## IN THE BARBER'S HANDS.

Peculiarities of Omahans When Inviting an Artistic Shave.

SOME CURL-PAPER MUSTACHES.

The Man Who Talks, Smokes, Groans Laughs, Grumbles and Sleeps While Under the Gliding Steel.

In the Barber's Chair.

There are people in this world to whom the sitting in a barber chair, while being shaved by a capable barber, is one of the greatest pleasures which can be experienced. There are others whose experience in the chair is absolute torture. These varying sensations, in the main, govern the peculiarities which individuals display while in the hands of the barber. Some of these peculiarities are here noted by reporters of THE BEE as the result of their observation in several of the tonsorial palaces of this city:

At Morrell's W. H. Holcombe says: "Be careful of my face. Don't go against the grain. Bathe it in hot water and let me go."

Tom Orr says, "Once over, comb my hair dry, am in an awful hurry." John Wakefield says "I want a close shave, and curl my moustache."

Fred Millard says "Give me another one of those five-minute shaves." Joe Garneau always has a funny story, wants a very tender shave and talks the barber to death about base

Gene Houghton gets it once over, combs hair dry and has nick-names for the barbers.
John Wilbur says "160."

H. C. Oates shaves every day and is very particular. Dr. Gluck exclaims "Nothing on my

hair and cosmetic on my moustache."

J. E. Markell ejaculates "Cut a hair off my whiskers and you will get thirty days."
Ben B. Wood always waits for the

same barber and is very particular. Milton Barlow cautions the barber to go very light; "I'm afraid of you fel-lows." J. S. Collins hates to get shaved by

young barbers, because they look out-doors too much. He shaves close and three times a week. C. K. Collins---Stiff beard, hard to shave, but easily pleased and gets scraped Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

E. W. Nash says: "Give me a shave

and sea-foam, quick. Guy C. Barton's order is: "Give me the best looking man in the shop; well, I guess you'll do; shave twice over and very easy."
J. A. Munroe whispers: "Once over,

no bay rum, no powder, nothing on moustache, comb my hair dry. I'm always in a hurry."

I. W. Miner---Just as close as you can

get it. What do you think about the Grand, anyway? Ed Williams wants the barber to spare whatever hair is left on top of his

head and talks prohibition.

Frank Parmelee says: "Just as close as you can get it and look out for that bump on the side of my face." Lou Bradford wants a very tender shave, and always complains about the

hair standing up on the back of his C. S. Montgomery shaves three times a week, sea foams once, combs his hair dry and has very little to say. William Wallace wants a smooth

shave and no extras. Fred Metz gets shaved every other day close, has all the extras. Bob Garlich sits crooked in the chair and says "look out for my chinchillas, and calls everybody in the shop "Old

Euclid Martin always says; "I'm waiting," and wants his musticene current.
E. H. Sherwood inquires: "Is this Henry's day off?" Not very particular, shaves once over.

James Casey--"When does the help Een Newman exclaims: "Oh, cut that hair a little bit there, clip my neck and

Harry Hall shaves three times a week and takes great pride in his goatee. A. L. Strang is easy to please, wants

a smooth shave and bay rum. Colonel Hooker flercely exclaims: Trim my whiskers, and if you go one hair too deep, it will cost you your life. J. E. Boyd shaves once over, very, light, and says: "Look out for that mole

on my chin."

C. N. Deitz is very particular and always wants the boss to work on him. At Chris Wooley's, -A. B. Smith, the heavy-weight assistant general freight agent of the Burlington, shaves daily and is particular to have all but a Russian mustache and goatee kept beneath the surface. You have observed the gentoel curl on his mustache. Well, he has the barber do his mustache up in paper, and this is how the natural curl is made. He is very particular about his mustache and has no regard for time when the tonsorial artist is mowing

Frank Hanlon is somewhat particular about his moustache, but is much more so about his face. He is powdered, enameled, has a goodly quantity of bril-liantine lavished upon his moustache. It is not uncommon for him to doze into a lethargic state while being toileted and to wake up and find that he has gained another round on the ladder of perpetual beauty. Were it not for the iron clad rules governing barber shops he would undoubtedly move into a chair he invariably falls asleep while beas he invariable ing festooned.

John A. Creighton gets to the shop regularly three times each week; meanders to a chair at ease and locating his feet at a fifty-two degree angle leans back and prepares for a joint session day and night. He takes great pride in his beard which is long and silvered and when this locked after he gazes at his reflection in the mirror and guides the barber in curling his locks. One hair out of place Creighton attracts his attention and the barber must put it straight. He is an inveterate joker and keeps the waiters and barbers in a roar.

Tom Miller is not much of a dude. He keeps his beard shaved close and has his moustache trained weekly with a pair of clip-pers. He is patient and somewhat enduring and it is not an uncommon thing for him to be enjoying a g sleep when the barber cries "Next!

Max Meyer is always in a hurry. He rushes into the shop, jumps into the first vacant chair and shouts "ready." He is a semi-weekly patron of long

standing.
Louis H. Korty wears an Archibald curve on his monstache and has a goatee resembling an aut hill. Rushing into the shop, he instructs the barber to go over his face once. He never shaves close and does not wait to put his feet up on the indispensable stool. His beard, is heavy and every time a hair is lopped off the keen steel instrument rings like

ron, but never affords the barber an op-portunity of using the razor because he never shaves. He walks to the shop in his usual town clock gait, and while the barber is at work pruning his locks Kimball is hard at work reducing a fra-grant eigar to ashes and smoke. Kim-ball does not have his whiskers done up with hairpins, as many might imagine, but occasionally has his barber round up the hairs with his miniature prun-ing knife so as to bring them within the

statute of limitation. Adam Snyder is a regular p atron drops in the chair, puts his feet up and sinks into innocuous desuetude. He forgets all business troubles, and as the artistic twist is put on his moustache he smiles with the reflection of a Gebhardt. Snyder always has his hair cut close. He likes a close shave and takes great pride in having his goatee trained with a base ball curve.

E. Buckingham says: "There now, just bring down that instrument once more and then set me out on the next siding. Ouch! let up there, you have got my whiskers crossed! Go easy, old boy, you are getting a winter's crop."

Bob Baxter says: "You see, now, that I have got a Turkish twist here on this upper lip shade. Well, just keep up that curve and you and I are friends. caused me a deal of trouble to get this thing groomed to my satisfaction.' At Pete and Fred Elsasser's, Philip

Andres always goes to sleep while he is being shaved, and although his beard is the toughest to remove in the city, he does not mind the dullest of razors while in the arms of Morpheus. John C. Cowin gets shaved every day

and is particular about having his hair cut long and having the "part" just above his right ear. David Kaufman's beard is the despair

of the barbers and generally takes the edge off of four razors; nevertheless he gets shaved every day. Jack Woods also gets shaved every day and wants a Turkish bath thrown in. He makes the barber scrub his

face with hot water and dry it with Joe Miller gets shaved three times a week and though he is always in a hurry generally finds time to stand and

talk awhile after getting out of the chair. Colonel Floyd gets shaved every day and is particular to have his hair parted

Cowin's style. John L. Webster always wants to read the newspapers while he is being shaved and insists on sitting bolt upright in the chair, much to the tonso

in the middle. He does not approve of

rial artist's inconvenience. Jeff Bedford gets shaved every day and as he wishes to grow a moustache after the Logan style he has much trouble with his barber who insists on shaving off the stubble from the corner of

his mouth. Senator Paulsen always makes a bargain with his barber to shave him within a certain time. If the barber exceeds this, Paulsen gets shaved for nothing, but if the job is completed in-side of the prescribed time the senator pays double price for it.

Pat Mostyn, like Jeff Bedford, wants to grow a moustache on the Logan pattern, and he too has great trouble with his barber over it.

C. A. Baldwin says there is but one barber in the world, and that is Pete Pat Heafy always wants his moustache

Jack Dolan used to have his snowy locks grow long, but of late has been seized with a mania for having them cropped short. He is fond of a contrast of colors and wears his hair white and

beard black. coldest of winter invariably wears it close clipped. He delights in a stubby beard of about three days' growth, but

never lets it grow any longer. Chief Seavey always wants the bar-ber to saturate his hair with tonic whenever he gets shaved. He does not dye his whiskers as is popularly supposed. Chief Galligan is very particular about his shave and gives his orders as peremptorily as though he were commanding the fire brigade. He frequently jumps from the chair half shaved to rush to a fire, but always pays the barber full price just the same.

W. H. McCord has one fault to find with all the barbers; they do not shave nim close enough. Captain Cormick takes a bath preliminary to every shave. He dislikes a close ruo; although a "peeler" he ob-

ects to being peeled. Billy Ingram is very particular about the curl of his mustache, and always wants to be shaved with a white handled razor. He is silent as to his reason

for the latter idiosyncracy.

John Drexel gives the barber a stiff every time he goes into a shop. He gets shaved whenever he takes a notion, sometimes being in that frame of mind every day and at other times only three times a week. He takes a bath about every other time he gets shaved.

At Magner's J. H. Lichtenberger, shaves three or four, and frequently five times a week. The most skillful barber, it is said, finds it difficult to shave "Lichty" satisfactorily, owing to the incessant wagging of his tongue. Magner has discarded the razor with this patient and now uses a small lawn

A. L. Brison is in the chair daily. He is one of the most particular men in the city. Barbers dread his appearance. He is a great joker and laughs so much they are afraid of cutting his throat.

Warren Rogers is another punctilious customer. He is razored daily, and it gives him the night sweats to think of a bewhiskered face. He will go down to his grave as clean shaven as a door W. F. Bechel shaves three times a

week, and would shave oftener if he wern't in such a hurry. He takes a close scrape in his'n. E. Dickinson shaves as regularly as the cock crows, three times a week. His shaves are always light. He is more particular about his amprosial locks than he is about his face. He keeps them cut just about so short, and

has them dressed with a nicety that is most attractive. J. J. Philbin is proud of his cherubic visage, and keeps it absolutely destitute of hirsute ornamentation. He crystalized a barber in Cheyenne, three years ago, for leaving three hairs protruding irom under his left auricular.

Harry Deuel is one of the best-known customers in Omaha. Has shaved every day for twenty years. It is said he would go stark crazy if he missed a day. He not only wants a close shave, but everything he can get for fifteen cents, head rubbed, neck washed, and it wouldn't surprise the barber if he wanted a Turkish bath thrown in.

Dr. E. W. Lee is very erratic. and shaves only when he has time. Sometimes every day, then again not for a week, and "only once over." Barbers fight to wait on him, he's so suave and smooth and nice. Once in a while he

'tips" his man."
Billy Thompson is on hand regularly every morning. He allows no man to shave him but Magner. The bete noir of his life is a new barber. In the sacthe keen steel instrument rings like charine hereafter Magner says Billy will shave twice a day. He is what the porter calls a "cuckoo."

THE END-MAN IN HIS GLORY.

MONEY FLOWED FREELY THEN. All the Boys Wore Diamonds, Drank the Choicest Whisky and Smoked the Best Cigars-Some Old-

Time Reminiscences.

Negro Minstrelsy a Quarter of a

Century Ago.

The Days of Burnt Cork. I often hear the question asked, "What has become of all the old negro minstrel men of twenty-five years ago.' It is a hard question to answer. Many them are dead, others have gone into other and more renumerative business, while some are worse than dead. The minstrel business is not what it was twenty or twenty-five years ago. The same may be said of the legitimate drama. Back in the early sixties there were ten companies or "troupes" on the road where there is one now. And it was truly a badly managed and very snide affair that didn't pay extravagant salaries, besides hotel, railway and other expenses which were about twice as large as at the present time, and leave the proprietor a handsome sum at the close of the season. Negro minstrelsy was then all the rage with show going people. Companies were located per-manently in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and Cincinnati and did well financially. While Louisville, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Columbus and other cities of the same size were considered good week stands. Any city of from

five to eight thousand was with very few exceptions, good for two or three nights, and the shows were patronized by people in all walks of life. In New York while the opera and drama scarcely paid expenses. Birch & Backers, Dan Bryant and Butler at 444 Broadway turned people away. Hart Ryman & Barney at the Globe has full houses every night. The best people of Boston dropped the regular theatres for Morris Brothers. Pell & Trowbridge. Chicago, gave the legitimate the "shake" for Emerson, Allen and Manning. The regular houses in Philadelphia barely paid expenses while Simmons & Slocum, Carneross & Dixie and one or two other companies fairly

Money was plenty in those days, and every member of the profession that was anybody, wore diamonds. Every negro minstrel, irrespective of talent or goodfellowship, was hail-fellow-well-met everywhere. It was an era of petit coined money. noms. It was Jimmy here, Bobby there, and Johnny everywhere. After the evening performance twentyfive cent whisky, and Havanas at three for a dollar, were free as water to the minstrel boys. Though there was nothing to speak of "in the soup," every old dusty 'chestnut" had its market value, and they came high, too, age and condition not considered. Every end man and banjo picker could count his "mashes" by the score, though they did not call it by that name then. "Billy Emerson" and men of like calibre made fortunes curled and invariably patronizes the sickliest looking barber.

Jack Dolan used to have his snowy the burnt cork. They became popular and were quickly followed by others with widely varying successes. The minstrel men of early days was not edu-Isaac Hascall always wants a prize thirds of them were illiterate and the fire," though a few of them were shrewd enough to make a "pile" and keep it.

It was astonishing how quickly any

funny thing said by an end man would spread and become a by-word. Let one of them sing a catchy comic song, no matter how silly the words, and next day half the city would be humming it. Was there one city boy twenty years ago that wouldn't saw wood all day and pass half the night eqploring neighbor-ing back yards in search of copper boilers and scrap iron enough to raise the necessary half dollar to pay his way into the "nigger show." The "parade" was more of an advertising feature then than it is to-day. When Blackup & Blowhorn's All Star minstrels would strike the town everybody, of course, would turn out to witness the grand "parade, which would start from the hall at a certain hour. It would, nine times out ten, consist of bass and snare drum, with three or four brass horns and a pair of cymbals, the bass drummer playing the cymbals, of course. If the weather was fine, and no mud, they would take the middle of the street. But if it was muddy they would march on the sidewalk. This was a source of great annoyance to the bass drummer. It would be all right, maybe, at the start, but after keeping pretty well up for a block or two, he would, owing to the crowded condition of the sidewalk, be compelled to fall behind. So when the head of the band would be ten blocks away from the hall, he would be at least five blocks behind. Bass drumners who had been in town before, and knew the line of march, would always skip up a side street and catch the rest of the gang as they came down the next street—always keeping time. Should a base drummer get out of time, even unler such trying circumstances, it is safe to say he would never hear the last of it-if, indeed, he escaaed bodily harm

at the hands of the outraged manager. Negro minstrel managers, a quarter of a century ago, were enterprising and full of nerve. George Christy took a company to England and succeeded far beyond his own vivid expectation. John and Mrs. Bull and the young Bulls went to see the Yankees' play They saw them, and were nearly tickled to death. Christy and his counterfeit Africans made the beef-eaters laugh. They wanted to laugh more so Pony Moore and others fol-All took well, and solid English shillings and pounds rolled into the cash boxes of the Yankee managers. Even to-day, curious as it may seem to some, every minstrel performer in England, outside of London, is called a

'Christy minstrel," though the Christys have been dead for years.

Gradually the minstrel began to lose "caste." Everything was overdone. Slim houses were the rule. Companies began to go to pieces before the season was half over. Many performers left the traveling companies and took to the variety stage. Lydia Thompson came across the Atlantic with her blondes. Other companies of the same ilk quickly followed. The drama and the operatook a firmer hold. Variety theaters sprung up like mushrooms. Dime nuseums, roller rinks and spelling bees loomed up as counter attractions. Minstrelsy had lost its hold. Those of the profession being unable to secure engagements in variety theaters, left their diamonds and other valuables with their "uncle" for safe keeping, drank cheaper whisky and commenced mapping out lunch routes. Something must be done, and done quickly. General Jack Haverly came to the rescue by corralling all of the best unemployed talent, and springing upon the public what was then billed as "Haverley's Mastodon Minstrels; 40—count'em—40."

Instead of simply bones, and tambo, as of old, Haverley introduced his eight "eminent" end men, the end men sitting in chairs, the rest of the crowd roosting on step-ladders at the back of the stage.

the stage.

Mastodon Jack's big company "took"

Other for a while like hot peanuts. Other managers commenced to ransack the country for talent. Everything was to be big. Big blowing, big show, big plug hats, big drums, big advertising, big talk, big lies. Everything was big —as time has shown—but salaries and receipts. Somebody also and Billy Emperors. receipts. Somebody else and Billy Emerson started on the road fifty strong Somebody rented the old Nationa theater at Cincinnati, engaged every "ham" and unemployed song-and-dance man he could find. He advertised on a large scale. There were to be seventy five in the first part, including ten endmen, among whom were Jonny Ailen and a few other "old-timers." It was to be a monster affair. The biggest first part, and biggest olio ever seen on any stage. They opened as advertised, with a house somewhat top-heavy, but receipts were large enough to encourage both manager and performers. The curtain rose on the biggest and blackest first part ever viewed with human eyes. They sat in rows, ten rows high. The base drummer was up in the flies and the base fiddler was stationed in the alley back of the theater. The stage was reasonably roomy, but there wasn't an inch to spare. The overture was passable. The opening chorus was fine and well received. But as cruel fate would have it, Johnny Alien told the first gag. It came near to getting him torn to shreds on the spot. He had worked the old shignon gag. The same audience had brained three variety men, for the same offense, within a year, and they weren't going to stand it now. The police finally restored order, and the funeral proceeded. A "ham" on the bone end then sang Root-Hog-or-Die. An indignant murmer ran through the crowd, but as nobody said or did anything very threatening the first part went on without further interruption and finally came to

After a long wait the curtains rose for the olio. Insult was added to injury. Signor Gustave Bideins boldly and brazenly stepped from the wings and prepared to perpetrate a base outragethe bills called it a bass viol solo. suffering audience knew what was coming and resolved to choke the signor off. And with a yell they made for him. He, not wishing to argue the point, made for the stage door, followed closely by the entire company, still in evening dress and costume. There were no casualties, the bass fiddle excepted, which was smashed all into smithereens. The instrument had been borrowed from "Uncle" Mike Lipman, the well known pawnbroker, for the season, and had to be paid for. But the management was ahead, from the fact that the company never came back after their salaries and personal effects. The minstrel business was overdone. Skiff & Gaylord's, one of the best drawing companies on the road, lost prestige and was finally forced to disband because the management wasn't willing to let well enough alone. They came out with the "Great Albino Minstreis." Something new, but differing from the old only in matter of color. They blacked up with whiting, and used white wigs instead of the black, kinky article. They sung the same old songs and told the same old gags in the same old nigger dialect. What could be more ridiculous and absurd?

Haverly made money out of the Wastodons, but as a general thing the large organizations did not pay and were, after a season or two, given up as un-profitable. To-day there is not more than three or four first-class or refined companies on the road, with maybe half a dozen "snaps." Minstrelsy has lost nearly if not all of its old features. The old-time performance was, as a wellknown southern writer truthfully says. 'a burlesque upon a burlesque, coarse, jumbled up and ofttimes silly entertainment, given by a lot of men from all walks of life, with little or no stage training, some of whom were even too ignorant and obtuse to make any advancement, all because the public didn't complain, and anything would go. But everything has changed. The minstrel performance of to-day is a refined entertainment, free from anything approaching coarseness or vulgarity, and given by witty, talented, genteel mentrue artists.

Of the old-time minstrel men who were well-known and popular a quarter of a century ago, but few are now alive. Dan Bryant died in New York years ago, as did Nelse Seymour, Newcomb and Eph Horn. Billy Morris died years ago. John Unsworth, G. W. H. Griffin, Hy Rumsey, Charley Backus, Gaylord, Billy Manning, Bob Hart and many others for whose names I have not space, are dead. Nearly all of them nade big money in the business, but died poor. They were a good lot of fellows, open-hearted and generous to a fault. Peace to their ashes. A few have gone over to the legitimate, and are doing well. Quite a number are gain-ing fame and fortune on the variety stage. Some are engaged in business and many unable to shake off some of the old habits acquired in more prosperous convivial days, are making fast time on the downward road.

## SINGULARITIES

Fifty cats perished in a fire in Scioto town-ship, Ohio, the other day. A lobster as blue as indigo was captured Saturday in Fisher's Island sound, Conn. It is reported from Rush Valley, Utah, that a mine of natural shop blacking has been dis-

covered on a mine there. Mrs. Pauline King, of Springfield, Ill., is said to have fasted forty days, and yet con-tinued to do all her housework.

The hair of King Othe of Bavaria, re-cently turned white in a night, and two ser-vants have to support him wherever he goes. A log, cut lately on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad, in Washington, was nearly eight feet six inches in diameter. It was taken from a spruce tree 1:96 feet high A whale, ninety feet long, the first seen there in twenty years, lately went ashore in the Copenhagen Sound, and was killed. Its skeleton is to be forwarded to the Copenha-

A duck was killed in Spottsylvania county, Virginia which had a nail two inches long protruding through the gizzard into the en-trails. It seemed to cause the duck no inconvenience, as it was lively as a cricket be fore it was killed.

A train of seven Pullman sleepers jumped a broken rail on the Pennsylvama railroad, near Altoona, on Monday, and after running on the ties for several hundred feet regained the track again and went dashing along without doing any damage. The train was running at the rate of thirty-five miles an

In a justice court at Bristol, N. H., the other day a dwarf, four feet in height, was tried for an assault on a six-footer weighing 200 pounds. It appeared in evidence that the little fellow loaned the big fellow some the little fellow loaned the big fellow some fish lines, which were kept a year, and then in response to a suggestion for their return cotton twine, with bent pin hooks, were sent in their place. The next time they met the little fellow gave the big fellow what the neighbors called a "lickin'," and the fish lines came back. The defense was "provocation," and the justice dismissed the case. The admiring spectators promptly paid the little fellow's expenses.

Sudden changes of temperature and humidity of the atmosphere often pro-duce disorders of the kidneys and bladder. Use Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm to check these troubles in their incipiency.

HE JOKED ON HIS DEATHBED

Poor Phil Welch Made "Sunbeams' in a Hospital.

SELLING TICKETS FOR PRAYERS

Extraordinary Scheme of a London Church - Venerable Paupers Elope-Suicided From Pique-Married on the Run.

The Curious Side of Life.

In its obituary on Philip H. Welch, the humorist, who died of cancer recently, the New York Sun says: The operation by which he lost his tongue was performed nearly three years ago. It left him able to talk, but, of course, very imperfectly-like a tongue-tied person. Two years passed and last summer another cancer formed, this time on his chest. Again the surgeons went at him, knife in hand, and again Welch appeared at the Sun office after a fortnight's illness.

"Old fellow," said a friend, "how are the jokes coming now? Are you not epressed to find that you were not cured, after all, by the first operation, and that cancer is still in your system?" "Depressed?" said the humorist. "I

was horribly depressed, so horribly that I had to turn my whole attention to writing jokes. I wrote more jokes and made more money while I was lying abed recovering from this last operation than I ever wrote in the same length of time before. I had to do it. I did not dare to think of myself." Here is a joke written from the hospital and sent to the Sun:

SPOILED BY TIME. Free Lunch Expert (to bartender)—Them coumbers ain't as fresh as they might be,
Mr. Barkeep.

Bartender—They were fresh enough when
you began on the lunch, but how long do
you expect cucumbers to remain fresh!

Mr. Hightone—Really, my dear, I wish you would not expose yourself so much at the party to-night.

Here is another:

Mrs. Hightone—No, love, I shan't; I am going to wear gloves up to the elbows. Fancy that coming from under a surgeon's knife, written by a man in the very bloom of life lying in a hospital, knowing he must soon die, thinking of the world he loved and yet must soon leave, of his wife and the two charming little girls that on sunny mornings always took a hand of his, one on either side, for a walk out of doors. What becomes of the pictures Dickens drew of the clowns who bounded on the stage or in the ring to hide their grief over some one's sickness or death? A score of great writers have dwelt on such phases in the lives of public performers, but what are all their stories as compared with the facts about Phil Welch? He was of an acutely sensitive temperament; it was his own body that was lacerated, his own mind that was torn, and instead of brilliant lights and rours of laughter and applause to bolster him up, he saw hospital walls and hospital beds while he cracked his jokes with his pencil.

An old gentleman named Smith of Falls township went to Zanesville, O., recently and bought a coffin, paying \$50 for it and taking a receipt. The coffin is to be delivered when he dies. He then visited the marble works and selected a monument, for which he paid \$70. He is wealthy and in good health but declares he feels much better now that he has those little matters attended to.

Some of the Catholics of New York city are much annoyed over an extraordinary demand for donations that is being promulgated by "The New Church of the Great Patriarch of St. Joseph, Highgate Hill, London." The appeal comes in the form of circulars addressed "To All Catholics." These circulars, it is said, are being widely distributed in the United States. They explain in detail a scheme by which every subscriber of sixpence will have a share in the perpetual prayers and masses of the church. There is a plan of ticket and coupon, by which the person who buys the ticket has the name of the person or matter, to be prayed for written in the coupon, so that when the coupon books are returned to the church the record will be complete.

An eminent Catholic theologian of New York was asked if the Roman Catholic church of America approved of such a scheme for raising money 'Emphatically no," he replied, and then quoted an extract from the decrees of the council of Baltimore.

We all know the Wicked Cousin w ho forges the signature of the Dying and Paralytic but Very-Amiable Lady to a will as well as that of Another Near Relative, who conveniently dies within a few days of the lady, says the St. James Gazette; nor are we ignorant of the Virtuous and Intelligent Lawyer who in due time produces the true will, ousts the Wicked Cousin who has already taken possession, and brings upon him the officers of the law. We should be doing injustice to our many brilliant writers to deny our acquaintance with all these. But we confess we were somewhat surprised to meet them all in a law court, behaving for all the world as if it were a shilling shocker or a le-gitimate melodrama. Caroline Morgan died on the 2d of February, 1888; Samuel Morgan forged her name to a will which he dated the 26th of January. 1888, together with that of his uncle Joseph Morgan, who died on the 29th of that month. He got his false will proved, and entered into poseession as soon as possible; but a lawyer came forward with a will dated a few days before, and it was proved that at the time when the one which is now pronounced to have been forged was dated the forger could not have been with Miss Morgan, and if he had been she could not have signed her name, as she was utterly disabled by a paralytic stroke. So it was decided by Mr. Justice Butt that Samuel Morgan had no right to the £2,000; "instead of which" he gets (at the instigation of the treasury) a term of seven years' penal servitude.

Two young tramps at Glenn's Ferry attracted attention last week, both being very young, and one looking like a girl, says the Salt Lake Tribune. Being questioned, they said they were from Sioux City, Iowa, and owned that the smaller was a girl, but they wanted to marry. So a wedding was got up for them, and they were married and will be given work there, though they said they started for Washington territory.

The story told of the German maiden and the boss plumber who spent their courting nights in innocent slumber in their chairs, was paralleled in my-experience, for one of the young women in my list of sweethearts used to tell me that her sister had a beau, a farmer,

who always fell asleep soon after he had come to see her, writes Julian Ralph in the Epoch. He had done a hard day's work on the farm, and she had been work on the larm, and she had been tiresomely employed in the house. Neither one had anything to converse about, so when he fell asleep she settled herself for a nap, and whichever one woke first awakened the other, sherewhen the course farmer bade the whereupon the young farmer bade the young lady good night and went away— it might be 11 o'clock or it might be 3 o'clock in the morning.

The London tarS thus describes the opening day of the trial of Bishop King, now in progress in London:

"Mr. Edward White, by Divine Provdence Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. Primate of all England and Metropolitan," in an official citation summoned the Right Rev. Dr. King, bishop, to appear before him at Lambeth Palace today. Dr. King is charged with burning candles in an unorthodox fashion, for standing on the west when he ought to have been on the north of the hely table, for describing a cross by the movements of his hands, and performing various ritualistic genuflexions and papistical practices calculated to im-peril Anglican orthodoxy and under-mine the Establishment." The trial took place in one of the libraries of the palace-a sombre room with an arched and panneled roof. The walls were covered with traces of damp, and the windows were stained—with—dust. There were books in the library—old, mouldy, musty volumes in antiquated bindings. They were carefully num-bered, and covered with dust. The shelves which contained the venerable volumes looked medern, and were elegantly carved round the mouldings. There was a fine old-fashioned carved mantelpiece in the room, which was surmounted by a mitre. An antique fireplace to match was blocked up, and a modern stove did duty instead. The books are stowed away in recesses, leaving the floor of the room clear. A barrier in the shape of a rope divided the room into halves, one being for the trial proceedings, and the other for the general public.

A rather exciting marriage took place at the Wonderland museum in Memphis. The groom was William Quinn, the lecturer of the museum, and the bride Venie Cayalier, one of the Albinos on exhibition. The affair was entirely unexpected to the goodly company of freaks and employes, and there was a great commotion when a justice of the peace appeared in the place and called up the loving pair. John Cavalier, also an Albino and a brother of the bride, rushed forward and forbade the bans. "Stand back," said the justice, and do not come between those

whom the law would join."
Nothing daunted, the brother grabbed the bridegroom by the collar, and the groom grasped him by the hair. They waltzed around the hall in a hostile embrace, the bride clinging to her chosen and the justice following in a trot, re peating the formula required by law By the time the circuit of the room was completed the justice announced that the twain were man and wife, and then sailed in and separated the irate husband and brother. The newly married couple left the hall under the protection of the law. The brother swears vengeance on his new relative.

The remarkable change of sex r cently reported from Harford county, Md., is rivated by a similar case at Rest postoffice, Virginia. In January, 1884, the postmistress, Lydia Rebecca Payne, astonished her family and everybody else by marrying Sarah Hinton "Becky," as she was generally known. was always noted for her masculine ways, but before she could get the county officials to issue a marriage license she had to procure from a physician a certificate that she had undergone physical changes that made is clear that "Becky" was in reality a man. She discarded her female apparel and is now a prominent citizen of the Shenandoah valley. Two children have been the result of Payne's marriage.

Another member of the family, a supposed sister, has undergone changes that place her undeniably in the masculine gender. Lelia, which is this one's name, has not yet discarded frocks, but rumor has already betrothed her to a young woman of the valley.

Patrick Muliigan, a spoony swain of seventy-nine years, and Hannah H. Call. a giddy girl of eighty-four, inmates of the Ramsey county (Minn.) poor house, eloped recently and went to St. Paul intending to get married When their flight was known at the poor house the police in St. Paul were notified and an officer of the union depot squad arrested the aged couple as they stepped from the suburban train on the Duluth road which they had boarded at Gladstone. Mulligan had been an inmate of the poor house for two months but he was paying for his keeping, and had a little money left to start keeping. Mrs. Call had been at the poor house for more than two years. She has worked in the kitchen and was peeling potatoes when Mulligan first saw her and became enamored.

Mrs. Amelia Terry, wife of E. R. Terry, a New York shipping agent, recently suicided in Brooklyn under peculiar circumstances. Mrs. Terry, quarreled with her husband at their home on Jackson place because he had not come home in time to go to a concert. After Mr. Terry had left the house she went to a closet and took a quantity of rat poison. After taking it she became repentent and she sent her little daughter out to purchase some mustard, which she intended to use as an emetic. It was ineffectual, however and she died in great agony. For Seasickness

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practice among the passengers traveling to and from Europe, in this steamer, and the re-sult has satisfied me that if taken in time, it

Vice President Morton has five eligible daughters, and yet many think the responsi-bilities of his position are light. AToledo woman who has twice been divorced from one man, married him two weeks ago for the third time. Altogether she has been married six times to thr cemen Maggie Mitchell's husband, Mr. Paddock

will not contest her divorce suit if she will pay him \$25,000. Maggie says she will not pay it when she can get a divorce in Chicago for much less. An enterprising resident of Langres, France, who had been arrested for shooting at his sweetheart, made love to the jailer's

daughter. She assisted him to escape and the pair then eloped. At a Millville wedding a few evenings ago the officiating clergyman said: "What God has put asunder let no man join together." The guests began to titter and the reverend gentleman revised his remarks.

account for fire wood and kerosene oil. The It is said that seven out of every ten wide ows under thirty-five re-marry within two years after widewhood. This, we are pleased to say, seems to prove that a large per cent-age of those women who have tried mar-riage do not deem it a failure. It would be nteresting to know many widowers try it

At the marriage of Lady Idina Neville to Mr. Brassey, in England, the bridesmaids wore cricketing costumes, the colors being carnation pink, green and white. This showed a lack of good taste. A marriage is a solemn thing, and if bridesmaids are going to come out in cricketing costumes, we need not wonder that some time the groom appears in a tennis suit or a base ball uniform.

Who Indeed? New York World: On the Rialto-Marcellus (astronomical)—By Jove! that Venus is a beautiful star. Bernardo (professional) - Venusi Don't know her. Who is her manager?

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