## AN EMPRESS IN THE KITCHEN

Austria's Queen the Best Housekeeper in Europe.

AN AUTUMNAL WEDDING GOWN.

Result of Callow Marriages-Darning in French Convents-A Woman's Long Horseback Ride-New York Society.

#### Queen of Her Household.

The empress of Austria is the best royal housekeeper in Europe. She is as thoroughly acquainted with the details of the imperial Austrian kitchen as her husband is with the details of the imperial Austrian government. She superintends the household affairs of the big palace at the Austrian capital with the greatest care. She receives personally. reads and acts upon reports from cooks, butlers, keepers of the plate and keepers of the linen, says a correspondent of the New York Sun. Cooking devices which have become inconvenient or antiquated are abolished only at her command. New methods of preparing or serving food are adopted only at her suggestion. Changes in the personnel of the establishment are made for the most part only in obedience to her orders. Consequently a person can cat, drink, sleep and be served better in her house than in any other in Europe.

The kitchen in which the food for the bluest blood of Austria is cooked is a huge room with all the arrangements at each end for preparing fish, fowl and roast for the table. Fifty chickens can be cooked at once on one of the big whirling spits. Against the side walls from floor to ceiling stand scores upon scores of chaffing dishes, In these dishes, all of which are self-warming, the meats are car-ried to the carving-room, whence they are returned to the kitchen ready to be served. The boiling and baking and frying and carrying and cutting occupy a small regiment of servants. Twenty-five male cooks, in white clothes, dress, spit, season and stuff the meats. As many female cooks prepare the vegetables, the puddings and the A dozen or more boys hurry the birds, fish and joints from the kitchen to the carving room, where long lines of carvers slice and joint everything laid before them.

The kitchen utensils fill a big room opening into the kitchen. This room ideal of German housewives. The high walls are covered with pans, kettles, griddles and covers, which shine as only German hands and German muscles could make them shine There are soup tureens in which a big boy might be drowned, kettles in which twins could play house, and pans which would hold half a dozen little Hans and Gretchens. In short, about every cul inary utensil on the wall is of the heroic bize, suggestive rather of the Missouri barbecue than of the feasts of crowned heads and diptomats at one of the first of courts.

For days before the great court fes tivals the whole Austrian court kitchen staff, from the "head court cooking master" down to the youngest scullion, work like mad. The chefs hold repeated consultations in their council chamber, often debating honr after hour with all the carnestness of a parliament or congress concerning the best methods of preparing fowls, sauces, cakes and soups. The menu, as selected by the chefs, is submitted to the master of the provision department, so that he may immediately order from the city whatever the cellars of the castle lack.

The Austrian court dinners are famous on the continent. The delicacies which result from the protracted meet ings in the council chamber of the chefs are often so fine that favored guests not infrequently observe the old German fashion of taking a choice bit home to their friends in the name of the empress and with her best wishes. that remains of a court feast or dinner is sent to the Vienese hospitals. On the days just after the banquet the empress is very busy looking over the reports and inventories of the frau head keeper of the napkins, and the fraulein head keeper of the table-cloths, and the herr head guardian of the imperial china. and a dozen other like functionaries with jointed titles. She reviews all these communications with conscientious care, and orders with strict attention to minute details the replacement of all that has been lost, broken or de-

#### faced. An Autumnal Wedding Gown.

Faitle Francaise is not passe for wedding gowns, and is much cheaper than the other fabrics, even in the richest quality, writes Mrs. John W. Bishop in the Ladies' Home Journal for October. One recently exhibited, had a train of this material, with front of satin duchesse, richly embroidered with silver, in three panels pointed at bottom and finished with pendants; between the panels fell chatclaines of orange blossoms; a chicoree of the satin finished the bottom of the front; the plain, high corsage and draped coat sleeves, were finished with the same rich embroidery; veil of tulle. This train should always be two yards and a quarter long, untrimmed; with a ruching under of taffetas or mousseline de soie. It may be round or square, according to the ability of the wearer to manage it; the square being more difficult. The veil. whether of tulle or lace, should be fastened with jeweled pins, and flowers may be worn or omitted ad libitum. The bouquet should be loose looking, not too large, and may be tied with streamers of four and a half inch ribbon; roses or orchids mingled with gardenias or stephanotis, are most appropriate. The back of the gown may be en princesse, or the boddice pointed and skirt separate, but the former is far more elegant. White satin slippers, very plain, only a neat little need of ribbon, or of the same satin, as a finish to the top, and plain white silk stockings are de rigueur.

### Callow Marriages.

Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures without any yoke on them. says the Astoria, Ore., Transcript. They marry and have children before do mustaches. They are fathers of twins before they are the proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there was a law against young galoots sparking and marrying before they have cut all their teeth we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way. But there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bautams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of lath to build a hen house. But they see a girl who looks cunning and they are afraid there are not going to be enough to go round and they begin to spark real surv, and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook

stove or a bedstead they have got to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he does not run too. And when the doctor gets there, there is not linen enough in the house to wrap up the

Always a Woman in the Case.

The best of men develop unexpected mental twists sometimes in their lives, generally after they have passed the niddle term of life, says a writer in the Doctor. Able lawyers, doctors, teachers—brainy men all of them--suddenly declare in favor of Spiritualism, Boddhism, or some other crankism, exhibiting a belief in the shallow and absurd that no one knowing their former lives would believe them guilty of. erlly the wish is father to the deed in an unepected sense, and the desire to accomplish a certain result leads the enthusiast to believe that is actually ac-complished. The death of a dearly beloved relative, and the heart rending yearning to bridge over the separation n some way, have unsettled many minds on a single point, and led them to accept the bosh of spiritualistic sharpers. others the sexual impulse is the leading motive, and the victim, most frequently a man, is caught in the toils of some voluptuous "priestess." It is curious that the male "searcher," or whatever he is called, who hangs with breathless interest upon the communications from the departed, seldom receives them through a medium of his own sex.

Darning in French Convents.

It is woman in this case as in every

While speaking of mending, I will lescribe the darning taught by nuns in French convents, who probably do the most beautiful and elaborate needlework in the world, writes Emma M. Hooper in the Ladies' Home Journal for October. Silk, cashmere, flan-nel, and in fact all material except cotton fabrics are taken and the rent cut around to form even edges, then it is matched with a piece of the goods. which is basted on the wrong side of the tear. Ravelings of the fabric are pulled from a straight piece of the fabric and a long, fine darning needle threaded with one, discarding it as soon as it begins to wear fine or rough.

The darning is done over the raw edge of the tear, taking the edge as the enter, and putting in two or three stitches on each side of it, extending thus on the new piece, but not across it Do the work on the right side, and take up small stitches both over and under the needle. When the raw edge has been entirely covered up rip the bast ing threads, lay a slightly damp cloth on the right side of the darn and iron it with a moderately warm iron.

A Woman's Long Horsepack Ride A small black-eyed woman, about thirty-five years of age, giving the name of Mrs. Mepsted, arrived in the town of Warren on horseback on the evening of the 15th inst., and stayed over night at the home of Henry Wheeler, writes a correspondent of the St. Paul Globe. She was up bright and early the next morning and on her was to La Crosse, which she expected to reach that day. She had left Denver, Col., June 29, on horseback and was on her way to Rochester, N. Y., expecting to go as far as Chicago with her horse and the rest of the way by rait. She made she trip two years ago from Rochester to Denver, having her horse shot dead under her by a deer-hunter within thirty miles of Denver. On the ast trip she used a saddle, but this year she has a blanket on the horse's back instead. She carries a revolver and gun with her, and when she started had a large St. Bernard dog, but he went mad and she was obliged to shoot

as a flash in her movements.

Wives on a Strike. I have not heard what the wives have decided to strike about, writes James Payn in the Illustrated London News nor do I know, of my personal knowl edge, that they have anything to com plain of. Any movement in that direct tion seems to me quite uncalled for, and liable to promote dispute where all should be peace and quietness; but when I ventured to say so to a female leader of the projected movement, she replied sweetly: "Your remark re minds of the capitalist who made £20,-000 a year out of his workmen, and when asked to give them an extra sixpence a day and reduce their hours of abor from sixteen to fifteen and one half, replied, 'Good heavens, sir, would you paralyze capital and drive com-merce out of the country?" I wonder what she meant.

### Society in New York.

Society in New York differs from that in all other cities in America, as does that of Paris from all others in France, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. It is the great, rich metropolis, the "carpet bag city," the town to which the rich people of all the world tend, that is, of the American world (not to speak of its being a great German city, a great French city, and great cosmopolitan jumble of all the nations of the world.) Behind this glit tering kaleidoscope still remains the fact that New York has an old aristocracy, some of whose members are still rich, and still in the fashion. More of them are poor, but proud, and some of them shut their modest doors in th arrogant faces of the purse-proud "nouveaux riches."

### Chinese Women's Hair.

According to the customs of Chinese society the wife of the Chinese minister to this country will comb her hair up from her forehead to show that she i married. Her tresses reach to her feet and so difficult is the task of dressing them that one arrangement lasts severa days. For the preservation of the coiffure she lies while asleep on a willow pillow as finely woven as an imported bonnet, shaped like a loaf of baker's bread. The maids dress their back hair in a queue and arrange a bang, one and inches deep, from ear to ear. A bit of coquetry is displayed by allowing a single lock to float loosely in front of the face and over the shoulder. The hair of the Chinese girl is never cut, and as a result of the splendid care be stowed it grows luxuriously.

proprietors of the Willow Springs Dis tilling Co., give an interesting account of the character of spirits and alcohol, as to their relative value in articles food and drink, claiming that only the pure spirits, which are made absolutely neutral, should be used for drinking and medicinal purposes, while the use of crude alcohol, although rectified and odorized, should be limited to mechanical purposes. Their clebrated East India Bitters are distilled strictly with the finest spirits from a choice selection of herbs and roots. As a tonic they are far superior to the average patent medicine made mostly from alcohol and imitation extracts, while as a beverage, they con-tain none of the fusil oil, so frequent in liquors.

Story in six chapters: Chap. 1: First letter—Dear Miss Jonks. Chap. 2: Second letter—Dear friend. Chap. 3: Third letter—Dacling. Chap. 4: Fourth letter—Miss Jonks. Chap. 5: Fifth letter—Madame. Chap. 6: Breach of promise suit.

SAYINGS OF THE FUNNY MEN

Waifs From the World of Wit and Humor.

WAS TOO PRACTICAL

Why Miss Sones' Suitor Falled to Sui cide-Sure Sign of an Engagement-Both Admired Bacon -A Genius Discovered.

New York Mercury: He-Then this syour final answer, Miss Jones?

She-It is. "You won't have me?"

"I am sorry, but I must decline." "Then I will do something desperate. "What will you do?"

"I will make away with myself." "Oh! don't."
"I will. I'm determined to do it."

"Well, if you are determined, give a proof that you truly love me by insuring your life in my favor for \$20,000 or before you commit the desperate I will get money from papa to

pay the premium."
He left indignantly and at last accounts was still alive.

She Wasn't Posted.

Liverpool Post: Grocer (who has lately joined the militia, practicing in his shop)—Right, left, right, left. Four paces to the rear; march! (Falis down trap door into the cellar.) Grocer's wife (anxiously) -Oh, John,

are you hurt? Grocer (savagely, but with dignity)-Go away, woman, what do you know about war?

A Sure Sign.

Yankee Blade: I guess Sarah and that young man that calls on her are engaged by this time. Wife-Why do you think so?

Husband-The gas bills aren't as large as they used to be.

Devoted Admirers, Both. Lowell Citizen: He (of Boston)-I am so fond of Bacon. Aren't you? She (of New Orleans)—Oh, yes, I don't think I could ever get tired of bacon, especially with eggs.

Just Discovered.

years ago?

St. Paul Pioneer Press: Assistant (to managing editor)—I see this young Miss - is making herself famous through the medium of the newspapers. Managing Editor- Yes-um-haven't we got a story of hers sent in four or five

Assistant-Yes, sir. M. E.—Run it in this month and give page editorial to "A Newly Discovered Genius.

It Burt His Feeling Merchant Traveler: Kansas Tramp-

Mister, could you do a little something to assist a poor man? Stranger-You don't look as though you were unable to work. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to go around this way. You are a disgrace to humanity. Why don't you go down to the river and take a bath and try to earn a living?

T. (pathetically)-Take a bath. Ain't it enough to have to drink the stuff?

Taking One Too Literally. Punch: Old Friend-Well, Browne! what are you sending to the exhibition Our Artist (who really thinks he's

done a good thing at last and longs for a little praise - Same old rot, as you him. She had a quiet way about her which was attractive, and was as quick Old Friend-Ah-well-anyhow it

orings grist to the mill, I suppose. A Large Party.

Yonkers Statesman: Crimsonback-I expect a large party here to-day. Yeast-Indeed! Who's coming?

"Who else?" "No one else."

"But you said a large party." "Well, my uncle weighs 350 pounds."

Not the Only One. Boston Courier: "My friend.," said one passenger to another in a railroad ear, "excuse me, but is that liquor you're drinking?"

"It is that." "And how much, may I ask, did you oay for that bottle?" Fifty cents.

"Fifty cents! I never spent fifty cents in my life for liquor." "You ain't the only one, my friend, that sponges for his drinks, but you ain't going to get any of this, you

Only a Question of Time. Chicago Tribune: "James," said the

undertaker, "have you heard how Mr. Hawkins, the sick old gentleman at the ther end of the avenue, is getting along this evening?" "Yes, sir," responded the shop boy.

The doctor gave him a dose of lixer of ife last night, and—"
"I think, James, 'said the under-aker with cheerful sadness, "you may

et that lamp in the window and turn the lamp up a little. If anybody should call for me within the next half hour shall be lying on the lounge just inside the door of the back room.

A Fellow Feeling.

Drake's Magazine: Blackfern, costumer-"One thousand for this gown. madame; it is real Louis Quatorze, and royalists come high."

Mrs. Patentriche (worth \$10,000,000) "That's a sight of money for one dress, but if Mr. Quatorez gets 10 per cent of it, why I'm glad to help him along."

Drake's Magazine: Master Tommie from a remote corner in the closet to his father, who has been sent in to punish him)-"Hello dad! Is she going to

ock you up too?"
Fasher—"What do you mean, sir?" Master Tommie-"Well, I heard our ninister tell mamma that you must be cept in the dark."

Bitter-Sweet.

Puck: Mrs. Goodby-I hear that little Johnny is sick, and that Mary is going to stay at home with him to-night instead of going to the party. How sweet of her? Jimmie-Yes'm; she'n Johnny's been cating green apples.

Shakespeare in Cheyenne. New York Epoch: An acquaintance of mine who has traveled ahead of many of the most important theatrical shows

tells me a story of the far west: "Several years ago," said he, "I was in a small town in Wyoning, and while smoking a cigar before turning in for the night, I thought that I would sound the hotel proprietor on theatricals. He was a typical westerner—slouch hat,

beard, top-boots, and all that sort of thing 'Do you often go to the theater?' I

" 'Well-no,' he slowly replied. 'Fact is I've only been to the theater once in my life. It was down in Cheyenne last winter. I went to see—let me see—oh, Modjesky. She played the part of a fel-low by the name of Rosylind in a piece called "How D'Ye Like it." Personally

I didn't like n-but I have to admit that she was mighty clever.

A Jocose Burglar. Merchant Traveler: "There's only one way to go through a house in safety when you wake anybody up," said an experienced burglar.

"Keep the people amused." "Keep there amused?" "Yes: I never go out on a trip with-out having a lot of gags handy."

Characteristic.

Boston Courier: The ocean steamer was speeding along when a gigantic feeberg hove in sight. The passengers crowded the bulwarks to see and admire "What do you think of that?" said Englishman to the American. "Wanll," was the reply, "I should say there were no flies on it."

He Observed the Rule. Judge: Friend-Do you still continue to send matter to the newspapers, Choily? Cholly—Yes, but it's merely for good faith and not necessarily for publication. Where it Was.

Clothler and Furnisher Her cheek turned pale Of red bereft, It was indeed no jest; Because she'd left Its color on his vest.

Not Under That Charge. Washington Critic: "What's the trouble about this woman," said the "Why, your honor, she keeps quar-

relling and fussing, and won't give her neighbors any peace whatever. "Then why don't you charge her with being a common scold?" "Because she ain't a common scold; she's exceptional.'

Clothier and Furnisher: Smithers-

Why weren't you at the ball last night? Dashaway-Didn't have a dress suit. Smithers-Why, I saw you in one the other evening.
Dashaway (sadly) — That was my brother's. He got home first yesterday

afternoon The Odorous Cabbage. Norristown Herald: The correspondent who wants to know "now to cook cabbage without having an odor in the house," is informed, in the absence of the expert who conducts our household department, that another good way is to boil the cabbage in the middle of a ten-nere lot, and keep the doors and

One Fare Excursions.

windows closed while it is cooking

September 10th and 24th, and October 8th, round trip tickets will be sold via the Santa Fe route at one lowest first class fare to Kansas, Texas, Indian territory, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah, reaching cities of Galveston, Austin, Ft. Worth Dallas, Oklahoma, Guthric, Panhandle City, El Paso, Deming. Denver. rado Springs Pueblo, Trinidad, Salt Lake City, Ogden and intermediate points. Tickets good thirty days. Stop over privileges at pleasure while on the

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Santa Fe.

PEPPERMINT DROPS

Fire-water-Steam.
Sweet peas ought to be the favorite flower of a country which never goes to war. After all, the principal race troubles occur It is the man continually cramped who

finds difficult; in keeping his head above water. "Oh! I go out every evening and stand under an electric light for two or hours.'

"I understand you are treating with electricity for your rheumatism. How do you

A dentist may pull teeth for children, but we have found that his patients are nearly ail groan people. "The winter of our discontent" is the winter that catches a man without an overcoat and wearing a straw hat.

If the smokeless powder proves a success we trust that the next great invention in that line will be a smokeless eigarette. Wickwire: "Have you noticed that we have had some beautiful sunrises during the

last week!" Mudge: "No; I've been going to bed early here lately." First Tramp: "Down with whisky, is what I say. Don't you say so, pardner?" Second Tramp: "I've allus set my face agin t whenever I had the chance."

"Talk about being ready for an emer-ency," writes a seaside reporter who passed through the tidal wave storm. "The people here have to be ready for a submergency." He: Of course you know the "Epic of lades!" She: "I think I've met him, but Hades!" She: "I think I've met him, bu I'm not sure. One meets so many of these queer-titled people nowadays. Is he nice:

Adieu, adieu, O russet shoes! Farewell, thou summer blazer; My tont ensemble was no use It gleamed - but did not faze her, Cantwaite—Say, do you remember that \$5 bill I loaned you! Owen Long—Remember it, sir; I never forget a favor like that. You haven't got another one about you, have

Proud Father-Heavens! What a passion for the sea my son Siegfried has. Las evening he went to the naval ball; after wards he was sessick, and now-he is eating

In literature we have the lone norseman n the drama'the lone fisherman, in Wisconsin the lone highwayman, and in Ohio the man who is not a candidate for the United States senate.

Giles: I am glad I let that fellow have the small loan. He seemed overwhelmed with gratitude, and said he could never repay me. Merritt: That was strange. He told you the truth.

"Mamma," said Tommy, as he watched "Mamma, sata ipinmy, as he watched his little brother squirming in the bathtub, "Wilhe is like a piece of flamel," "What makes you think so?" asked his mother. "Oh, because he shrinks when he's washed."

You cannot always judge by appearances. In a Pennsylvania town, the other day, a man was seen carrying home a bottle of beer wrapped in a coppy of the prohibitory organ, the Voice, Though a still, small Voice, it spoke in ho uncertain language on this occasion.

SINGULARITIES.

A flying squirrel was seen in Punxsutaw-ney the other evening, making descent from the roof of a clothing store, right in the cen-

An electric spark has been photographed by means of a special camera, in which the sensitive plate rotated, it is said, at a ve-locity of 2,500 revolutions per minute.

A bundle of spider web not larger than buckshot and weighing less than one draching would, if straightened out and untangled. reach a distance of 350 miles, or farther than St. Louis to Kansas City.

In the milt of a codfish, or in water in which vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalculi so minute that 100,000 of them would not exceed in bulk a single mustard seed. Strange to say these infinitesimal creatures are supplied with organs as complete as those of the whole with organs as complete as those of the whale Two pairs of twins, aged respectively Two pairs of twiss, aged respectively eighteen and eighty-one years, met at the Hall mansion, in Mosterville, N. Y., a few days ago. Mrs. Lucy Hall Allon, of Still-water, and Mrs. Louisa Hall Finch, of Mayfield, are the older pair, and the Misses Williamson, of Washington, D. C., the younger.

younger. The smallest circular saw in the world now

in actual use is a 'tiny disc less than the fourth of an inch in diameter, used in the Tiffany jewelry establishment for slitting gold pens. It is about the thickness of a sheet of writing paper and revolves at the rate of 4,000 revolutions per minute. The high velocity keeps the saw rigid, notwith-

standing its thinness. There was a very large owl on exhibition at a store in Carrollton, Ga., the other day. It measured four feet five inches from tip to It measured four feet five inches from tip to tip. The bird has a history. Some six weeks ago, while preying on John M. Bonner's chicken coop, he was caught in a steel trap and flew off with it hanging to one of his legs. But he kept up his thieving. Frequently of nights the steel trap was heard jingling through the air. Last week W. S. Bonner saw the owl moving off with a fine chicken, and he got his gun and shot him. chicken, and he got his gun and shot him. The saying that "we are wonderfully and curiously made" comes home with torce when we examine the skin of our bodies with a powerful microscope. We find that it is covered with minute scales like those on a fish. A single grain of fine sand would cover 100 of these tiny scales, yet, small as they are, each is the covering for from three hundred to five hundred mores.

to five hundred pores. The western part of Persia is inhabited by a species of camel which is the pigmy of its species. The animals are snow white and are species. The animals are snow white and are on that account are almost worshipped by the people. In return for the kind treatment ac corded the shah while in Berlin he has prosented the municipality of that burg with two of these little wonders. The largest of the two is twenty-seven inches high and weighs

sixty-one pounds. 'The other is stated to b "four inches less," but the weight is no That Bright October Day. Written for The Bec. We wandered forth together,

In that bright October weather.

When the mist hung o'er the dawning like a silvery bridal veil. All her rosy blushes stealing Through the folds, but half revealing— As we wandered on together In that bright October weather. Through each tear wet, sparkling meadow,

and each sweet inviting dale, Ah! our hearts were beating madly. Though our words were spoken sadly As the oft' repeated story came in murmurs thrilling low, And our souls like wavelets welling

To our eyes, the secret telling. As the sun came forth adorning, To drink up the mist of morning Ah! My love! My love! They ne'er return, dead days of long ago. Rustling carpets through the woodland.

Woven there by autumn's deft hand, Of the leaflets that had fallen 'neath her weird uncanny speti. With the year's full harvest playing. At our feet her treasures laying. While some lonely elfin artist Had strolled through gien and forest,

own lost fairy del Tired nature lay a-dreaming: As old Time flew onward, gleaning Hours, soft falling like the leaflets, binding

hung every bough with pictures of his

ever into sheaves. With their tale of joys and sorrows, Sad to-days and glad to-morrows, Songs attuned to grief's gull measure. Lays that swept the chords of pleasure. Brown and dving, gold and crims on, like the fading autumn leaves.

The gay squirrels lightly leaping Where the nests were coyly peoping, To gather up their goodly store for winter icy day,
We heard them ever falling,

And the jaybird shrilly calling To her mate, from tree and bramble. As we loitered in our ramble-Ah! My love, 'twill ne'er return again, that bright October day. A haze steeped all the meadows

In its dim protecting shadow, Laden with the breath of burning leaves. and kiss of latest flow'rs. At some distant forest altar, Priestly winds swept o'er the psalter:

From their censors slowly swinging Came the perfumed incense, winging Till all the temple worshipped through the gath'ring twilight hours. Then we wandered pack together In the bright October weather, When through tree tops full the sheen of

moonbeams telling us the way. When the glints of stars were peeping, And the dewy cloudlets weeping. Years have come, with pleasures teen Years have passed in idle dreaming. But my love, my love, ne'er more shall come that bright October day.

MRS. A. H. STUCKEY. Broken Bow, Neb. CONNUBIALITIES.

He-Darling, will you love me when I'm gone: She-Yes, if you are not too fa-A kiss in the dark is debelous, observes as amorous contemporary. This, we venture to remark, was not intended to be published as

"Joe, your wife looks as fresh as a morning glory," "Bill, I wish she was a hold shut glory," "Why so, Joe!" "Because she'd shut glory." "W up at night." A Louisville woman was recently divorced

from her dead husband. Chicago women have their hands full in keeping divorced from their live husbands. It is said several white women have ex-They should wear danger signals so that white men may be able to keep away from them.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured; "I'll be a sister to you." "Thanks. In my childhood I never had a sister, and I so longed for one. My prayer has been answered-you are the seventh sister." "George," said Mabel, "is it really so that the young men object to buying ice cream?" I don't know as it is," said George. "Because if they do I would just as soon have a

ittle terrapin stew any time." The young New Yorker who was recently forced to commit matrimony for no reason other than the bride's desire to marry him an find solace in the thought that there is such a thing as cheap and noiseless divorces

"It seems queer," remarked Mr. Gazzam to his wife, "that the Indians should have been familiar with the file and saw before the arrival of the whites." "Were they?" she asked in surprise. "Yes, my dear; the Indian file and the Chicasaw."

In bringing suit for breach of promise a Hartford girl remarked that six different men had previously gone back on their promises to marry her. The defendant will be willing to pay a little something for his escape if he is a philosopher. Mrs. De Style-My dear, your wardrobe is three months behind the fashion. Why

ion't you have your husband buy you some new dresses! Married Daughter afford it; he has no movey. Mrs. De Style— No money! Well! Well! I can't imagine what on earth you married him for! Young husband (to his pretty wife, after the reception at General Blank's) -Why, the general acted just as though he was going to kiss you. What would you have done if he had kissed you?" Wife—"I would nave smacked him right in the mouth." Husband

(meditatively)-"Yes, that's just what )

Emeline—"Have you heard how Jennie's marriage turned out?" Agnes—"No, he was a foreign nobleman, wasn't he?" Emeline pretended to be, but he wasn't."
s-"And so she was deceived, poor
Emeline-Yes, horristy deceived. He proved to be nothing but a rich American. In the olden days a follow had often to walk four or five miles to see his girl, and most of the courting was done in the chimncy corner while the old forks pared apples or shelled corn close by. In these days the boys hire special trains to run 'em out and back, order the old folks off to bed and marry on six or eight weeks' courtship, He—You are the only daughter. She—Yes.

He—You are the only daughter. She—Yes, He—I should think your father would be willing to set the fellow who marries you up in business. She—Well, I don't know. Pa has made that offer six times now, and noth-ing ever came of it any time; but, George, if you want me it might do to see the old man When a Meanosite young lady is married, her relatives do not worry their heads about the social position of the guests. There is something free-hearted and hospitable in this notice, which was posted in prominent places in Gretna, Manitoha: "Everybody invited to attend the marriage at Mr. J. I. Hargen and Miss Anna Penner. The ceremony will be held by the Rev. John Funk at the Ger-

man school house, next Sunday (25th inst) at the hour of 9 o'clock in the morning."



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