testimonials in the daily papers, but was somewhat skeptical. At last I decided to go and see him. He examined me thoroughly, and told me I had the asthma; said he could benefit me, and I started treating with him. This was early in May. His treatment relieved me at once. I had no severe spells after the first treatment, and for sometime now have not had a symptom of my former trouble, do not wheeze or cough at all, and feel that I am cured—even after one month's treatment I felt all right, but decided to take another month to be positive of a radical cure.

I can cheerfully recommend Dr. McCoy, as he has cured me, and I know of plenty of persons that he is treating who are improving wonderfully and rapidly.

The fifth candidate mentioned above is Mr. Carlson, who has been a candidate for health and has been very successful in his candidacy. Mr. Carlson, whose portrait graces the column above, resides at No. 811 Farnam street, and is willing to corroborate this statement to any one doubting it, who will address or call on him there.

TWENTY-ONE QUESTIONS.

A Few Symptoms of Disease That May Prove Serious to You.

Do you have frequent fits of mental depression?

Do you experience ringing or buzzing noises in your ears?

Do you feel as though you must suffocate when lying down?

Are you troubled with a hacking cough and general debility?

Are your eyes generally weak and watery and frequently inflamed?

Does your voice have a husk, thick sound and a nasal sort of twang?

Is your breath frequently offensive from some unaccountable cause?

Have you a dull, oppressive headache, generally located over the eyes?

Do you have to hawk and cough frequently in the effort to clear your throat?

Are you losing your sense of smell and is your sense of taste becoming dulled?

Does your nose always feel stopped up, forcing you to breathe through your mouth?

Do you frequently feel dizzy, particularly when stooping to pick anything off the floor?

Does every little draft of air and every slight change of temperature give you a cold?

Are you annoyed by a constant desire to hawk and spit out an endless quantity of phlegm?

Do you rise from bed as tired and weak as you were the night before and feel as though you wanted to lie there forever?

Is your throat filled with phlegm in the morning, which can only be discharged after violent coughing and hawking and spitting?

Do you occasionally wake from a troubled sleep with a start and feel as if you had just escaped a horrible death by choking?

Have you lost all interest in your calling or business or former pleasures, all ambition gone, and do you feel indifferent whether to morrow finds you alive or dead?

Are you troubled with a discharge from the head into the throat, sometimes watery and excessive, sometimes mucus, thick, sticking to whatever it touches, sometimes bloody, and nearly always putrid and offensive?

The above are some of the many symptoms of catarrh and the beginning of lung troubles. Not one case in a hundred will have all of them, but every one affected will have a few or many of them. The greater or more serious your symptoms, the more dangerous your condition. This class of disease is treated very successfully by Dr. McCoy or his associates. The many cases reported through the columns of the daily papers proves this, and each statement published is substantially the same as given by the patient cured. Dr. McCoy and his associates use no secret nostrums, but cure disease by their skillful combination of the best known remedies, applied in the most approved manner, and by using the latest and most highly recommended appliances known to the profession. They thus produce results that speak for themselves in the many patients cured, and we assure our readers that these eminent physicians have achieved a success in curing disease which few or no other doctors can duplicate.

DOCTOR

J. CRESAP McCOY,

Late of Bellevue Hospital New York,

HAS OFFICES

No. 310 and 311 Ramge Building,

Corner Fifteenth and Harney sts., Omaha, Neb., where all curable cases are treated with success.

Medical diseases treated skillfully. Consumption, bright's disease, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and all NERVOUS DISEASES. All diseases peculiar to the sexes a specialty. CATARRH CURED.

CONSULTATION at office or by mail, $1.

Office hours—9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m., Sunday office hours from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

Correspondence receives prompt attention.

Many diseases are treated successfully by Dr. McCoy through the mails, and it is thus possible for those unable to make a journey to obtain SUCCESSFUL HOSPITAL TREATMENT AT THEIR HOMES.

No letters answered unless accompanied by 4c in stamps.

All mail should be addressed to Dr. J. Cresap McCoy, Rooms 310 and 311, Ramge building, Omaha, Neb.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Gossip of Plays, Play-Actors, and Play-Makers.

MAGGIE MITCHELL'S FANCHON.

A Conducive Manager—A Japanese Theater—The Theatrical Kiss—A Crushed Tragedian—Stage Falls.

At a Japanese Theater.

The curtain went up and the curtain went down, writes Ruhamah to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat from Yokohama, relating her experience at a Japanese play, or rather it was drawn aside and closed again, in obedience to thumps on the planking of the stage in French style. The revolving stage went around and around, and men and women, and palanquins came down the raised aisle through the audience that serves as stage entrance for the artists. There were funny scenes where a spy under a tea house floor gets drenched with water, but finally clutches the end of the long-rolled scroll of a letter as it dropped from the hand of a drunken reader. Another time the spy apparently starts off in a kago, but at the first rest puts a heavy stone in his place and draws the curtains. The bearers trudge off with the burden, accidently drop the kago, and after profuse and humble apologies, draw the curtain to see why the occupant makes no sound or protest, and discover the stone.

The audience was as great a study as the scenes on the stage, and when the action dragged and two priests or two citizens sat alone in a plain setting and talked interminably, the men, women, children and babies in the audience were most entertaining. Their lunch boxes were brought them at noon, the play beginning at 10:30 in the morning; a second meal was served between 3 and 4 o'clock, and at 8 they were fortified for the tragic finale by more boxes of rice and chop-stick shreds of fish, meat, and unknown things. Tea pots and trays of sweetmeats were going all the time, and when the curtain was drawn upon a scene there was a scurrying of waiters to the boxes, and all the children climbed upon the narrow board aisles and ran about the theater, romping even on the stage itself. The foreigners in the gallery boxes ate at about the same hours and quite as continually, and although nothing could sound more fatiguing than sitting through a ten-hour play, none of us left until the last act was over.

The Theatrical Kiss.

It is curious how fast the sentimental seems to be dying out of human nature. Watch the audience at a play. Time was that when the hero kissed the heroine the audience would feel a subdued sentimental excitement, and when they rushed into one another's arms a wild rush of applause would greet the meeting. Now it is as much as the situation is worth for a man to put his arms around and kiss a woman on the stage. Even the beautiful Mrs. Langtry, when she laid her head down on her dear Algy's sholder in "As in a Looking Glass," was met with a smile from the dress circle and a little "cheep" from upstairs. Mrs. Potter got plenty of laughter and smiles for her love making, but it is a general kind of a feeling, and is growing so fast that even Sarah, the divine, herself would be liable to awaken a gentle snicker." I am told, however, that this change, however, is merely a phase of public feeling. The old business is still as popular as ever in private society. They say it can not be improved upon. What do you think?

How Maggie Mitchell Dreads "Fanchion."

I was talking to a member of Maggie Mitchell's company the other day, says a writer in the New York Graphic, and he says that the way that little lady dreads a performance of "Fachon" is pitiful. It is still the piece she has to rely on to make her money; she scarcely expects to more than keep even while playing other things, so best are everybody on waiting to see her Fanchon. She has been before the public in that twenty-six years—she tells it herself—and her houses are still crowded for that performance. Once on the stage, once in the first scene, she says that for the time being all tastes vanishes, and she is simply Fanchon, as she has been—with intervals for rest and refreshment—all these years. But before she goes on her loathing of the part really makes her ill, and it increases with each successive performance. In the day all the company understands that she does not want to hear it spoken of, or, above all, she can't be induced to hear the music of the famous "Shadow Dance" hummed. She hates the sight of lithographs or bills of herself in the part.

A Conducive Manager.

Benedict, the minstrel, said recently to a writer in the New York Clipper: "People get funny ideas about minstrels blacking up, but the biggest crank I ever came across was in a new town in Kansas. The manager was much newer than the town. He had never had a minstrel company in his house before, and while we were getting ready for the parade he came to me and, calling me aside, inquired: 'Say, when you give a minstrel show do the stage hands black up, too?' 'They do,' said I to the jay, 'when the manager understands his business. It gives a harmonious effect to everything and is conducive of success.' I learned afterward that he dropped into an office of an editor and found the definition of the word conducive and used it in the next announcement for his hall. He called it the Grand Academy of Music, though. That night after we went on the stage we found all the scene shifters blacked up, and I thought the boys would spoil the whole thing by laughing, but the immediate presence of the stage hands put us in good humor, for everything went with a zest. Next morning the local manager bade us adieu at the depot, and as he shook hands he said: 'Come again, gentlemen, I will make everything as conducive as possible, even if I have to black up myself.'"

A Crushsd Tragedian.

The fun which began with Dr. Landis's appearance at industrial hall recently, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, came near having a serious ending before the close of the performance. The audience had been pelting the "actor" with oranges, paper balls, and ham sandwiches. Just before the close of the act Landis strode down to the footlights and managed to make himself heard long enough to offer a reward of $25 for any one detected in the act of throwing vegetables on the stage. Just as he stepped back a decayed orange came whizzing through the air and struck him on the tip of the nose. With a wild yell he seized a wine bottle and flourished it in his hand. This had no effect on the audience, and he was greeted with another fusillade of sandwiches. Landis, enraged at the treatment he was receiving, threw the bottle into the corner of the right gallary, which was crowded with men and boys. One man dodged and just escaped being hit on the head with the bottle, which struck against the wall and smashed in a thousand pieces. This incident put a sudden end to the performance. The audience gufed the actors and the play from the time the curtain first went up until its final, sudden fall.

About Stage Falls.

"Want to know how we fall?" said the beautiful, graceful woman to a New York Sun reporter recently. "Why, see, this way. First your knee, and then your hip, and then your shoulder, and you are down;" and the graceful figure was prone on the carpet with out-stretched arms. Every fold of her lace drapery in the prettiest possible place, not an inch of her ankle or gleam of her snowy skirts was visible, and the falling had been as noiseless and graceful as a butterfly's dip and swoop down to the heart of a rose. Then, with a supple grace and quick, agile spring, she was on her feet in a second.

"In this way—sideways, you see;" and with a dip and curve, and sweep of the lace draperies down she floated as swift and noiseless as a swallow's downward sweep, and she lay apparently lifeless, with her face hidden. Another little spring and she floated backward into a chair so limp and faint that even the smile on her lips hardly reassured you that it wasn't an actual sudden faintness.

"We are taught in the schools, and practice on a rug at home at first, you known; and of course we get many bruises while learning. We fall first to the knee, and then to the hip, the shoulder, and down. Of course we do this very slowly at first and awkwardly, but we do it over and over again until one fall blends into the other so completely that you cannot distinguish it. Oh, yes, it is hard at first, but all there is to it is to take all the will out of your body and collapse."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

It is now stated that Frank Mayo will in all probability play the leads with Julia Marlowe.

Theresa Vaughan thinks of going into comic opera—phenomenal face, figure, contralto voice and all.

Mrs. Langtry is enjoying herself in driving around New York and promenading on Fifth avenue with Freddie Gebhard.

H. Rider Haggard's "Jess" has finally been adapted for the stage, and Aimee Hecht will experiment with it next season.

Minnie Hauk and Clara Louise Kellogg will be the prime donne of the Strakosch opera company next season, singing alternate nights.

Miss Fanny Davenport returns east in August, and will rest for six weeks at Canton, Pa., before opening her season in October.

The lady who wrote "Loyal Love" for Mrs. Potter is dead. She was the daughter of Philip Harwood, late editor of the Saturday Review.

There is no truth in the report that Janauschek will retire from the stage the coming season. Her farewell tour will not be announced for several years.

Louise Thorndyke is to open a school of elocution in New York. Her husband, Dion Boucicault, will be at the Madison Square Theater School of Acting.

Charles Alfred Byrne has completed his comic opera, "Castles in the Air," which Edward Effulgent Rice will bring out this fall. Gus Kerker has completed two acts of the music.

Miss Kate Claxton will occupy the Bijou opera house, New York, for the entire month of August, producing a new play, the adaptation of which has just been completed.

Zelie de Lussan and Pauline L'Allemand will be the leading sopranos of the Boston Ideals next season. Mlle. de Lussan will appear as Carmen with Augustus Harris' company at Covent Garden about July 1.

Dion Boucicault is writing dramatic criticisms and other things for the New York Herald. He will wait a short time before writing about a new play, will pay for his seats, and altogether comport himself in a model critical fashion.

Marie Wainright was the original Josephine in the first production of "Pinafore" given in this country at the Boston museum. Amy Ames was her understudy, and afterward played the part during the tour of the same company throughout New England.

Maurice Barrymore's burlesque on "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" will probably be seen the coming season. A patient's life is saved by the transfusion of blood from the arm of a drunkard, the result of the operation being that the patient acquires a bibulous desire and gets drunk every day, and, being a clergyman, his antics astonish his flock.

Keller, the wonderful his charming wife, expect to sail for Europe about July 8. They will return on September 1, and the regular season will open September 10, at St. John's N. B. Keller done the wonderful "Cremation" act for the first time in this country at the Boston Museum on last Wednesday. He has been at work on the act for six months, and the necessary aparatus alone cost over $1,000. Keller is the inventor, and it was the first time "The Cremation" has ever been seen on any stage.

They Broke Him In.

A verdant young man visited an Austin (Texas) express office the other day and inquired if they wanted a man to run as messenger on the railrod, says the Texas Siftings. The boys hadn't much to do that day, and they concluded to have a little fun with the rustic. They said they were looking for the right kind of a man to put in charge of an express car on a new line that had just been opened through a very dangerous part Texas, but that they must first test his fitness for the position. They wanted to know whether he had the necessary nerve to withstand the shock of a collision or to resist train robbers. He said he believed he had the nerve, but they might test him in any way they thought proper.

Then they put him into a crockery crate with a lot of stone coal, and stove plate, coupling irons, broken railroad lamps, and water coolers, and rolled him down stairs into the cellar. This, they told him, was to see how he would behave when flopped down an embankment in an express car. He stood the flop very well, considering that he was a green hand at railroading.

As he was endeavoring to crawl out, they dropped a box of merchandise marked "Glass—handle with care," down through a hatchway on top of him; and during the confusion incident to disencumbering himself of the debris, four masked men jumped on him with slungshots, and then bound and gagged him, pistols being discharged in close proximity to his head, meanwhile. Then they chucked him into an empty coffin-box, stood him on his head and yelled "Fire!"

An explosion of dynamite immediately followed, which blew the box open and drove the would-be messenger through a two-inch partition. When they dug him out he appeared to have grown twenty years older during the civil service examination. He said he knew it was a hard life running express messenger on a Texas railroad, but he had no idea that it was as rough as that. He added that he didn't think his parents would like him to follow it, and if they could find some man to make the trip in his place he would prefer to consider himself discharged.

They let him off reluctantly, assuring him that his qualifications were first-class. He was next seen inquiring his way to the nearest powder mill. He said if he must work out he preferred a situation where he would be safer than in an express car.

The plasterers' laborers of Toronto, Ont., have lost their strike for an advance of 2½ cents an hour. They will work another year at the old wages.

Horsfords Acid Phosphate For Sunstroke.

It Relieves the Prostration and Nervous Derangement.

NATIONAL CAPITAL GOSSIP.

How the Different Senators Handle Their Callers.

DANIEL'S DAILY RECEPTIONS.

Enterprising Pages and their Schemes—The Schoolma'ams and the Forged Signatures—The Autograph Fever.

Among the various duties which fall to the lot of a member of congress few are more annoying than the custom requiring him to receive each constituent who may happen to find his way to the national capitol. Added to these are the calls of lobyists, pension-seekers and newspaper correspondents. In the senate all visitors are sent to the lobby door which opens upon the reception room, where a number of messengers are stationed to deliver the cards to the respective senators. If he wishes to see the caller he invites him into the marbleroom, which opens off from the lobby and is used as a private reception room. Here the visitor waits and waits and finally obtains his interview after the senator suddenly recollects that somebody wanted to see him.

But an audience is not given to every one. There is a rule that no cards are to be sent into the senate during the the morning hour or before 2 o'clock. Exceptions to this are only made at the request of each senator, and therefore quite a crowd of visitors collect after that time. Of course the senators from the surrounding states are all called upon the most. Senator Gorman, of Maryland, has from ten to twenty callers daily. These vary from personal or political friends to office-seekers, subscription agents and pensioners. A great many are negroes who think that their senator can give employment to any number of persons.

Next in the number of visitors is Senator Daniel, of Virginia. He being a cripple, has made it a rule to see no one until 3 o'clock, and consequently has from eight to twelve people waiting for him at that time. He usually invites all into the marble-room and coming out, holds a daily reception which sometimes continues for over an hour. Many senators, however, positively refuse to see importunate callers. Many and various are the excuses sent out. For the most part they are "exceedingly busy" or "engaged for the present." Some answer that they cannot see them, but the greater number invent replies for such occasions. A few will move into the next chair and reply that they are not in their seats. Wade Hampton invariably says that the roll is being called and that it is necessary for him to answer it. Of late, all the presidential candidates have been very courteous, granting audience to whoever might ask for them.

The object of these calls differ widely, but for the most part, some office is desired. At present the democratic members are the ones so troubled as these requests follow the administration. Book agents are numerous, and at the same time, the number of pension agents and pension seekers surpasses them. Those last mentioned usually send cards to one senator after another with the purpose to interview the entire senate. While all condemn this system they dare not abolish it for the reason that important things are often attended to in this manner. Besides this, as each has his eye open for a re-election, it would be political destruction to refuse to shake hands and entertain his constituents.

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The pages in the house and senate spend most of their spare time in picking up odd jobs by which their earnings may be increased. They accept tips from people whom they take to various places in the capitol without any pangs of conscience. On one occasion, an elderly gentleman administered quite a sermon to one of the pages who had accepted money for showing a party about the building. The young man replied, unabashed: "If I wanted morals, I would have stayed at home. I came here for money and I am going to take every red cent I can get." This little speech entirely silenced the would-be moralist.

Of late, these boys have been making up sets of the different tariff speeches delivered in both houses. They go to each member and ask for several of his speeches. When obtained, they are arranged according to their sequence and the complete set is sold to some liberal member. The pages often obtain from five to ten dollars for their work and frequently much larger sums are given by the wealthier men. Among other schemes, collections of autographs bring quite an amount to these boys. A large book is bought and filled with the signatures of of all the prominent officials, beginning with the president and his wife, and including those of the cabinet, supreme court, senate, and leading members of the house. As a novelty, one of the senators recently had a photograph album filled with the photographs of his colleagues, and had each one's autograph placed beneath his picture. This took so well that the enterprising page now has orders for several more.

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Speaking of autographs brings to mind a good story told by one of the messengers. Everyone who has ever received a public document knows that in order to save postage the official's name is written in one corner of the envelope to serve as a frank. In sending out thousands of speeches the writing of this is delegated to some clerk, though at the present time fac-simile rubber stamps are mostly used. One day there was a convention of teachers held in Washington, and some of the delegates, in taking in the capitol, stepped into the committee-room of a very prominent senator. In one corner were large piles of franked speeches while the messenger sat at the table addressing others. The intelligent schoolma'ams immediately seized a number of the envelopes and cut out the name written at the top. After several had carried away these mementoes, the messenger remarked that there was no use of destroying the envelopes, and that he would write some for them upon a sheet of paper. The teachers quietly dropped them and retired, saying that it was a fraud to send out speeches with forged signatures. V. R.

Bill Nye on Postmasters.

If a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, who is perfectly willing to sit still for half a day and let other people do the talking, would hang around the corridors of the general postoffice and remember what he hears he could write quite a piece about it for the papers.

Having been a postmaster myself, I naturally hang around the general delivery yet, and love the flavor of a postage stamp as well as I ever did. The stolen glance at a postal card addressed to some one else sends a thrill the entire length of my spine, and to be able to make change with one hand, jerk a canceling stamp with the other, and at the same time converse with a glorious being through the window while drawing a salary, I regard as a pinnacle of success up which any American boy may not be ashamed to perspire. I can easily recall the time when Horace Greeley and the postmasters who canvassed for his paper had practically fenced in the United States, and at that time I would no more have dared to offend a postmaster than I would now go up to Colonel Ingersoll and arose his jealousy by criticising his works while heartily praising the works of God.

The New York postoffice is a large, dignified building, situated right where the roads fork, being the place where you turn off to the right from the main traveled road in order to get to the bridge. It is used partly for a postoffice and partly for a court house, so that one end of the building practically pays the expenses of the other end. A self-supporting postoffice and court house here, where competition is hot and rents high, would naturally show that times are good and money plenty.

Mail comes here from all foreign countries and Europe also. It is distributed at once, and one is permitted to mail a letter at any time, day or night. It's wonderful. In tall buildings now there is an arrangement by which one may shoot his letters into a runway or flume, and they will be carried into a U. S. mail box on the ground floor, where a trusty young man in a speckled straw helmet comes and fills his valise with them, after which he carries them to the postoffice and personally uses his influence with the postmaster to have them sent away by the early train.

I stood near the mail box at the bottom of the chute in the Standard oil building the other day, and though I remained there only ten or fifteen minutes I counted forty-nine letters as they were laid, one by one, hot from the cackling typewriters above, and all no doubt reeking with the bloody and startling statement, coming like a peal of thunder from an unpeeled sky: "Dear Sir—Your esteemed favor of the —th inst. (or ult. or prox.) is before me. In reply would say," etc. There's just about as much use in this opening as there would be in stating that "We take our pen in hand," or in opening a prayer by reading the minutes of the previous meeting.

I hate to speak of the appointments made from time to time in the New York postoffice, for I know that I shall arouse some hostility, as I intend to talk plainly. From what I can learn they are not conducive to the best interests of the community. This is a pretty severe thing to say, but it is time that the people and the president and the postmaster general knew about it. Harsh critics will claim that I say this because I want the postoffice here myself, but such is not the case. I have been surfeited with official position. The sight of a public office, regarded as a public trust, makes me ill. I wouldn't be shut up in that hot old New York postoffice from 7:30 in the morning till 10 o'clock at night as Postmaster Pearson is, when I can frolic around over the green sward all day with Red Shirt and Poor Dog and Rocky Bear and Stonebruise and Brainfag, and all these other tragedians even at a high salary.

So I am not speaking from selfish motives when I say that the appointments referred to are not what we taxpayers of New York could wish. I can imagine the look of pain and deep anguish which will pass over the president's chubby face this morning as he asks his wife to please pass the molasses and at the same time runs his eye thoughtfully down this column to see if I am still friendly.

I know that it will cause pain in bosoms that have been heretofore painless. But what am I here for? If I close my eyes to these things people will stop the paper and say, "Away with such an Archimedian lever as that!" They will then say "Tush!" and go away.

I was standing in the lower main corridor of the general postoffice on Friday last, between the mailing-hole for letters going to Peekaboo, Arizona, and the main pillar which supports the southwest corner of the money-order department, when a young woman, who must be a resident of our town, though I had never seen her before to my knowledge, came in and looked out upon the surging throng which was at that time in the act of surging to and fro on the busy street. She was not over thirty-nine years old, but I fancied she had been away from home a great deal, and was in fact, no doubt, so at the time. Her hair was speckled here and there with silver, all save a bright new growth of hair which was held in place by hair-pins and seemed to grow rankest on the off side. As I looked at her the thought came to me: "She is alone in a great city. Her parents may have been wrenched from her. Shall I tell her that her hat is not on straight, and thereby get myself arrested, or shall I open the conversation by asking her if she ever experienced that tired feeling referred to in the advertising columns of the elevated railroad?"

Just then a man about town came in, and with a roguish twinkle of the eye said:

"Ah, there!"

The remark did not seem so pregnant with thought as some statements I have heard made, and yet it attracted attention. I might have said that myself, but I am not a man about town, and I am not ready that way. It was a remark which did not compromise him in the least. He could have been a candidate for the presidency, and yet a statement of that kind, if it got into the papers, would not cut him off from the labor vote.

The young woman turned with a glad smile of recognition, I thought, and then they fell a-talking. I could not hear all they said, but gathered that, as soon as she had her dishes done up, it was the understanding that they were to meet and stroll beneath the ever-winking stars. And so, without the knowledge or consent of their parents, and right there almost in the midst of a tumultuous throng, they made an appointment to meet, socially, at the northwest corner of Union Square and converse some more.

And that is the reason why I say that, whether the president knows about it or not, some of these New York postoffice appointments are not a credit to either party. BILL NYE.

She Would Be Seated.

A few days ago as a Ridge road car was coming up Lake avenue the driver stopped on being signaled by a young man on a crossing not far from Driving Park avenue, says the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat. The young man was accompanied by a rather pretty young woman who was dressed in a light, airy summer attire, and carried a fancy, colored sun parasol. The young man jumped aboard the car first, and rushed inside, securing the only seat vacant, leaving the young woman to follow as best she could. Of course everyone expected that he would give up his seat to his lady, but he did not do so, and she, after standing a while, holding on to a strap, conduded to have a seat anyway, and without a word of warning plumped down on the lap of her escort, saying as she did so: "I'm as tired as you are, darling, and you will have to hold me until I get a seat." He gave a grunt of the hog kind, and told her in plain English that "she could stand or sit on the floor for all he cared, but he wouldn't hold her."

At this several male occupants of the car offered their seats to the young woman, but she declined their offer and said: "He's as able to hold me now as he was before we were married, and I will sit where I am." The passengers were up to this time silently smothering their laughter, but the last was too much for them, and as one remarked "the car will be thrown from the track unless we stop laughing so hard." Realizing the fact that he was making a target of himself the young man rose hastily, nearly throwing his darling wife on the floor, and made a rush for the door, saying as he did so: "You take my seat; I'll walk home," and left the car. The wife was not dismayed in the least, but sat there quietly enjoying the fun as well as did the passengers.

IT IS SURPRISING

What a lot of really useful articles can be bought for the small sum of FIVE CENTS in each and all of our departments. It is no use trying to enumerate these, as our space is limited, and every word counts.

MONDAY MORNING

We Will Have a

SPECIAL SALE

—OF—

KING'S TRIMMINGS

—AT—

5c

A YARD.

This is only one of the many bargains offered. It will pay you to give us a call before buying elsewhere.

Our Store is Painted Red

TURPIN & CO.,

GREAT

5c and 10c Store,

1509 FARNAM STREET.

FIZZ! BANG!!

Grand Celebration of the 4th of July, by

The 99 Cent Store

1209 Farnam St

Fine Works, Flags, Lanterns and celebration goods at our low and popular prices.

7 packs Fire Crackers for 25c.
Torpedoes, 2c a package.
5c buys a Cap Pistol and 3 boxes caps.
5c, 10c, 25c, 35c, 45c, 50c to $1.00 buys a good assortment of fire works.
Roman Candles, 1c, 2c, 3c, 5c, 8c, 10c to 25c each.
Rockets, 2c, 5c, 8c, 10c, 15c, to 50c.
Pin Wheels, 1c, 2c, 3c, 5c, 7c, 10c and all other pieces at equally low prices. Goods are first class and all colored. Mail orders solicited.

In our "every day selling" departments we offer some extraordinary bargains, commencing to-morrow.

TINWARE.
Was never heard of so cheap.
Dippers, 5c, 8c, 10c.
Covered Buckets, 5c, 10c, 15c to 25c.
Tea Trays, 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c to 45c.
Children's Trays, 25c, 48c, 75c.
Pudding Pans, 5c, 8c, 10c, 12c to 25c.
Milk Pans, 3c, 5c, 8c, 10c, 12c, 25c.
Pie Pans, 3c each.
Perforated Pie Pans, 5c.
Dish Pans, 10c 15c, 20c.
Re-tinned Rinsing Pans, 18c, 23c to 45c
Bread Pans, 5c, 10c.
Dust Pans, 5c, 8c.
Stew Pans, 5c, 10c, 15c to 25c.
Tea-kettles, 49c to 95c.
Coffee Pots, 10c, 15c, 20c to 95c.
Dinner Buckets, 18c, 25c to 45c.

WIRE GOODS.
Tea and Coffee Strainers, 5c and 10c.
Bowl Strainers, 5c and 10c.
Wire Potato Mashers, 5c.
Vegetable Strainers, 10c.
Wire Broilers, 5c, 10c, 15c.
Wire Egg Beaters, 5c.
Rotary Action Egg Beaters, 10c.
Spiral Wire "Easy" Egg Beaters, 10c.
Wire Coffee Pot Stands, 10c.
Wire Sponge Racks, 10c
Pot Cleaners, 5c, 10c, 15c.

HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE.
Tack Hammers, 5c and 10c.
Tacks, best, 2c a paper.
Hatchets, good quality, 10c.
Screw Drivers, 5c and 10c.
Padlocks, 10c.
Shelf Brackets, 5c and 10c a pair.
Mincing Knives, 5c and 10c.
Table Knives and Forks, 10c a pair.
Best Table Cutlery, 80c and 99c set.
Monitor Lamp Stove, 99c each.
Lemon Squeezeas, 10c.
Tracing Wheels, 10c.
Frying Pans, 10c, 15c and 25c.
Ice Cream Freezers, $1.98 to 4.95.

Thousands of articles in these departments that we have no space to mention.

WOODENWARE DEPARTMENT.
Wood Spoons, 5c.
Chopping Bowls, 10c, 15c, 25c.
Potato Mashers, 5c.
Rolling Pins, 5 and 10c.
Wash Boards, 10c, 15c, to 25c.
Knife Boxes, 10c.
Towel Racks, 10c, 15c and 25c.
3-arm Towel Racks, 5c and 10c.
Salt Boxes, 10c.
Hat and Coat Hooks, 5c and 10c.
Clothes Horses, 48c, 74c to 99c.
Pails, 12c, 15c, 18c and 25c.
Tubs, 39c, 49c, 59c to 85c.
Cutting Tables, 99c each.
Lap Boards 99c each.
Brooms, 10c, 15c to 25c.
Croquet, 75c, 85c and 99c.
Scrub Brushes, 5c and 10c.
Shoe Brushes, 10c, 15c and 25c.
Whisk Brooms, 10c, 15c, 19c, 25c.

Our usual patrons and visitors to the city will find it greatly to their interest to look through our mammoth stock.

99 CENT STORE,

1209 Farnam Street. Established 12 Years.

LABOR NOTES.

There are 700 English speaking K. of L. longshoremen in Montreal.

There are 1,281 co-operative societies in Great Britian, with a membership of 833,811.

At New Briatin Conn., bricklayers get $3.50 for a nine-hour day, and the hod-carriers receive $2.25.

The union tack manufacturers have cut wages to the non-union point. The season's prospects are good.

The Hod-Carriers Protective Association, of Norfolk, Va., had a rousing time at its recent annual parade and demonstration.

The Trades Assembly of Minneapolis, Minn., has asked city councils to compel all railroad companies to abolish grade crossings by bridge or tunnel.

The plumbers of Toronto, Ont., have struck for weekly payments, an increase of 5 cents per hour. They also insist that apprentices must serve three years. About thirty of the 100 have been granted the advance. The bosses have cabled to England for men.

S. L. ANDREWS & CO.

SPECIAL SALE, MONDAY, JULY 2nd.

BOYS' SUITS!

All Ages---4 to 13 years,

$1.60, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50, $3.00

Never has there been anything like this offer made in Omaha. Any person wishing to dress a boy with a good wearing suit for every day use, should not miss this opportunity.

Monday, July 2nd, Special Sale by the DAYLIGHT CLOTHING STORE,

S. L. ANDREWS AND CO.,

SOUTHWEST CORNER 15TH AND DOUGLAS STREETS.