# PETTICOATED PEDAGOGUERY.

**A Variety of Female Charms in the Omaha Public Schools.**

MAIDENS, WIVES AND WIDOWS.

**Peculiarities and Work of the Omaha Teachers—Joys and Sorrows of the Profession—Matrimonial Inclinations and Disinclinations.**

**Omaha Teachers.**

"No, I am not engaged, and don't want to be."

It was a short, thick-set, vivacious little schoolma'am, with glossy-black hair, large, lustrous black eyes, red lips, and the cutest kind of a pug nose, who thus pertly replied to an innocent inquiry, the result of a conversation relative to female teachers getting married.

"I know of several in Omaha, however, who are," she continued, "and the wedding bells will ring for them before snow flies again."

"Who are the favored ones?"

"Well, I won't give them away; they might not like it. Then, if I did, they would be sure to know where you got your information."

"Are there many marriages among those engaged in teaching?"

"The average here, where 245 are daily hammering knowledge into the minds of American youths, is not over three or four per year; so you can judge for yourself. But it is not because they can't get husbands that so few enter domestic life. There never was a woman so homely that she couldn't find some fool man willing to have her."

"You don't mean to imply, I hope, that the school ma'ams of Omaha are ugly?"

"No, not all of them. There are a few who might pass as beauties."

"When they do take the plunge, what prompts them—the yearning, burning passion of love, a desire to better their condition, to quit hard work as merely the only means of securing a home."

"Oh, gracious, ask me something easier. How should I know? Most of them who have been married, certainly didn't do it for money, because they are still teaching. Their husbands work, too, and together their income is sufficient to enable them to live very nicely. About 4 per cent labor at teaching because they like it, while the balance are thus employed from necessity. They must support themselves, and having obtained an education, prefer the school room for the reason that, as a general thing, they receive better pay than can be had in any other profession or calling open to them."

"Do many of the girls have beaux?"

"All the good-looking ones do."

"Then its strange you're not wearing an engagement ring."

"What makes you think so?"

"If all the pretty teachers have admirers among the sterner sex you ought to be the adored of some very gallant handsome young man."

The little teacher blushed, laughed merrily, and declared she was too busy with her work to think of such things, and said: "I wouldn't have the best man on earth. Men are nuisances."

"You don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do."

"What sort of a person are you?"

"Oh, I am perfectly independent."

"Then you expect to live and die an old maid?"

"Well, no, hardly. That's different, you know."

"Probably you feel that the world and the things in it are not good enough for you?"

"Ah there's where you are mistaken. I am perfectly delighted with this life. I love to teach. I love to study the stars, to walk in the balmy evening air, to hear the birds sing, to paint landscape pictures, to go to church, to have a good time during vacation, but I don't love any man."

Desiring to ascertain more about the life and labors of the fair creatures to whose care and training have been entrusted the intellectual growth and educational bringing up of so many children in this city, the writer sought other teachers and continued his inquiries. A tall, graceful, dignified principal volunteered the assertion that no brighter, more intelligent, thoroughly conscientious, earnest, hard-working body of women could be found in any other city on the continent. They are sincere and enthusiastic in the cause of education. There is not a drone among them.

"Some people," she continued, "may think our labors are easy, and that we have a good time, but that is because they were probably never inside of a graded school. I know scores of teachers who are so tired and weary when night comes that they can hardly drag one foot after the other. In addition to being on their feet eight and nine hours a day, they feel the effects produced from an anxiety and determination to do well and make a good showing."

"Yes, I can vouch for all she has told you," put in a companion, "and more too. Those who are fortunate enough to hold positions in the larger and more centrally located buildings have very few annoyances, but in some of the outlying districts the work is anything but pleasant. No one but a teacher can appreciate it.

"The children come to them ragged and dirty; many of them are ill-mannered, uncivilized it would seem, and rude. Maybe you think the woman who can subdue and control them has a happy lot. But they do it. The results in some of these places have been marvelous. A few of those teaching in the outskirts have poor buildings and their accommodations are not the best, consequently the pleasurable features connected with their work are more than offset by the annoyances. It is, of course, the ambition of every woman teacher, as well as man, to become a principal. Naturally that gives them more salary, pleasanter labor, more influence and better advantages. The principals get $1,400 a year; their assistants and the eighth grade teachers $800; all below that $700, except beginners whose stipend is fixed at $40 per month. This is increased at the rate of $5 a year until they reach the $70 limit. There are three or four specials. For instance, Miss Kate M. Ball figures as superintendent of penmanship and drawing and there are two who have charge of the instructions in music. It is their duty to visit every department in the city as often as possible. Miss Ball says she is on the go so much that street car fare alone costs her $10 a month. The cost of living is out of proportion to the salaries. Twenty dollars is the minimum for board and room, but the majority pay more than that. Some go as high as $40. Add to this their wash bills, clothing and little extras and you discover that the surplus capital on hand each year at the beginning of school is rather small. By the time a teacher pays her current expenses out of an $800 salary she doesn't have much left. Those who get more support themselves accordingly. They are neither extravagant or wasteful, but they are bound to keep up attractive appearances. Their social obligations are limited. In fact, all the society they have is what they make among themselves, at their boarding places and with gentlemen admirers. They are never invited or introduced into what is known as the giddy whirl which, I take it, is fortunate for them. Nevertheless, in that respect Omaha is not like any other city. The swell people here intimate by their actions that we are not good enough to be recognized and allowed to participate in high toned parties and receptions. But its no disgrace to be ignored. No reflections are cast upon us that we notice or care for. It is gratifying to know that the 245 teachers are perfect ladies, know how to conduct themselves wherever they are and would ornament any society. Shortly after Mr. Coburn was elected to a seat in the board of education he invited us all to his house one evening. I think their were two hundred, or more, there, and a finer appearing gathering of ladies I have never seen. They were dressed tastily and fashionably, and there intelligence was fully displayed in brilliant conversation, indulged in on sensible topics, instead of the silly gossip usually heard where one meets a lot of affected butterflies.

"Of course the girls have beaux. Why shouldn't they. No class of the sex has a better right to enjoy the confidence and love of men. They do not waste time with dudes. The young man who succeeds in inducing an Omaha school ma'am to be his sweetheart, must have more brains than is required to enable him to smoke cigarettes and twirl a cane. We hate dudes."

"But they don't all get married?"

"Oh, no, not by any means."

"Several old maids among you?"

"Yes, indeed, but they're awfully nice."

"That much is granted. Been disappointed in love, do you suppose?"

"A few of them have, undoubtedly. I could name one or two at least, but that wouldn't be right, you know. There is one miss old enough to be my grandmother, and I am no spring chicken."

"About how do they range in ages?"

"All the way from fresh, sweet, lovely seventeen to wrinkled, gray haired matrons of sixty-five and seventy. Fourteen of the present force have husbands. There are eight regular and two grass widows. Farnam street school is soon to loose one of its brightest and prettiest teachers on account of marriage. So is the Long school, and there are probably half a dozen others who will enter the bonds of matrimony this summer."

"It is believed by the public that Superintendent James has some pets among the teachers, is that a fact?"

"Probably he has, but I believe he tries to treat all as near alike as possible. Every person has likes and dislikes, therefore it is perfectly natural for a man in his position to be influenced more by one than another. Some of the the teachers have more winning ways than others, you know. They know how to get around him. These are the ones, too, who do a little wire pulling with the board and are most successful in getting the best positions. It is a well known fact that merit doesn't always win. Some of the teachers stand too much on their dignity and think it beneath them to be politicians, consequently they remain in the lower grades and get the smaller salary when they might just as well be at the top. The best posted and smartest ones use diplomacy. They get their friends to do the log rolling and in every instance appeals for assistance have touched tender spots and been the means of elevating teachers who, from ability, fitness and qualification were not deserving. Rumor has it that Miss Ball is a great favorite, both with the superintendent and certain members of the board. Now, Miss Ball is not a particularly good friend of mine, but if she is able to "stand in" and get what she wants, I admire her all the more for it. She is one of our very best and most zealous teachers, is always striving for the best interests of the school, and deserves everything the board can do for her. Mrs. Kean also seems to have a strong hold at headquarters."

"Who are the most successful teachers?"

"Well, excluding the principals, Misses Allen, Park, Isaacson, Wycoff, Schlisinger, Simonds, Bunker, Bicker, Reed, Rough, Cooper, Ellis, Bogan, Whitman, Pratt, Gladstone, Mack, Hubbard, Greenlee, Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Hodge have produced splendid results. This is not said, though, in disparagement to any of the others, because they are all very successful. No one school is noted for its pretty teachers more than another. I could tell you, however, that Grace Wilber is doubtless the best looking, most attractive woman in the lot; that Rena Hamilton, of Walnut Hill, is a beauty; that Mrs. Warner, Miss Wood, Miss Brewner, Miss Lozear, Miss Hostetter, Miss Fitch and Miss Moriarty are strikingly attractive, but my judgment might not be accepted. It's hard to pick out and distinguish one in any quality without offending some other. "Miss Foos affects the literary bearing, while Miss Ball gives attention to making money. She owns and rents three eight-room houses and, in addition to being a tall, languid, æsthetic blonde charmer, is really a haughty aristocrat. I expect to see her driving out yet in her coach and four. Sarah McChean, is studying the languages preparatory to taking another trip abroad, and the greatest ambition of Mamie Fitch is to catch a French count. Miss McCarty is the most popular and witty among the instructors, and Miss Newton has the reputation of being the most courteous and charming of all the principals. It is Miss Woods' desire to chaperon a traveling party abroad this summer, and Miss White is studying elocution with a view of becoming the legitimate successor of Mary Anderson as a star of the stage. She is no more ambitious than Miss Hamilton, whose aspirations are planted on the pinnacle reached by famous prima donnas."

It would fill volumes to personalize the entire corps and tell of their eccentricities. They are splendid women and enlisted in a good cause. Their work has its joys and its sorrows. The joys come with June, when school closes and they go away to rest and recuperate. But even that gets tiresome and monotonous and they are always glad to get back again and receive the hearty welcomes of their pupils. The pleasures of the school ma'am after all are greatest in the school room. About three times a year she goes to the theater and a great majority select the tragedy as their choice of entertainment.

**Lots of Bedbugs in Oklahoma.**

An army officer, familiar with Oklahoma, is credited with the statement that among its indigenous productions that will furnish employment and obtrusive fellowship with the settlers are skunks and bedbugs. Of the former he says there are countless millions, and they will be found strong, pungent contestants for the country. The Indians have been in the habit of killing them and selling their pelts by the wagon load. The soil is full of the bedbugs, and they are a thousand times worse than the sand fleas.

# BILL NYE'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

**He Describes the Rise and Fall of the Mormon Empire.**

OMAHA'S CLAIM CLUB ORATORS.

**Excerpts From an Old Newspaper Which Reflects the Early Light of Mormon Journalism—Biography of Big-Nosed George.**

**Versatile Mormons.**

*(Copyright, 1889, by Edgar W. Nye.)*

In the spring of 1847 President Brigham Young started from Omaha by full team from Utah. He had 143 picked men of marriageable age and great versatility, also eight of the twelve apostles. These apostles were plain men with thickset whiskers and a great yarning to resemble some of the tough element described in the bible. They wanted to inaugurate somewhere a church which should be self-supporting and encourage the social instinct to a remarkable degree. Their chief ambition was to organize a paying church, wherein the elders would not have to rely upon donations, and wherein also the Old Testament idea of home might be carried out. So they hitched up their cattle and steered their caravan toward the west, over "sage and saleratus, across unabridged rivers and through mountain defiles," which became still more so as the troupe approached them.

Discovering the Great Salt Lake Basin, they returned across the baking powder desert, and on the 23d of December, at Council Bluffs, issued their epistle recounting the disagreeable repulsion from Nauvoo, the fortunate discovery of the Valley of the Jordan and the Great Salt Lake, and recommending a reorganization of the church by selecting a president, vice-president, umpire and corresponding secretary. Mr. Brigham Young, a rising young red whiskered man, who combined the philanthropical instincts of Jay Gould with the keen social instincts of the Duke of Marlborough, was chosen president.

The gang then went into winter quarters on the banks of the soiled Missouri.

The winter quarters were situated upon the lands belonging to the Omaha Indians, who felt sorry for the Mormons. Some of the holes in the ground, where the saints lived, are still visible, although they were dug forty-three years ago. A newspaper called the Frontier Guardian was then published by Elder O. Hyde. From it I make

A FEW EXCERPTS:

"The Apostles will hold a meeting next week at the Bucket of Blood saloon, for a general conference and interchange of thought.

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"Elder Kimball will add another story to his residence next week by digging it seven feet deeper.

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"President Young was feeling quite rocky all last week and thinks he is about to have another revelation. Should such be the case, our readers may rely upon the Guardian to at once correct the spelling and print it at an early date.

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"Brother Blakeslee, who was unfortunately and fatally wounded in a watermelon patch before leaving Nauvoo died yesterday in his dugout, which he had facetiously named Fernihurst-on-the-Missouri. Funeral services on Saturday at his former residence, after which his furniture will be removed, also everything but Brother Blakeslee and Fernihurst will be filled up."

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Of course the above meagerly show the character of the paper, but it was said to be newsy, bright, spicy, and at times, comic.

In the early history of Omaha the first successful club organized for mutual benefit was called

THE CLAIM CLUB.

The object of this club was, according to its preamble, to better protect those who had good and prior claims to lots and lands.

The Claim club met upon call of the president, and was addressed at times by men who were selected by the club as thoroughly worthy. These after-dinner orators stood on a barrel while addressing the club, and at the close of the speech the barrel was generally kicked out from under them, leaving them supporting their weight entirely by means of the neck. But all lawless acts of claim clubs were afterwards attributed to special clubs who ran an impromptu business, something as the white caps do now when they want to whip a woman and are afraid to do so single handed.

The Arrow was the first Omaha newspaper. It started out July 28, 1854. It was devoted to the arts, science, letters, climate, resources, agriculture, mean temperature and politics. Mr. J. E. Johnson was the business manager, and had four wives besides. It is needless to say that he was

A MAN OF GREAT ABILILY.

All day he would manage the paper, and then, weary and exhausted, take up the task of successfully managing his four soul's idols. He also practiced law. Incidentally he ran a blacksmith shop and preached. He was an insurance agent, and kept a general store. On a cold day he would frequently, while drawing a gallon of molasses, shoe a bronco mule, write a sermon on humility and whip a wife. He would then put up the molasses, wipe his fingers on his whiskers and write an editorial entitled "We Have Come to Stay." He remained in Omaha and Council Bluffs until one day he saw a man enter the store wearing a high silk hat. The next day Mr. Johnson sold out his varied interests and went to Salt Lake City, where he became the head of several more families.

His wonderful veratility in matters of business was obtained by driving a bobtail car on Forty-second street, New York, while quite young, during which time he had to drive a skittish horse, make change with his teeth, whip the newsboys off the rear platform and shove snow off the track at the same time. Mr. Byron Reed has the Arrow complete with the exception of No. 6.

Mr. Pattison was the editor. He was also a successful obstetrican and undertaker, which frequently gave him a scoop over his rivals in Chicago. His "Salutatery," as Mr. N. C. Barrow, the able associate editor of the Boomerang, used to say, starts out as follows:

"Well, strangers, friends, patrons, and the good people generally wherever in the wide world your lot may be cast, and in whatever clime this Arrow may reach you; here we are upon Nebraska soil, seated upon the stump of an ancient oak, which serves for an editorial chair, and the top of our badly abused beaver for a table, we purpose editing the Arrow." He then

TOOK ANOTHER DRINK.

Pattison was of a romantic mould and was married under a large tree during a heavy thunderstorm. I do not know why he did this.

He wrote some real touchful things, one of which was called "A Night in Our Sanctum." It went on to state that there was more joy in one moment of the glad, free, unfettered life in the prairies than a thousand years in the bosom of civilization, wearing suspenders and putting dinner off till after dark. He loved to commune with nature and chew maroon plug tobacco. He scorned the roar and bustle of the crowded cities like Dubuque and yearned to nestle in the wild wood and listen to the chipmonk's honest bark. He turned up his nose at New York and the other settlements and wanted to just lie back in the lap of nature and live on her relatives.

But how changed! Where once the loud cry of the contending warriors, the ever warring clans of the Sioux and the Omaha, clove the air, well dressed men, between the acts, come in and clove the air. Where once there were no luxuries whatever, now we ride on an electric train which does the rapid transit from one extreme of Council Bluffs to the further extreme of Omaha. Where once was heard the hiss of the arrow as it sped on its way into the middle of a white man who was looking the other way, now all is changed. Where there were once no residences, to say nothing of hotels, I visited a town in interior Nebraska last week where they had a good hotel with matches in the office. "What do you want it for?" asked the landlord when I said I wanted a match. I said I had just chopped some wood and wanted to start a fire in my room if he would let me have a match that he was not using. Then he took a key out of his pocket, blew a grain of wheat out of it, and looking at me with a keen, searching glance, opened a drawer in his desk, and got me a blue-headed match.

Omaha has some good hotels, but good cooking is the last thing to penetrate into a new country, and especially at hotels.

THE FIRST THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT

ever given in Omaha was in 1860, at the old Herndon house, now the Union Pacific headquarters. The company had no scenery, because it was not on a regular professional tour, so the manager borrowed a bolt of muslin from Tootle & Jackson's store and made a curtain, allowing the same background to figure in all the scenes.

Later on an Uncle Tom's Cabin company, provided with a blind bloodhound and a death bed, played there to good business. Omana has always been gentle and kind toward rocky shows. I have been there twice myself.

My attention has only recently been called to the discovery made by a Dr. Motschulkowsky, &c., of Odessa, in the state of Europe, of a new method for treating spinal troubles by means of suspension. Dr. Lewis A. Sayre has also been accredited with the invention of the apparatus by which the patient is so suspended as to straighten and elongate the spine.

I hope it may prove successful, and in the future be so perfected as to afford great relief to those who suffer in this way, but it did not work with us years ago when we tried it on a patient known as

BIG NOSED GEORGE.

B. N. George was a somnamubulist, and had been for years. A somnambulist, and troubled with color blindness, so that time and again he would be found somewhere wandering around in the night, also on dishabille, riding a pirato horse, when his was black. Color blindness got Big Nosed George into several of these scrapes, till at last it occasioned some talk, and people come to speak to him about it. It was then that he got his back up, and in order to reduce this spinal curvature, some acquaintances tried this supension method.

Possibly it was carried to excess, or then again his overshoes might have been too heavy. Anyhow, when a man went back there a day or two afterward to ask George if the draught was too strong for him, or if his head seemed to be high enough he was shocked to find that B. N. George was no more.

People who make scientific experiments that way cannot be too careful. Big Nosed George left a wife and four small children. Also a wife and two still smaller children. He left them about two years before his death.

A western paper at the time of the accident said: "We were in error about the brilliant meteor seen night before last at about 11 o'clock. It now proves to have been the bugle of Big Nosed George, who at that time ascended a telegraph pole by means of his neck.

BILL NYE.

## BONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Very large meshed net is used for entire costumes of black net.

Plaid wool school gowns for misses are cut on the bias throughout.

Plaid frocks for little girls and young misses are cut on the bias throughout.

Fringes of every length, color and device, have again been taken into universal favor.

A novelty in garden-party hats is a large Directoire model made of light birch and rushes intertwined.

Embroidered scallops at the foot of skirts are by no means so stylish as a plain hem with insertion above it.

Slight tournures are to be seen in street costumes, but stylish demands that house and evening toilets should be perfectly flat.

Dainty little dress wraps made of the fabric matching the gown, are still highly popular in tailor costumes for the promenade.

House waists of silk or wool in any of a hundred stuffs and patterns are now worn with different skirts at any hour of the day.

A pretty little neck rig is of Indian muslin plaited in double box plaits upon a plain foundation and tied with rich colored ribbons.

Accordeon pleated parasols to match accordeon pleated gowns are new but clumsy looking. Another novelty is an umbrella gathered between the ribs.

Loudness is the characteristic of new French hosiery. Nearly all the stockings have black grounds barely visible through blocks, squares and stripes.

Many dainty percale and gingham frocks for little girls from three to ten years of age have stimulated gimps and sleeves of finely tucked white cambric or embroidery sewed in them.

Many of the new sleeves are shirred into a point at the armhole, a band of galloon forming a cap or jockey, a similar band concealing the seam which joins the full part to the deep cuff.

Braces of ribbon, finished with shoulder bows and knots of falling loops and ends at the point where the braces unite at the waist are effective and dressy garnitures for the summer.

The new summer dress fabrics have such an air of delicious daintiness, and are in such perfect accord with ribbons and laces, that each year they seem to offer new possibilities for artistic gowning.

Light weight camel's hair cloth, nun's cloth, nun's veiling, plain and figured, and fine close twilled French serges are favorite stuffs for the stylish woollen robe dress so largely worn this spring.

Bonnets are without exception close-fitting. They are most stylish with an Alsatian bow on top as the principal trimming. Lace bonnets may be finished at the edge with finely plaited frills. Jetted bonnets are the thing for ladies of more mature years.

A bride in mourning has no bridesmaids, wears a traveling gown of pale gray cloth or camel's hair, may have a bouquet, though it is not de rigueur, and must be all white or else of purple lilacs, she must go quietly to church at 12 o'clock with the very smallest possible amount of bridal flummery.

# SAVED FROM HIS CRUEL PAST

**Why Rich Miss Higgins Married Farmer Boy Jelp.**

HE OF THE FLYING TRAPEZE.

**A Circus Attraction Which Wasn't on the Bills—How Jeff Davis Won His Father-in-Law — An Almshouse Heir.**

**Little Romances.**

Louis Jelp, boyish in appearance, went to Louisville the other day with Miss Malenda Higgins, a lady much older than he, and they were married in New Albany. Jelp, who is only seventeen years old, went out that morning to lay off corn ground for his father. His mule became refractory and ran away. The father went into the field and gave the boy a sound thrashing. Young Jelp, when he got away, went to the home of Miss Higgins, who owns the adjoining farm, and told her how he had been misused. She proposed as a means of escape from his father's wrath that he marry her. The youth accepted and the knot was tied. Miss Higgins is forty-one years old and wealthy.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the ring-master at Mardel's circus in Birmingham, Ala., the other night, "I suppose I will have to apologise, but there is an act not down on the bill to-night. The high contracting parties will please step forward." At this juncture Mr. Frank Dunovant, who acts "on the flying trapeze" under the non de plume of Frank Comeo, and his partner, Miss Belle Eatman, who has been performing with him for some months, stepped into the middle of the ring and were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. The evangelist, Rev. John Henderson, performing the ceremony. Miss Eatman is only fifteen years old, and is quite pretty.

A romantic story connected with a young Frenchman of Fall River has just been brought to light. His name is Tancred Roussel, and he was left an orphan in Canada at the age of ten years. He had a brother who left home twenty-one years ago—two years before Tancred was born—and consequently the latter never knew of his whereabouts. Some time ago Tancred went from Fall River to Bristol, R. I., to work as a mason's apprentice, and one day entered into conversation with a fellow employe about his former home in Canada. When he told the workman his name and the circumstances of his life, the latter replied that he knew of another orphan surnamed Roussel, immensely rich, who resided in British Columbia, Canada, and suggested that he might be the brother whom Tancred had mentioned as his only relative. Tancred had doubt of ever being able to find his brother, but was finally induced to send a letter to British Columbia to inquire about the matter. He received a reply asking him to give the names of his father and mother as proof of his identity. The names were right, and the two brothers have been united.

The first marriage of Jefferson Davis was of a somewhat romantic character. After graduating at West Point he was ordered to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, Wis., the post then commanded by Colonel Zachary Taylor. The daughter of the latter, Miss Sallie Knox Taylor, at once fell desperately in love with the handsome and and intellectual young lieutenant, and the affection was reciprocated, but the old colonel was averse to any match-making under the circumstances and peremptorily forbade Davis from visiting his quarters except in an official capacity. The lovers managed to see each other by stratagem, however, and one morning at daylight they were missing. The household was instantly aroused, the servants interrogated and a search made, but nothing was elicited save that the door of the stable was open, four horses were gone, and their tracks indicated a hasty departure. Further examination of the premises showed that Lieutenant George Wilson, brother of Thomas S. Wilson, of Dubuque, Ia., and Miss Street, daughter of General Street, had likewise suddenly disappeared. There was but one conclusion, and in less than an hour every man, woman and child in the village knew all about the runaway match.

Colonel Taylor was enraged and declared with an oath as strong as he ever used that under no circumstances would he forgive Davis or become reconciled to his daughter's disobedience. Sixteen years passed. "Old Zach" was in command of the United States army in Mexico, and serving under him was Colonel Jefferson Davis, at the head of the famous First Mississippi rifles. At the battle of Buena Vista this regiment covered itself with glory, but Davis, while leading one of its charges at a critical moment, fell severely, and, it was supposed, mortally wounded. He was borne from the field and that evening General Taylor, mounted on Old Whitney, paid him a visit. Dismounting, he stepped to the colonel's cot and extended his hand.

"Jeff," he said, "you have saved the day with your glorious rifles; now let bygones be bygones; Knox (the name by which he always called his daughter) knew your worth and mettle better than I did."

From that moment, through the war, and indeed until the death of President Taylor, the warmest friendship existed between the old companions in arms.

Not long ago there died at the state almshouse at Tewksbury a colored man who, unknown to himself or to the officials, was the legal and acknowledged owner of real estate worth many thousands of dollars. Born a slave in Connecticut more than a century ago, he would have become free in 1809 by the operation of the law of 1874. Yet such was the dread of his parents that he would in the interim be kidnapped and taken south and so lost to them forever; that he was carried in his mother's arms while yet an infant to the vicinity of Stonington and committed to the care of an Indian woman named Nice Weggs.

The boy was called Francis Freeman, and he remained in the Narragansett tribe seven years. Freeman had several sisters and brothers, and when his sister Mary died, in 1883, a litigation over her estate began. The property was situated in Bridgeport, Ocean Grove, N. J., and Sea Cliff, R. I. She left the estate to Rev. Albert Nash, to her nurse, Mary Jane Brown, and her physician, Dr. Holmes. The Naugatuck railroad later acquired part of the estate. Freeman attempted to have the will set aside and finally succeeded. Last January the estate was vested in him by order of the court, but Freeman was past enjoying it. He died of old age the other day, oblivious of his good fortune. He has no kindred.

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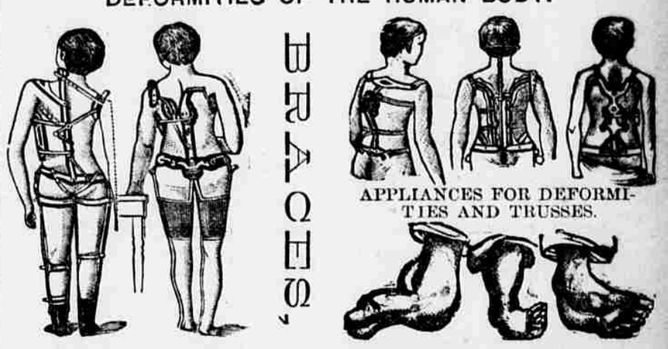
We have superior advantages and facilities for treating diseases, performing surgical operations, boarding and nursing patients, which, combined with our acknowledged ability, experience, responsibility and reputation, should make the Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute the first choice.

You can come direct to the Institute, day or night, as we have hotel accommodations as good and as cheap as any in the city.

We make this explanation for the benefit of persons who may feel inclined to go further east for medical or surgical treatment and do not appreciate the fact that Omaha possesses the largest and most complete Medical and Surgical Institute west of New York, with a capital of over $100,000.

DEFORMITIES OF THE HUMAN BODY.




Best Facilities, Apparatus and Remedies for Successful Treatment of every form of Disease requiring MEDICAL or SURGICAL TREATMENT.

In this department we are especially successful. Our claims of superiority over all others are based upon the fact that this is the only medical establishment manufacturing surgical braces and appliances for each individual case. We have three skilled instrument makers in our employ, with improved machinery, and have all the latest inventions, as well as our own patents and improvements, the result of twenty years' experience.

ELECTRICAL TREATMENT.

The treatment of diseases by electricity has undergone great changes within the past few years, and electricity is now acknowledged by all schools of medicine as the great remedy in all chronic, special and nerve diseases, for nervous debility, paralysis, rheumatism, diseases of women, etc., and in many eye and ear diseases it is the most valuable of all remedies.

In order to obtain its full virtues, it is absolutely necessary to have the proper apparatus. We have lately purchased three of the largest and most complete batteries manufactured, so constructed as to give the most gentle as well as the most powerful current. Persons treated at this Institute by electricity recognize at once the difference between our expensive and complete electrical apparatus and the common, cheap batteries, in use by many physicians. Over 3,000 dollars invested in electrical apparatus.

PRIVATE, SPECIAL, NERVOUS AND BLOOD DISEASES.

We claim to be the only reliable, responsible establishment in the west making a specialty of this class of diseases. Dr. McMenany was one of the first thoroughly educated physicians to make a special study of this class of diseases, and his methods and inventions have been adopted by specialists in Europe and America. He is the inventor of the Clamp Compress Suspensory, acknowledged the best in use. All others are copied after his invention. By means of a simple operation, painless and safe, recently brought into use, we cure many cases that have been given up as incurable by medical treatment. *(Read our book to men, sent free to any address.)*

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

We have had wonderful success in this department in the past year, and have made many improvements in our facilities for treatment, operations, artificial eyes, etc.

We have greatly improved our facilities and methods of treating cases by correspondence, and are having better success in this department than ever before.

We are fully up to the times in all the latest inventions in medical and surgical operations, appliances and instruments. Our institution is open for investigation to any persons, patients or physicians. We invite all to correspond with or visit us before taking treatment elsewhere, believing that a visit or consultation will convince any intelligent person that it is to their advantage to place themselves under our care.

*Since this advertisement first appeared, many boasting pretenders and frauds have come and gone and many more will come and go, remembered only by their unfortunate and foolish victims.*

*"A wise man investigates first and decides afterwards,*
*A fool decides first, then investigates."*

*The Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute is indorsed by the people and the press. More capital invested, more skilled physicians employed, more modern appliances, instruments and apparatus in use, more cases treated and cured, more successful surgical operations performed, than in all other medical establishments in the West combined.*

144 PAGE BOOK (Illustrated)
SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS (SEALED).

CONTENTS:

Part First—History, Success and Advantages of the Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute.
Part Second—Chronic Diseases of the Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Skin, Piles, Cancer, Catarrh, Epilepsy, Rheumatism, Inhalation, Tape Worm, Electricity, New Remedies, etc.
Part Third—Deformities, Curvature of the Spine, Club Feet, Hip Diseases, Paralysis, Wry Neck, Bow Legs, Hare Lip, Surgical Operations.
Part Fourth—Diseases of the Eye and Ear, Diseases of the Nerves, Cataract, Strabismus or Cross Eyes, Pterygium, Granulated Eye Lids, Inversion of the Lids, Artificial Eyes, etc.
Part Fifth—Diseases of Women, Leucorrhœa, Ulceration, Displacements, Prolapsus, Flexions and Versions, Tumors, Lacerations and Cancer of the Womb.
Part Sixth—Diseases of Men, Private, Special and Nervous Diseases, Spermatorrhœa (Seminal Weakness), Impotency, Varicocele, Stricture, Gleet, Syphilis, and all diseases of the Genito Urinary Organs.

DISEASES OF WOMEN A Specialty. We Have Lately Added a Lying-in Department for Women During Confinement. (Strictly Private).

Only Reliable Medical Institute Making a Specialty of PRIVATE DISEASES.

All Blood Diseases successfully treated. Syphilitic Poison removed from the system without mercury. New Restorative Treatment for Loss of Vital Power. Patients unable to visit us may be treated at home by correspondence. All communications confidential. Medicines or instruments sent by mail or express securely packed, no marks to indicate contents or sender. One personal interview preferred. Call and consult us or send history of your case, and we will send in plain wrapper, our BOOK TO MEN, FREE: Upon Private, Special or Nervous Diseases, Impotency, Syphilis, Gleet and Varicocele, with question list. Address,

OMAHA MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
13th and Dodge Streets, Omaha, Neb.